# PLAYBOY

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INTERVIEW
Snoop Doggy Dogg

WOMEN WHO DATE WOMEN
Does it make you nervous?

THE WOMEN OF THE
Ivy League

TV SENSATION
BRETT BUTLER

Playboy's
Pigskin Preview
THE BEST COLLEGE FOOTBALL FORECAST STRIKES AGAIN

HOLLYWOOD'S SIZZLING
Showgirls

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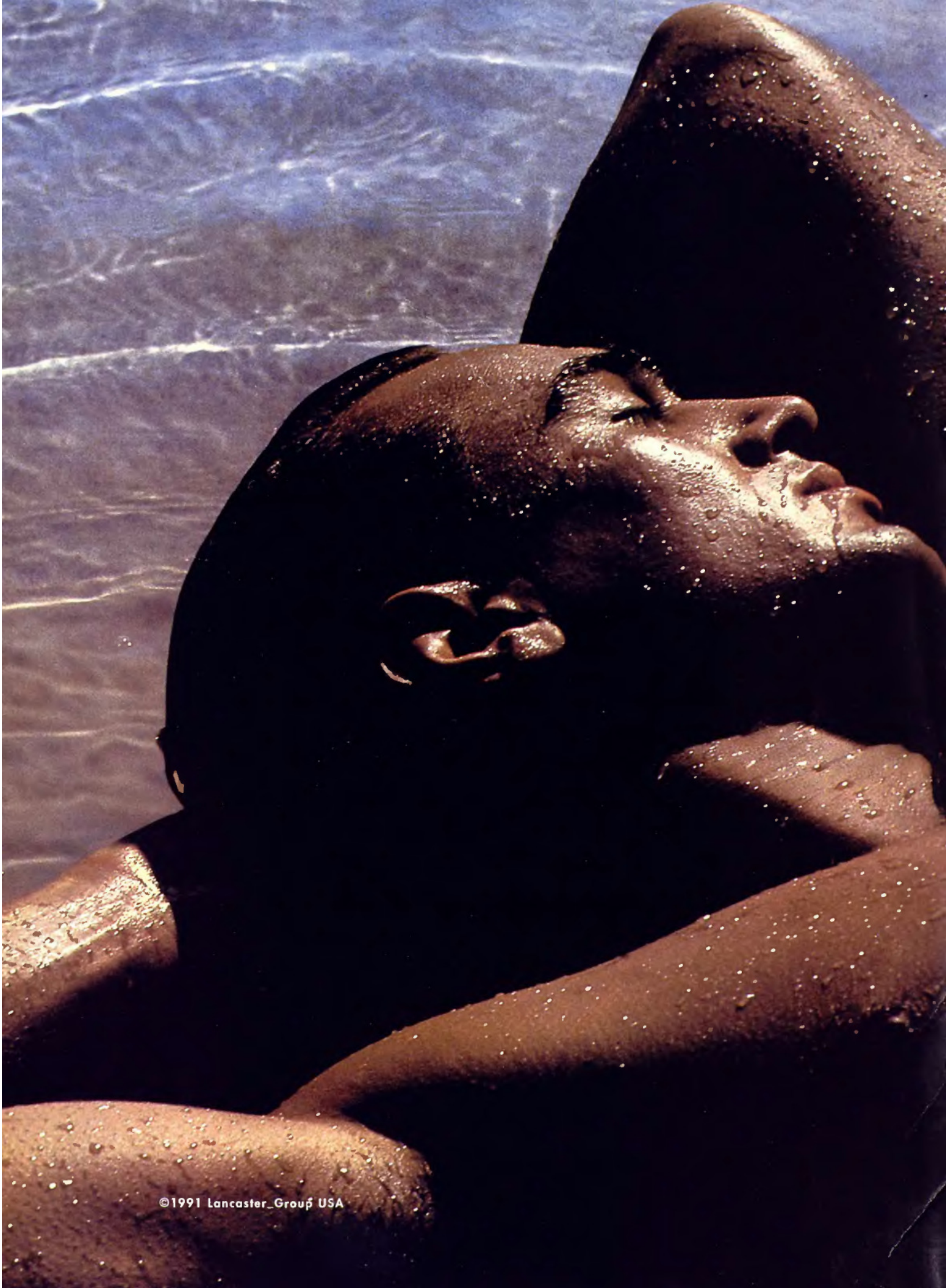
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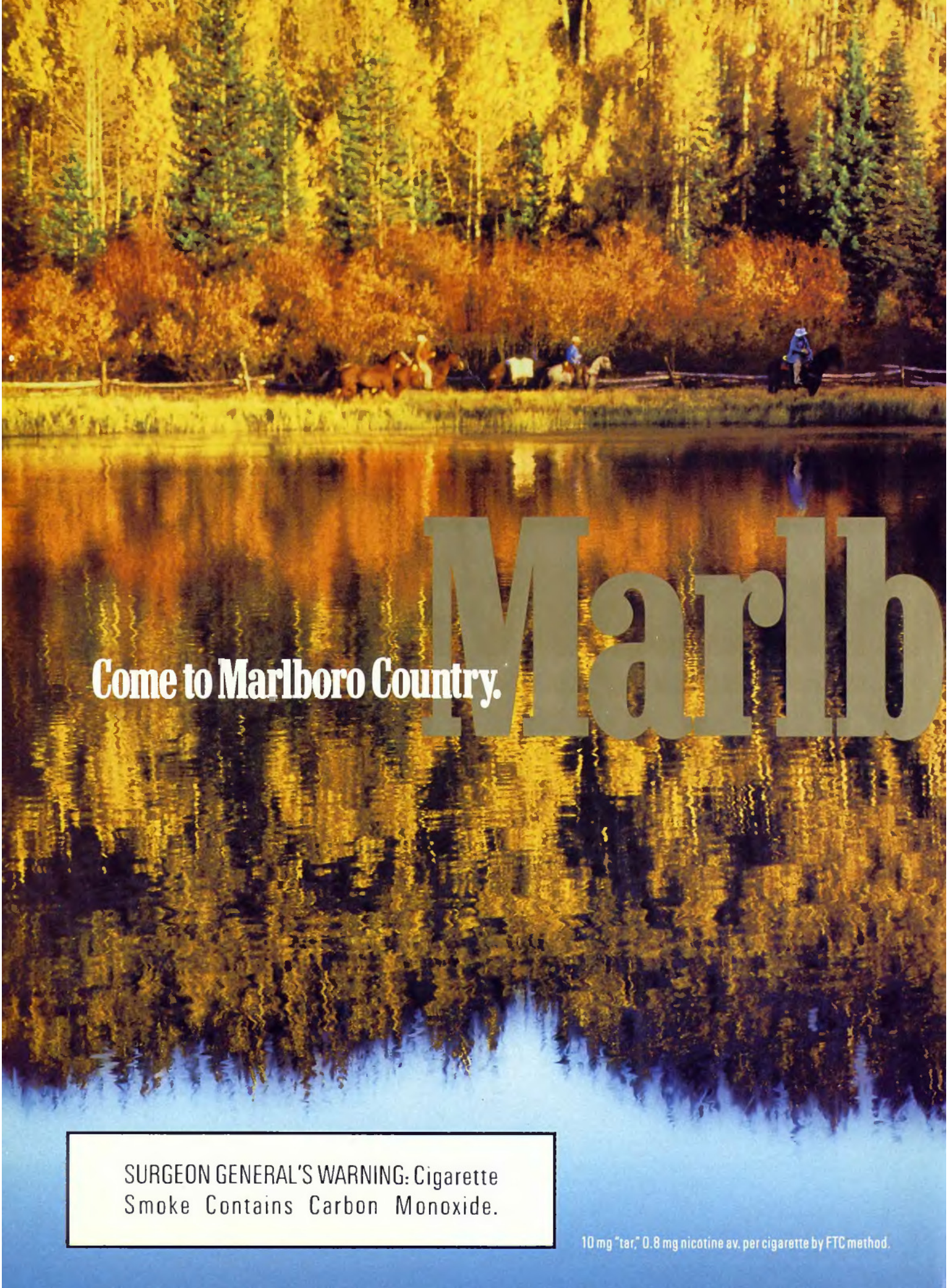


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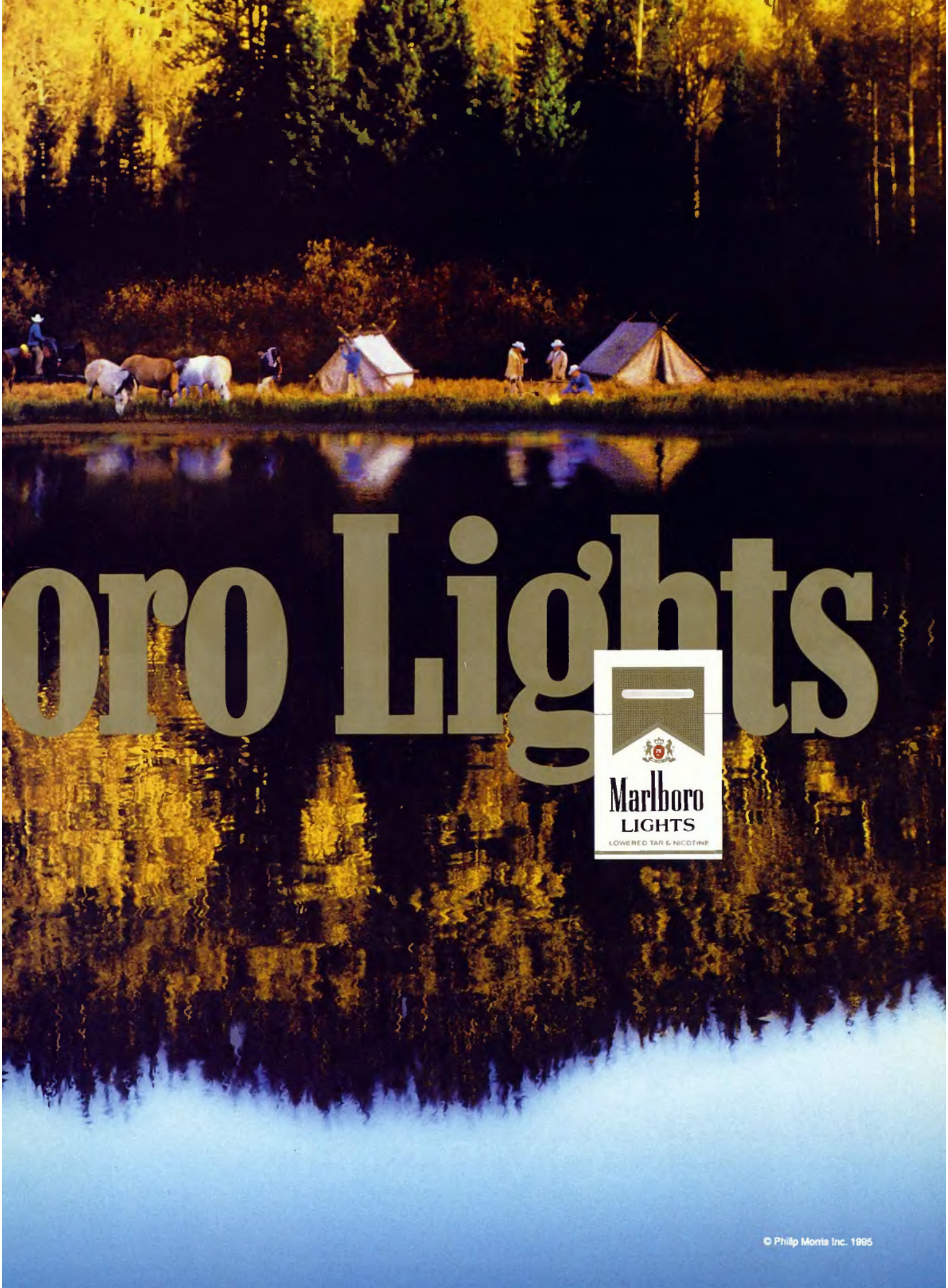
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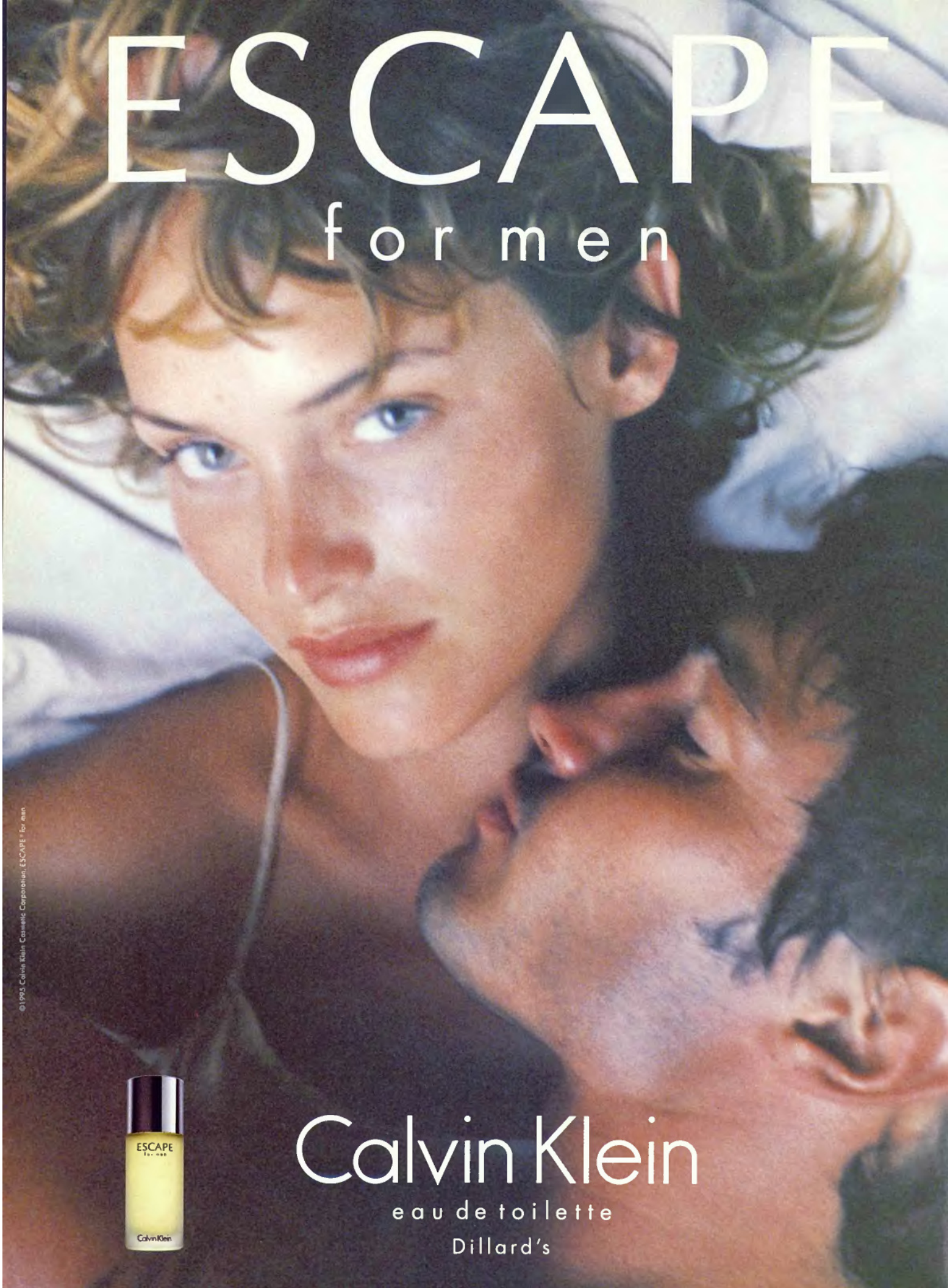
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# PLAYBILL

THERE ARE college students and then there are people who study. This issue is for both crowds (and, of course, for the rest of us—grad students of the good life). Our first subject is violence in music. **Snoop Doggy Dogg,** rap's most relaxed poet, scored big with *Doggystyle*. Now he is on trial for murder. Our intrepid **David Sheff** hounded Mr. Dogg and returned, bleary-eyed, with an *Interview* that's worth Bob Dole's attention. Snoop describes how he has dodged bullets, angrily explains why more black men are in prison than in college and denies that his raps encourage crime. What does? Read the riveting portrait of Oklahoma City bombing suspect **Timothy McVeigh. Jonathan Franklin** tracked down McVeigh's Army buddies in *Timothy McVeigh, Soldier* (and **David Wilcox** did the scary art). The Army isn't solely responsible for turning McVeigh into a killing machine—he was just too well suited to its bloody business. Among Franklin's startling revelations: McVeigh turned eerily evil in the heat of battle.

Dropouts, take heart—you don't need an education to be a big hit. **Brett Butler,** TV's dysfunctional mom of the moment on *Grace Under Fire*, jokes that she never finished high school—or charm school, apparently. In *Grace Under Pressure* by **Diane K. Shah,** Butler vents and vents before she really opens up about her problems with writers and producers. All in all, the set sounds like a trailer park on bingo night. In a more sedate way, comedian **Bill Maher** has become the funnyman's John McLaughlin. As host of *Politically Incorrect*, cable's satiric roundtable, Maher and such guests as Jerry Seinfeld, Ed Rollins and Dr. Dre have chewed over various topics, including "Men are pigs and we're tired of apologizing for it." In *20 Questions*, he tells **David Rensin** about his ideas for an Elvis tax and explains what "cockarific" means in Mahertian.

Sexuality 101, first dictum: Everyone loves lesbians. On campus and on camera, sapphic sisterhood is the latest strap-on accessory. **Brendan Baber** (son of *Men* columnist Asa Baber) and **Eric Spitznagel** finger dyke wanna-bes in the spoofy *Lesbian Chic*. (Artist **David Plunkert** did the montages.) Then **Myles Berkowitz** talks to straight women who found it too chic to resist in *Lesbian for a Day*.

Fiction fantasy: **Ryan Harty** of the University of Iowa is winner of this year's annual college fiction contest with *What Can I Tell You About My Brother?* What we can tell you is that it's about love, loyalty and a deranged young Marine. We also offer *Razor,* by the legendary **Vladimir Nabokov,** from *The Stories of Vladimir Nabokov* (Alfred A. Knopf) as edited by **Dmitri Nabokov. Charles Bragg,** fresh from writing and illustrating a quirky new book called *Asylum Earth*, did the artwork.

It's college football time again and the man on the spot is our pigskin prognosticator, **Gary Cole.** National champ Nebraska will be feeling the pressure to repeat. So will Cole—he was one of the few to predict that the Cornhuskers would win it all last year. (See *Playboy's 1995 Pigskin Preview.*) From Xs and Os to oohs and aahs: Our vine-ripened *Women of the Ivy League* pictorial (shot by **David Chan** and **David Mecey**) will have you wishing you'd prepped more for your SATs. However, nothing could prepare you for our 500th Playmate. She's Cal State psych major **Alicia Rickter** and she'll blow your mind. But let's pretend you have it together mentally; physically, you'll need to consult our college-fashion feature. Then you'll need the proper crib: Follow the guidelines in *Dorm Room at the Top* and you'll have everything you need to help you hit the books and study this magazine.

SHEFF

FRANKLIN

WILCOX

SHAH

RENSIN

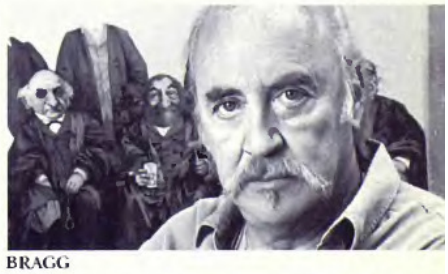
BABER, SPITZNAGEL

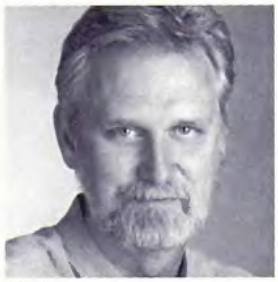
PLUNKERT

BERKOWITZ

HARTY

NABOKOV


BRAGG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MECEY

CHAN

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# PLAYBOY®

vol. 42, no. 10—october 1995

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**COVER STORY**

Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey and crew toured the elite eight schools for our third pictorial featuring the Women of the Ivy League. The cover was produced by Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson, styled by Violet Warzecha and shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley, with art direction by Kristin Korjenek. Thanks to Pat Tomlinson for makeup and hairstyling. Our Rabbit was heard asking model Lisa Boyle if she'd share a blanket.

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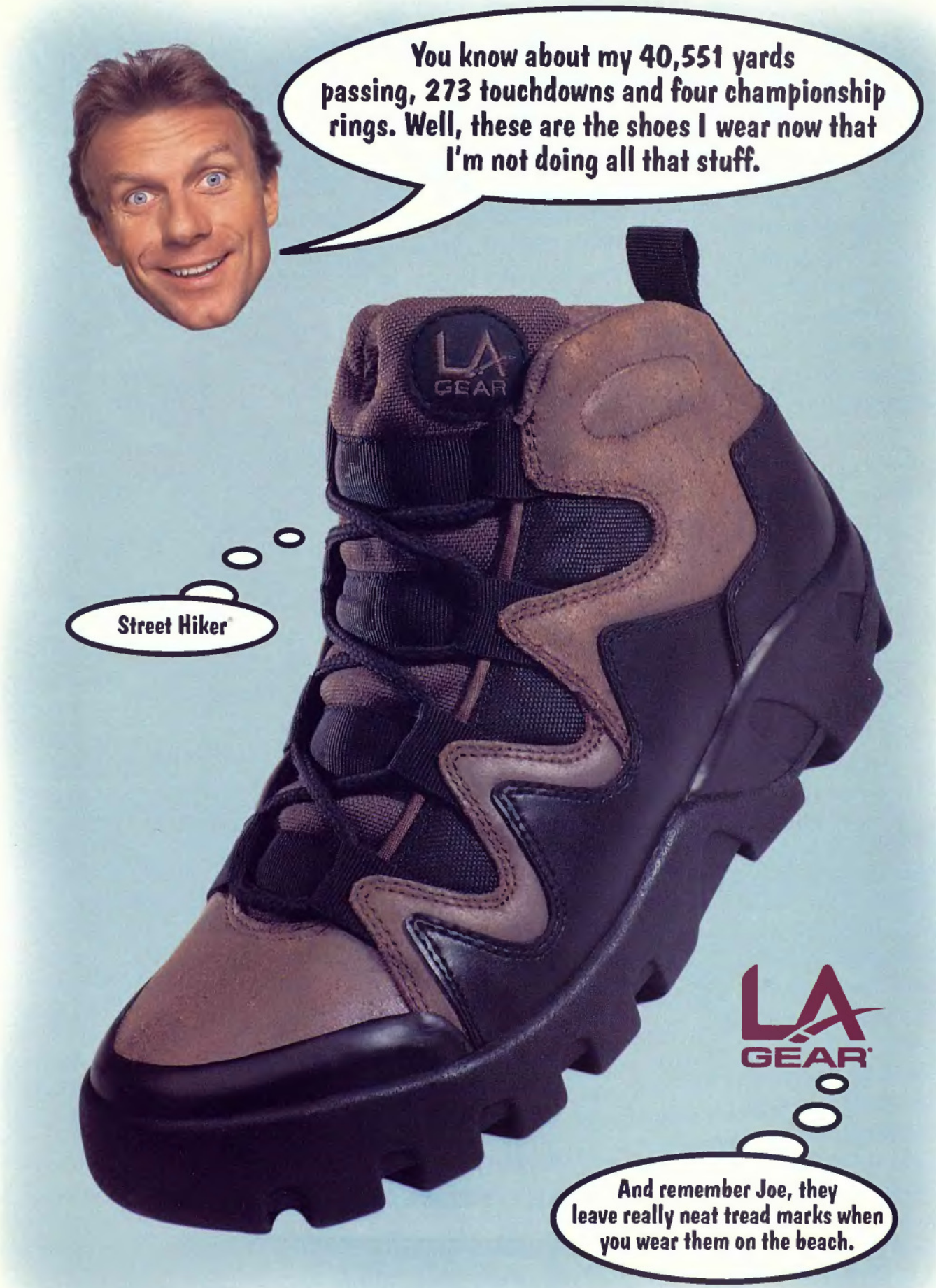
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**MEL GIBSON**

Lawrence Grobel's interview with Mel Gibson (July) is fabulous. Gibson is the Richard Pryor of his generation, and like Pryor, he is so dangerously truthful that he can turn his most personal issues into political ones.

Clarence Santos
Adelanto, California

The pictures of Mel Gibson really titillate me. I'd like to see a couple of beefcake shots of him in a kilt. I'm married to a Scot, so I know what they really wear beneath their tartans.

Mari Brandon
Calpella, California

Mel Gibson knows what he wants and goes after it even if he has to sink his own money into it. *Braveheart* demonstrates that he can wear three hats (as producer, director and actor) with equal success and still maintain his sanity and sense of humor. Thanks for bringing Mel to us in such detail. It was an insightful interview.

Gary Jodon
Yrag@ix.netcom.com
Columbus, Ohio

Honest in his opinions and protective of his loved ones, Mel Gibson is an intelligent, creative, wild Neanderthal.

Catherine Flood
Torrance, California

Everyone is entitled to his opinion, of course, but Gibson, like many heterosexual parents, fails to realize the possibility that one of his children could be gay. He may want to consider that when expressing his opinions about homosexuals. Parents should love their children unconditionally.

W.I. Kabbinski
Los Angeles, California

So Mel Gibson doesn't believe in the theory of evolution and denies that he is any relation to the apes? The apes must be relieved.

Clem Colucci
Bronx, New York

**MORE VOLLEYBALL**

*Volleyball Goddesses* by Craig Vetter (July) is fantastic. Now all you need to do is follow it up with a pictorial, and if you do, please be sure to feature Holly McPeak and Lisa Arce, who are mentioned in the article.

John Thoo
jb2@math.ucdavis.edu
Davis, California

**LITTLE WOMEN**

I can't thank you enough for the long overdue *Little Women* pictorial in the July issue. Can there be any question that petite women make better lovers?

Tom Lazarus
Rochester, New York

My friends and I are delighted with the *Little Women* pictorial because beauty comes in all sizes.

Jessica Sousa
Atlanta, Georgia

*Little Women* is a joy to the visual sense. I, too, am a bite-size honey and a big fan of PLAYBOY. Thank you.

Theresa Cummings
Rockford, Illinois

I'm 4'11" and very happy to see vertically challenged women getting a chance to show their stuff. Thanks for demonstrating to the world that there's a lot to look down to.

Tawnya Deatrick
Pasco, Washington

In most magazines, we tend to see only long-legged beauties. Your tribute is proof that great things come in small but wonderful packages.

Kerry Guillory
Kenner, Louisiana

Many thanks for the *Little Women* pictorial. It is encouraging for men who are of compact stature. Now, when do we get the Amazon women (six feet–plus) pictorial?

Dave Scott
Austin, Texas

*We did that in July 1991. See "The Height Report."*

*Little Women* has reduced me to sighs and swoons. I have had a lifelong adoration of petites, and your camera has caught it all—symmetry, beauty, delicacy and strength. This group of ladies is enough to make a hound dog hug a hare and old men dream dreams.

Earl Thomas
Arlington, Virginia

**POSTMODERN COMICS**

PLAYBOY's comic-book coverage in *The New Postmodern Comic* by John Tomkiw (July) is much appreciated. Anything that gets the word out about the wonderful possibilities of this medium of expression can only help to ensure that these worthwhile publications reach a larger audience. I hope PLAYBOY will continue to inform its audience about this universal form of storytelling.

John Workman
Neonarcheos Publishing
Hazlet, New Jersey

**HEIDI MARK**

Natives of Ohio have two things to be proud of—winning baseball teams and July Playmate Heidi Mark (*The Heidi Chronicles*).

Tom Bauer
Lakewood, Ohio

When Heidi Mark appeared on *The Young and the Restless* last year, I ran to the VCR daily, trying to place her. Not until I saw Stephen Wayda's pictorial did I realize she is the Hooters Girl on the cover of April 1994. Many beautiful women have been on the soaps, and I'm pleased that Heidi graduated to PLAYBOY.

Olin Jenkins
Columbia, South Carolina

I must award you high marks on your selection for the July Playmate. I recall an earlier, and all too brief, appearance by Heidi Mark in the *Girls of Hooters* pictorial. I'm happy that you brought her back for an encore.

J.A. Hatfield
Binghamton, New York

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### THE MENENDEZ BROTHERS

Erik and Lyle Menendez were going to be forever silenced by their sick, despicable parents. Had the brothers not killed first, they would be dead. Unlike the media gang bang, Robert Rand's accounting (*Menendez Confidential*, July) is honest and fair, though the accompanying illustration isn't.

Dorothy McLean
Stamford, Connecticut

### NYPD REVISITED

The New York Police Department has a lot of nerve telling Carol Shaya (*Carol Shaya: Busted*, July) what she can do in her spare time. It should be proud that she stepped forward to break the stereotype of the doughnut-choking, coffee-sucking, beer-bellied New York City cop. We're with you, Carol.

Matt Stanton
matt.stanton@tcf.com
Cayucos, California

Poor Carol Shaya. I wonder how oppressed she would feel if she didn't have the opportunity to make movie deals and sue the NYPD. Whether or not she should have been fired is debatable. I suppose if she had been allowed to remain on the job, she would have been inundated with suggestive comments from male co-workers, thus giving her the chance to sue for sexual harassment.

B. Schneider
Marietta, Georgia

Carol Shaya is gorgeous. I think the NYPD made a big mistake firing one of its top cops just because she appeared in PLAYBOY. I guess it was afraid of what right-wing moralists would think.

Joe Baylot
jmbaylot@whale.st.usm.edu
Hattiesburg, Mississippi

It seems odd that Carol Shaya was fired because of her PLAYBOY pictorial. Recently, there was a gathering of police officers in Washington, D.C. It was supposed to be for a solemn memorial to slain fellow officers. During that event, members of the NYPD went on a drunken rampage and fired their weapons in the streets. Several of them, claiming to be federal agents, forced their way into a woman's hotel room, while others poured beer down the hotel lobby escalator rail and slid down it naked. No arrests were made. Does anyone think the people of New York were embarrassed? I wonder how many of Shaya's male fellow officers were fired as a result of such behavior.

Matthew Schons
Tallahassee, Florida

### SANDRA TAYLOR

I have been following Sandra Taylor's (*Taylor Made*, July) career since 1991, when I had the opportunity to meet her at an autograph signing in my community. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever met, and the most gracious.

Jeffrey Young
Washington, Pennsylvania

I've read your magazine for 25 years. After seeing your July cover, all I have to say is that red, white and blue never looked so good.

Lazlow Breumeister
Anaheim, California

I love your July cover featuring Sandra Taylor. Old Glory will always get a rise out of me.

Richard Ellis
Carmichael, California

I get my July issue in the mail, take it out of the plastic and—bammo—I'm knocked on my butt by the most unbelievably sexy cover I have ever seen.

Why have I never heard of Sandra Taylor before, and, for crying out loud, how can I see more of her?

John Hartwell
MtOlympus@aol.com
Austin, Texas

I had the pleasure and privilege of meeting Sandra Taylor when she appeared at an auto show as a 1990 American Dream Calendar Girl. Even then I knew she was destined for stardom. She's a phenomenal woman, and it's especially gratifying to see her featured on your cover.

Gary Johnston
Louisville, Kentucky

### PASSION PHONES

I'd like to thank PLAYBOY and Kevin Cook for including my syndicated radio talk show *Passion Phones* in the July *Media* column. I'm a huge fan of the magazine, as are many of my listeners. I want to make it clear that while my show is titillating, it's also full of valuable sexual information. We take on serious issues such as safe sex, sex education and the hazards of breast implants. Yes, I do give suggestions for oral sex when asked, but the term giving head is not one that I use, and I would never allow it to be used on my show. It sounds too much like the boys' locker-room talk, and my show isn't like that.

Erin Somers
WIOD
Miami, Florida

It's true that Erin Somers' radio show *Passion Phones* is a frank discussion about sex, but it is done in good taste. After reading the *Media* column, I was left with the impression that Cook thinks there is something lewd about honest discussions of sex. Somers says sex should be fun. Does Cook have a problem with that?

Derek Parker
derek@digital.net
Melbourne, Florida

### DIVORCED DADS

It's about time someone took a look at the plight of divorced dads. In "The Beatdead Dads Poll" (*Men*, July), Asa Baber makes a brave attempt to expose this increasingly complex problem.

Jerry Schwind
Chicago, Illinois

Baber's piece was right on the mark. I enjoyed reading the comments of divorced fathers and it made me think of a couple of guys he must have missed in his research. So, here's my advice: If a man has a vasectomy before he gets married, he won't have to worry about being gouged for child support.

Lawrence Smith
Tacoma, Washington

Baber's cynicism is refreshing. Women say that the good old boy society keeps them from attaining jobs that would be the keys to their success. My question is: If there is so much discrimination against women, then why are men faring so badly?

A. Smith
AKSMITH@raychem.com
Raleigh, North Carolina

Bravo for the warning about child support excesses. The House of Representative's bill will terminate driver's licenses, car licenses, business licenses and passports for any father who is down on his luck. Oh, don't forget the choice between jail time or forced-labor camps.

Robert Olson
Springfield, Missouri

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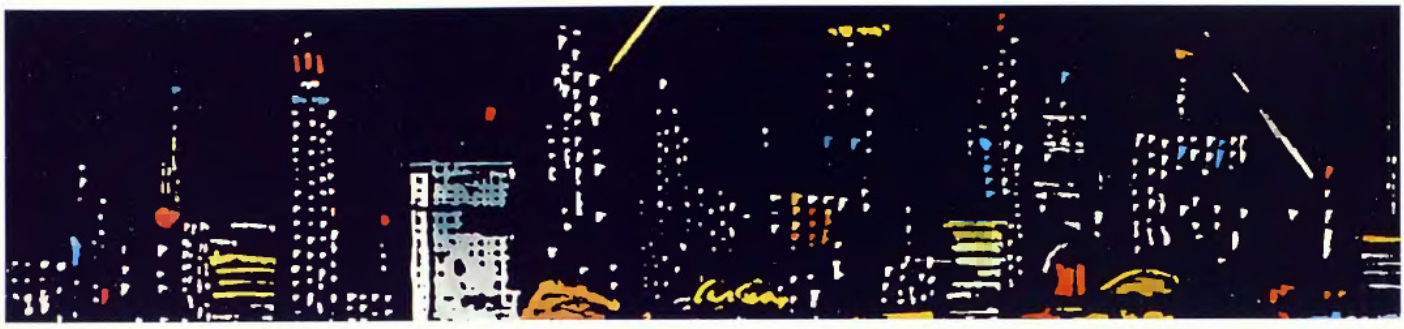
# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



### GRADING ON THE DEAD MAN'S CURVE

Sex had its day, and now homicide is all the rage. Such is the case at Amherst College, where Human Sexuality, a course that since the Seventies had held the record for most student sign-ups, has been eclipsed by Murder, which attracted 300 of Amherst's 1570 students last spring semester. Murder features an eclectic reading list—from *Oedipus Rex* to *In Cold Blood*—in addition to such required viewing as *Psycho*, *Pulp Fiction*, gangsta rap videos and episodes of *Geraldo*. The class is no gut, though. Professor Austin Sarat is known as a tough grader, and apparently the final exam is a killer.

### CZECHING THE METER

It saddens us to hear that some Prague taxi drivers—who charge notoriously exorbitant fares—have gone a step further in their efforts to cheat tourists. Seems that a few have installed wires in the backseat upholstery that deliver a shock to passengers who are reluctant to cough up inflated meter rates. The taxi drivers guild takes strong exception to this unfortunate misuse of the free enterprise system. Antonin Zemlicka, guild president, promises, "We don't know who's driving with [a wired seat], but if we catch whoever has put one in, we'll knock his block off."

### WELL, IT WORKS FOR US

Last November, *Obstetrics & Gynecology* studied which of several positions was best for women to maintain so that they wouldn't wet their pants. The journal's careful conclusion? It's best to stand with crossed legs.

### WHAT'S HOPPENING

The annual Gramercy Hotel art fair, New York's most avant-garde event, confirms what we've known for more than 40 years: Bunnies are in. Dallas art consultant Marcia May identified conceptual art, sex and bunnies as dominant themes this year. There was a giant photo of a man in a bunny suit and a sculpture of a man in a bunny suit. There were also tiny yellow bunnies, of which May remarked, "I think they were left over from Easter."

•

Lawn Doctor Feel Good: Our favorite soil and manure specialist is the Long Island, New York landscaper known as the Marquis de Sod.

### NEW SCHOOL OF MUSIC

We've all summoned musical tones by rubbing the moistened rim of a glass, but musician Jamey Turner chose George Frideric Handel's "Water Music" to play on 60 partially filled brandy snifters. Performing at the National Geographic Society's celebration of the 5000-year history of glass, Turner also wowed his audience with selections by Bach, Beethoven and Mozart. He recalled that during one concert, someone dropped a goldfish into his middle-C glass. "It became a B natural immediately," he said. "I don't know how to tune a fish. It has a different scale."

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

### COW POKE

It's a side of *CBS This Morning* co-host Harry Smith that you rarely see, and we rather like it: Smith sent a photo to selected media that showed him trying to inseminate a cow by hand—indeed, by arm—with the inscription, "Thinking of you." We always thought of Harry as a no-bull kind of guy.

### LOAFING THROUGH HISTORY

Bathroom book of the month: *The RE/Search Guide to Bodily Fluids*, by Paul Spinrad, is a high-minded guide to the most base movements. Every manner of excreta is examined in the context of literary traditions, hygiene and historical moments. Milan Kundera explains how the art of the middle class is the art of anal repression, just a few pages from a description of how early settlers in America pampered themselves with mussel shells as toilet paper. The most interesting revelation is biblical. Spinrad explains that in Roman times, public toilets were stocked with a brine-soaked sponge on a stick for wiping. This tool makes a familiar appearance—with its connotations diluted—in crucifixion stories. According to the New Testament, Jesus is mocked with the sponge, which modern translations render as soaked with "sour wine."

### PERKY DAN AND THE MOOD STABILIZERS

Pharmaceutical giant Smithkline Beecham is leaning on the Philadelphia punk band Thorazine to change its name, apparently out of concern that it will give the antipsychotic medication—one of the company's most visible drugs—a bad name. Our guess is that the company is just bugged by the fact that the band, which is known to play for as little as ten bucks a gig, is cheaper than the drug.

### THE GRAY PANTHER PARTY

Officials in Costa Mesa, California don't quite know what to do about Bill Goodwin. The city has no law against

# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### FACT OF THE MONTH

According to a survey by Graysmarsh Farm Preserves, 64 percent of American models say that they prefer to start their day by eating jam on a bagel.

### QUOTE

"I'm currently obsessed with the arrest of Carlos the Jackal. He's much more interesting than O.J. Simpson—especially since Carlos was in the hospital allegedly receiving liposuction on his stomach at the moment of his arrest. That's my kind of terrorist."—FILM DIRECTOR JOHN WATERS

### FISH NOR FOWL?

Number of Americans who consider themselves vegetarians: 12.7 million. Number who actually don't eat meat, poultry or fish: 1.7 million.

### THE BIG SWILL

Percentage jump in sales reported by Red Stripe beer after Tom Cruise drank it in *The Firm*: 53.

### THE BIG SLEEP

Percentage increase in disability claims filed due to chronic fatigue syndrome from 1989 to 1993: 500.

### CLIPPED WINGS

Number of aircraft in Air Force in 1985: 9443; in 1995: 4949.

### NEWT'S EGO LANCED

In a Times Mirror Center survey, percentage of Americans who could identify Lance Ito as the judge in the O.J. Simpson murder case: 64. Percentage who could name Newt Gingrich as Speaker of the House: 52.

### THE SHADOW OF DOOM

Estimated number of copies of the demo version of the computer game Doom that have been downloaded worldwide: 7 million.

### IT'S A GRAND OLD PARTY

The percentage increase in martini and manhattan orders at the Stouffer Renaissance Mayflower Hotel since the Republican majority arrived in Washington: 50. The percentage increase in requests for tuxedo cleaning and pressing: 40. The percentage increase in sales of vintage wine: 13; the percentage increase in the volume of business lunches: 13.

### PATIENT PATIENTS

Number of U.S. transplant patients waiting for a kidney in 1994: 27,000; a liver: 3700; a heart: 3000.

### SPRING TIME

Number of Slinky toys sold worldwide since they were introduced by James Industries 50 years ago: 250 million. Number of Slinkys sold last year: 6 million. Number of Slinkys made in a 24-hour period by a single machine: 10,800.

### CUCKOO FOR COCOA

Number of pounds of chocolate consumed per person annually in Switzerland: 28; in the U.S.: 21.

### POOR RECEPTION

According to a Heritage Foundation study, percentage of poor Americans who own a color TV: 91; percentage who own two or more: 29.

### DES MOINES DE MERRIER

In 1992, rate of homicides per 100,000 people in the U.S.: 10. Rate in the District of Columbia: 66.5. Rate in Iowa: 1.9.

### CAPITAL COSTS

According to a Duke University study, number of capital cases in North Carolina that end in execution: 1 in 10. Average cost to taxpayers of each execution: $2 million.

—LAURA BILLINGS

orgies, which is what some people call the twice-monthly parties for partner-swapping that he holds at his home, known locally as the Panther Palace. Goodwin has hosted these potluck dinner-and-pairing socials for nine years, catering to a network of 200 swinging couples. Goodwin denies that he holds true orgies: "We're not just taking off our clothes and having sex—we've also got karaoke." Don't expect any arrests—it wouldn't look right for the city to bust a recently widowed, snowy-haired grandpa. Goodwin is 71.

### HANDY MAN

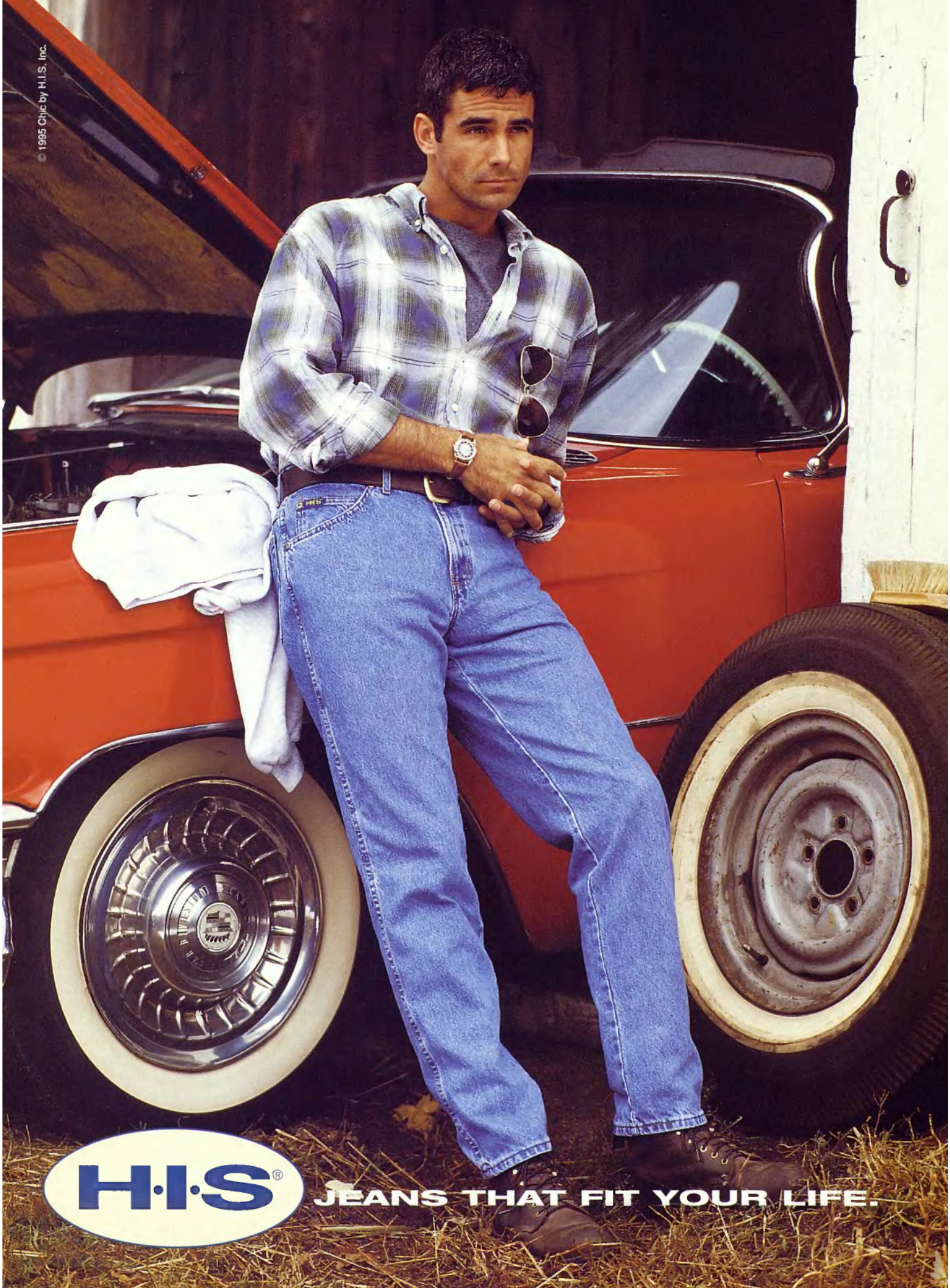
Romey Bracey is a clerk on the floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange who teaches neophytes the arcane intricacies of the hand signals used in the pits. For example, palms facing away from the body means you want to sell, while palms in means you want to buy. Hands away from the body show the price, hands near the face show quantity. And it gets much more complicated from there, so Bracey's students practice their hand signals away from the trading floor—especially in grocery aisles. The hand jive is also used by traders on the golf course to signal scores between the cognoscenti. Sometimes, it's more insidious. One trader's wife is awakened every time her husband signals in his sleep. "He doesn't talk in his sleep, he just uses hand signals," she says. "If I could figure out what they mean, I would have control over this marriage."

### SOUND APPROACH

Residents of Kinloch, Missouri—a town adjacent to St. Louis' Lambert Airport—have long complained about the noise from departing and arriving jets. Rather than get bogged down in sound-baffling research, airport officials plan to solve the problem simply by buying the town and leveling it. They call it a noise abatement measure.

### THE SALMAN HOP

Even before he made his recent appearance on *The Late Show With David Letterman*, Salman Rushdie—the Anglo-Indian novelist who has lived in hiding ever since Iran's ayatollah called for his death—had been making the rounds on London's party circuit. To the delight of the literary set, Rushdie took over the dance floor at a party for his friend Martin Amis. According to *The Times*: "Ladies queued for the spectacle and their jaws dropped in astonishment. The Rushdie wriggle is an unusual one-legged hop in a crouching position, arms whirling like a dervish. Appropriate for a man living under the threat of a *fatwa*, he was dancing to the strains of *Stayin' Alive* by the Bee Gees."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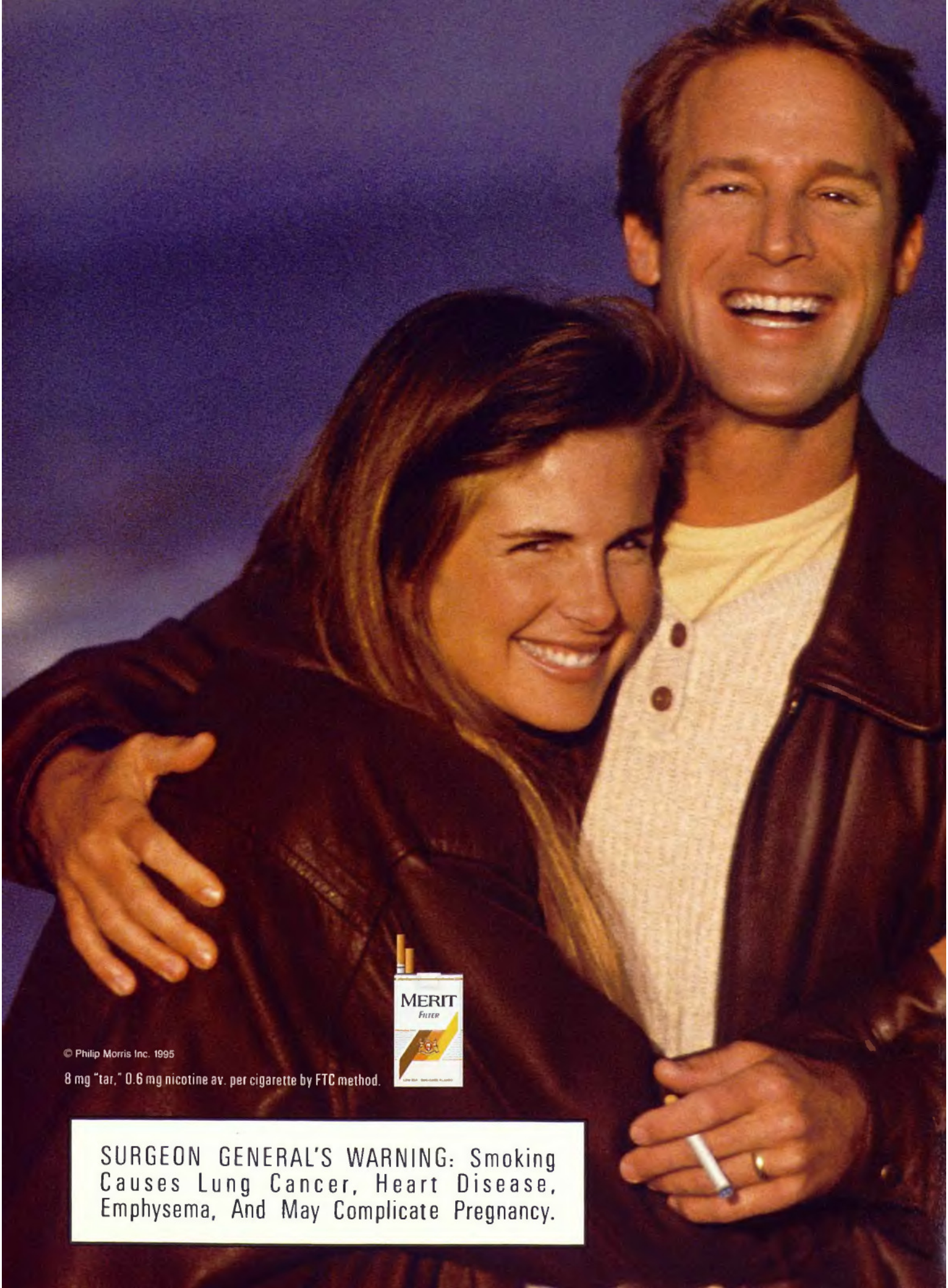


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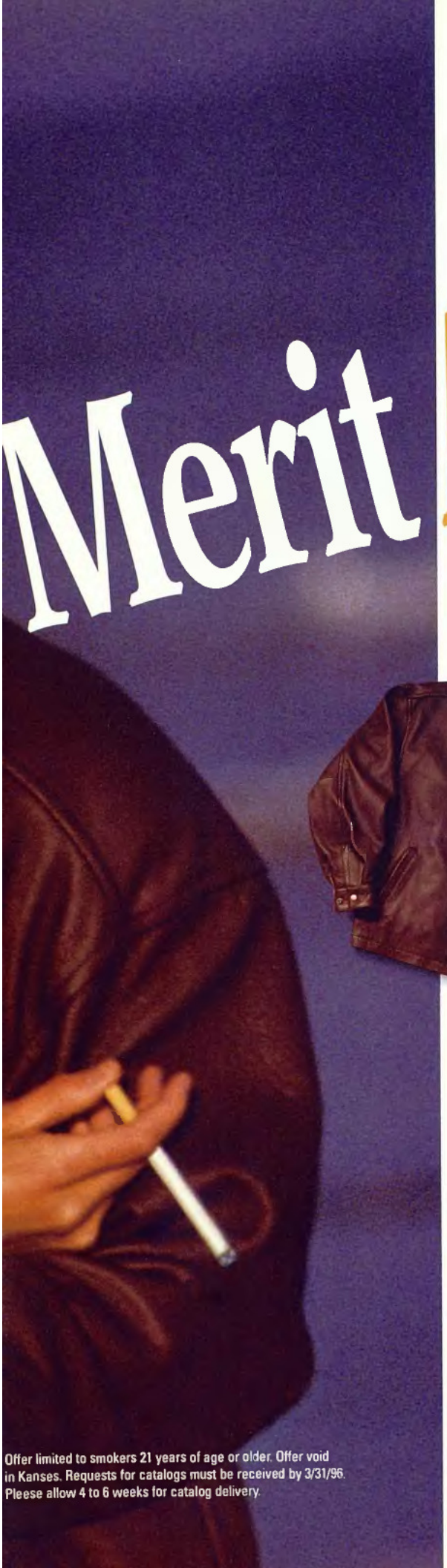

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# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

FAME ON any terms—however brief and for whatever reason—is the American dream, as summed up in ***To Die For*** (Columbia). Director Gus Van Sant's blithe black comedy, adapted by Buck Henry from Joyce Maynard's novel, stars Nicole Kidman in the best role of her career as Suzanne Stone, a bewitching small-town bimbo who stops at nothing to get what she wants. What she wants is to be a media celebrity. Says Suzanne: "You aren't really anybody in America unless you're on TV. What's the point of doing anything worthwhile if nobody's watching?" She puts her pragmatism on the line by marrying a well-to-do local guy (Matt Dillon) and wangling a job as a TV weather girl who makes every prediction sound like foreplay. Her blonde ambition finally makes marriage seem superfluous, so she persuades a couple of horny teenage dimwits (Joaquin Phoenix and Casey Affleck) to murder her mate, a clod with no higher goal than to get Suzanne pregnant. Van Sant projects this tale of infidelity and revenge as a jaunty, in-your-face fable for our time. ¥¥¥½

•

Let prudes reel in dismay from exposure to ***Kids*** (Miramax). They will, however, be missing the point of photographer Larry Clark's film about New York teenagers obsessed with sex, drugs, violence and skateboarding. This daylong odyssey of urban decay opens with a dorky teenager named Telly (Leo Fitzpatrick) in the process of deflowering a pubescent virgin who doesn't realize he is HIV-positive. Telly himself doesn't know, or care. "If you're a girl's first lay," he boasts to his friend Casper (Justin Pierce), "you're the man!" He and Casper help to beat up a boy just for kicks in Washington Square Park, but both plainly prefer instant sex to assault and battery. Clark commissioned a first screenplay from Harmony Korine, whose dialogue is chillingly authentic, and worked almost entirely with nonprofessionals in a gritty documentary style. They depict today's disenchanted youth in a world where the language of love, for both sexes, consists mostly of four-letter words. "Fuckin' is what I love," says Telly. "Take that away from me, I got nothing." The movie ends with the last of five youngsters to have unwittingly joined in an HIV roundelay asking the camera: "What happened?" Should kids see an unpleasant picture that shapes up as a potent argument for condom use? Why not? Clark hammers home a deadly serious response to meaningless pleas for abstinence. Here is a movie that is as moralistic as *Reefer Madness*, that idiotic 1936 tale about the perils of marijuana. But the memorable *Kids* isn't kidding, and may also be a milestone. ¥¥¥¥

Kidman: A media minx *To Die For*.

Hell-bent youths, black and white role-switchers, and drag queens and models on the go.

•

Date rape on a college campus is more or less the subject of ***A Reason to Believe*** (Castle Hill). If writer-director Douglas Tirola has it right, the privileged fraternity men and sorority women at a good school earn failing grades in ethics. Popular coed Charlotte (Allison Smith) gets drunk at a dance while her boyfriend Wesley (Danny Quinn) is out of town. Quick to seize the opportunity, Wesley's frat brother Jim (Jay Underwood) forces himself on her, then brags to his buddies how she wanted and loved it. Wesley takes Jim's word and flatly rejects Charlotte, deepening her disgrace until a militant feminist group rushes to lend support. *A Reason to Believe* finally leaves all its main characters looking callous and unsympathetic—they are just as contemptible as the teens in *Kids*, with a veneer of higher education. ¥¥

•

Wesley Snipes, Patrick Swayze and John Leguizamo are all gussied up as drag queens en route to a beauty pageant in ***To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*** (Universal). When their 1967 Cadillac breaks down in a rural town, they scare off some local homophobes and teach several oppressed midwestern plain Janes (Stockard Channing, Blythe Danner, Melinda Dillon) how to enjoy being women. Clearly, *To Wong Foo* has more in common than its long title with last year's *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*. Unfortunately, *To Wong Foo* feels contrived and far less convincing, though no less campy. Swayze, a former dancer, does a good job as a swishy guy named Vida. His partners (Snipes as Noxeema, Leguizamo as Chi-Chi) do most of the funny bits but come across as flagrant sight gags sorely lacking in gay pride. ¥¥

•

A working stiff is fired from his factory job for sneaking a peek at his boss' wife while delivering a package to their house. When he can't get reinstated and he and his family have been evicted from their home, he kidnaps his former employer and hopes to teach him a lesson about the haves and have-nots. That's the gist of ***White Man's Burden*** (Savoy), a stinging tale that pulls a color switch: The put-upon laborer is played by John Travolta, with Kelly Lynch as his careworn mate. Harry Belafonte exudes authority as the factory owner in writer-director Desmond Nakano's upside-down world where blacks are the ruling class. The sullen, downtrodden whites are stuck in ghettos and harassed by biased black cops. "How does it feel, me having power over you the way you had power over me?" Travolta rages as he drags his unnerved victim through the city at gunpoint. Nakano's straightforward drama of social injustice would probably work without the race-reversal angle. But Travolta's anguished performance adds credibility to a provocative, fast-paced movie that promotes equality without preaching. ¥¥¥

•

Insiders have called ***Unzipped*** (Miramax) a sassy answer to Robert Altman's *Ready to Wear*. Fashion photographer Douglas Keeve's campy, stylish look at designer Isaac Mizrahi as he prepares his models for a show turns out to be both instructive and hilarious—and quite unencumbered by plot. Cindy Crawford, Naomi Campbell and Linda Evangelista are among the gorgeous faces and bodies getting zipped up to tread the runway in this hip, behind-the-scenes look at haute couture. ¥¥¥½

•

Several intertwined stories give ***The Run of the Country*** (Castle Rock) substance as

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Richardson: A lady with connections.

## OFF CAMERA

There may be greasepaint in her genes, but **Joely Richardson,** daughter of Vanessa Redgrave and the late director Tony Richardson, doesn't see it smoothing her way to stardom. "I turned 30 this year, and I still get nervous at auditions. Besides, I rebelled against the idea of being an actor—it seemed so unimaginative. I thought I should be a gymnast or something. Now I can't imagine life without acting."

Barefoot, curled up in her New York hotel room during a brief visit from London to promote her new film, *Sister, My Sister*, Natasha's talented kid sister is obviously doing OK. Critics relish her raw intensity as a repressed maid who butchers her employers. Next, she'll enjoy a change of pace with Ted Danson in *Loch Ness*. "More a romantic comedy. I'm a Scottish girl running the local bar." Also, she has just finished *The Hollow Reed*, "about a woman whose husband has left her for another man." Joely is married to producer Tim Bevan (his credentials include *Four Weddings and a Funeral*) and they have a three-year-old daughter. Growing up as a star-smitten teenager, Joely "liked mainstream movies—I must have seen *Grease* at least a dozen times."

She went mainstream herself in Ken Russell's steamy British remake of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, a TV miniseries still to air over here. "Some people were outraged. Sean Bean and I were naked in the rain. There was no rain, though, so they doused us with giant hoses. It was absurd but fun." Will *Chatterley* be her breakthrough role? Joely doubts it. "I haven't had one yet—I'm a late starter."

well as sex appeal. There's a father-son feud between a sternly religious Irish constable (Albert Finney) and his handsome boy, Danny (Matt Keeslar), who is sick with grief after his mother's death. Danny finds solace in a young beauty named Annagh (refreshing newcomer Victoria Smurfit), from a gentrified family across the border in Northern Ireland. The young lovers are helped by Prunty (Anthony Brophy), a rowdy local who may or may not have links to the IRA. Brophy is a born scene-stealer. So is Keeslar, simultaneously defying his dad, getting Annagh pregnant and stumbling into political chaos. All this, along with another sterling performance by Finney, makes producer-director Peter Yates' scenic and spirited *Country* look a mite overstuffed with themes but well worth a visit. ¥¥½

•

Talking dirty to each other, albeit in Dutch with subtitles, Sara and Wilbert (Ariane Schluter and Ad Van Kempen) carry phone sex to the outer limits in ***1-900*** (Zeitgeist Films). The translated title is the American equivalent of a similar sex hot line in Holland. Produced and directed by Theo van Gogh (artist Vincent's great-nephew), the movie is a two-character sexual minuet between people who never meet—but masturbate, fight and fantasize ad infinitum. She claims "a very sensitive clitoris" while he boasts "a sturdy prick" that won't disappoint her: "I'll stick it in deep." These are ordinary-looking people who achieve extraordinary intimacy through vicarious sex. While it's no van Gogh masterpiece, the film should ultimately prosper as an aphrodisiac home video. ¥¥½

•

Writer, director and former actor Carl Franklin follows up his low-budget sleeper *One False Move* with ***Devil in a Blue Dress*** (Tri-Star), adapted from Walter Mosley's novel. Set in 1948 Los Angeles, the movie is a mystery that looks fine, feels dated on purpose and never takes itself too seriously. Luckily, Denzel Washington stars and maintains an appropriate twinkle as Easy Rawlins, a jobless veteran who gets into trouble after accepting $100 to find a missing woman. She's a real piece of work named Daphne Monet (Jennifer Beals, fetching enough but a bit bland for a dangerous dame) with all sorts of connections, political and otherwise. Among the other hard cases Easy encounters are a brute named Albright (Tom Sizemore) and a trigger-happy cohort known as Mouse (Don Cheadle). Franklin never achieves the balance between dry humor and suspense that he accomplished in *One False Move*, but he still scores points as a canny filmmaker who knows how to show his audience a good time. ¥¥¥

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films*
*by bruce williamson*

***Apollo 13*** (Reviewed 9/95) True space epic orbits in every way. ¥¥¥¥

***Art for Teachers of Children*** (9/95) Memories of a prurient prof. ¥¥

***An Awfully Big Adventure*** (9/95) Young love in Liverpool, with Hugh Grant among the guys making trouble. ¥¥¥

***Batman Forever*** (9/95) Boffo box office, but delivers little more than fancy frenzy. ¥

***The Bridges of Madison County*** (9/95) Forget the book. Meryl and Clint make less look like more. ¥¥¥½

***The Brothers McMullen*** (8/95) Brooklyn siblings caught between carnal urges and stern Catholic dogma. ¥¥¥½

***Country Life*** (9/95) Nice Aussie-based view of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*. ¥¥¥

***Devil in a Blue Dress*** (See review) Denzel searches for Miss Wrong. ¥¥¥

***I Can't Sleep*** (9/95) Old ladies done in by gay French killers. ¥¥½

***Jack and Sarah*** (Listed only) Widowed dad meets a swell nanny. ¥¥½

***Jeffrey*** (9/95) *Très*-gay guys' romancing is relieved by wry comic bits. ¥¥

***Kids*** (See review) Teenage sex unsheathed in gritty shocker. ¥¥¥¥

***Living in Oblivion*** (8/95) A small movie gets made—and gets laughs. ¥¥¥

***Lucky Break*** (9/95) True love conquers a beauty's physical handicaps. ¥¥½

***Moonlight and Valentino*** (Listed only) Young widow's solace is Bon Jovi. ¥¥

***1-900*** (See review) The lines heat up when phone sex goes Dutch. ¥¥½

***Pushing Hands*** (8/95) Immigrant *t'ai chi* master reaches for his American dream in a delicious comedy. ¥¥¥

***A Reason to Believe*** (See review) Cover-up of Ivy League sex scandal. ¥¥

***River of Grass*** (9/95) Two pistol-packing lovers on the run. ¥¥¥

***The Run of the Country*** (See review) Being young, lusty and Irish. ¥¥½

***Safe*** (8/95) Snug suburban comforts make Julianne Moore feel awful. ¥¥

***Smoke*** (8/95) Life begins in a cigar shop with Hurt, Keitel and Channing. ¥¥½

***To Die For*** (See review) All about a girl who would kill to be famous. ¥¥¥½

***To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*** (See review) Celebrity drag queens on the road again. ¥¥

***Unzipped*** (See review) Inside view of high fashion in high gear. ¥¥¥½

***The Usual Suspects*** (9/95) Crime pays surprisingly in a top caper film. ¥¥¥¥

***White Man's Burden*** (See review) John Travolta wins again as a loser. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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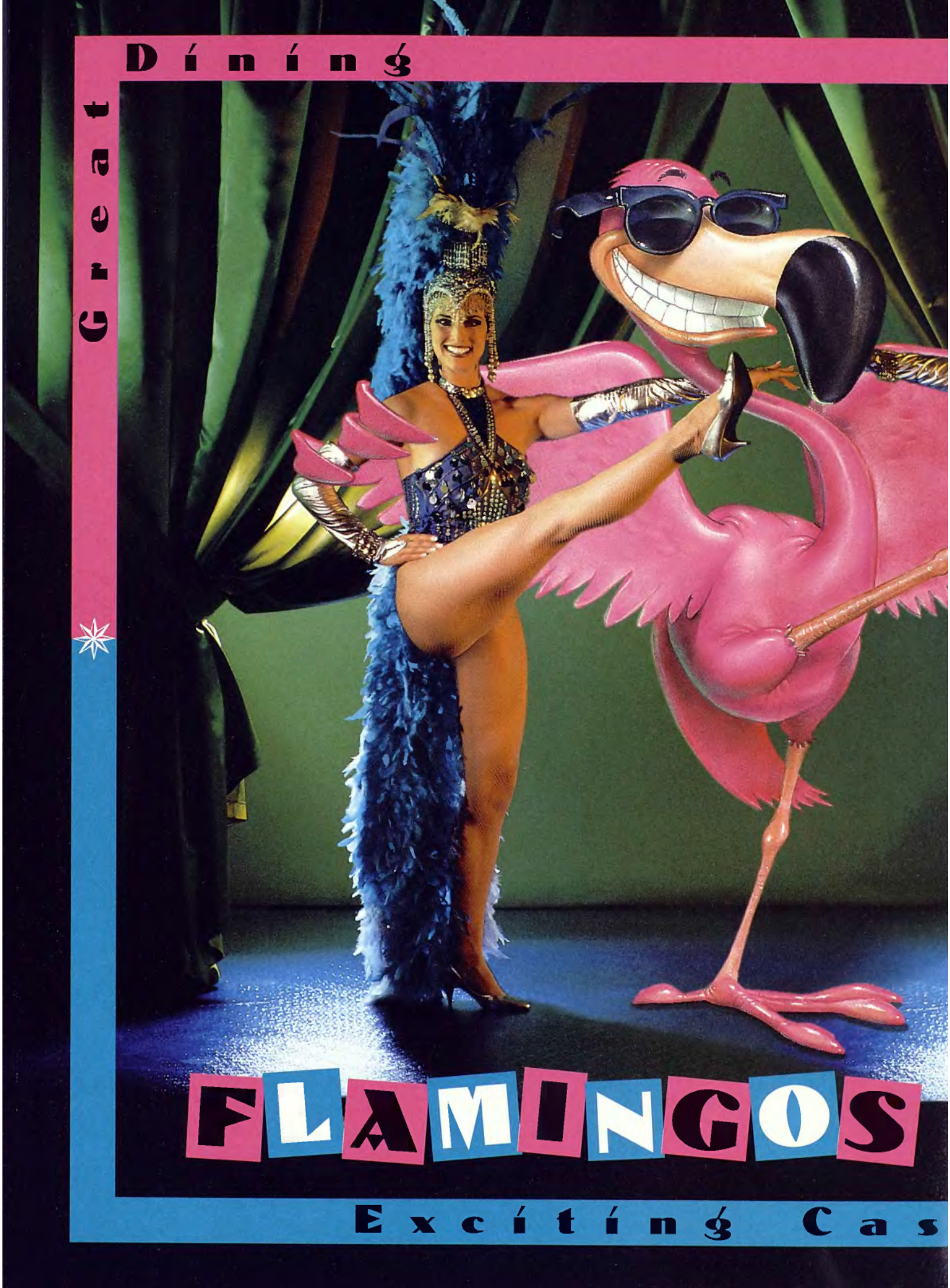
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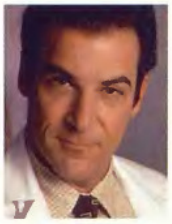
# VIDEO

## GUEST SHOT



"I like action movies," says **Mandy Patinkin,** star of CBS' *Chicago Hope*. "Not real violent ones, but films where I'm on the edge of my seat, such as *Under Siege* and *The Fugitive*." When his blood pressure rises, Patinkin prescribes himself an antidote of calmer cinema: *Rambling Rose*, *Cinema Paradiso*, *It's a Wonderful Life* ("my favorite movie ever") and especially Charles Laughton movies (*Rembrandt*, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*). "My wife's present to me on my 40th birthday was all of Laughton's films on video," he reports. Does TV's prime-time operator like watching his own big-screen efforts, such as *The Princess Bride* or *Yentl*? Negative. "My experience of doing movies is only what happens on the days they're made. That's the way my head works." —SUSAN KARLIN

### VIDBITS

Fifty years later and a big what if: What if the World War Two missions to deliver the A-bombs had been unsuccessful? In ***War's End*** (Kinsale), General Charles Sweeney, commander of the Nagasaki mission, gives his cockpit view of the problems that plagued the mission and its crew—including a faulty fuel tank, miscommunication and inclement weather. To order, call 800-200-6008. . . . Die-hard fans of *The Little Rascals* know that last year's feature-length spin on the classic series was less than o-tay. Lesson learned: There's no substitute for the real thing. Cabin Fever's second installment of vintage *Rascals* films (volumes 13–21) contains episodes deemed too taboo for Fifties TV. The offense: Back then, black and white buddies were too racy.

### VIDEO VOYEURS

Are people who watch people the most lecherous people in the world? Or are they merely concerned citizens—largely misunderstood—who believe in ogling their neighbor's wife? Set your own vicarious sights on these must-sees:

***Peeping Tom*** (1960): Brit classic about a smooth-talking shutterbug who clicks with the chicks—but why is that first pose always their last? Murderous stuff from director Michael Powell.

***Rear Window*** (1954): Hitchcock's treatise on nosy neighborism—and the granddaddy of peekaboo pics. Jimmy Stewart plays a wheelchair-bound photographer busybody, Raymond Burr is the thug across the courtyard and Grace Kelly provides glamour worth dying for.

***Blood Simple*** (1984): Jealous hub hires despicable dick to catch wife in the act, only to get buried alive. Then his troubles really begin. Gory comedy noir with that keen Coen brothers edge.

***A Stranger Is Watching*** (1982): Rip Torn is a peeper and babenapper, and Kate Mulgrew and Shawn Von Schreiber his unhappy nappees. Check out Torn's digs under Grand Central Station—not too posh, but it's a short commute.

***Sliver*** (1993): Tenants, anyone? Pretty-boy landlord Billy Baldwin likes to watch on fancy console, creating high-rise hell for ravishing renter Sharon Stone. Best scene: S.S. plays pass the panties over the tabletop in a crowded eatery.

***Body Double*** (1984): Voyeur eyes only. House-sitting actor (Craig Wasson) spies foul play through telescope, then seduces porn diva Holly Body (Melanie Griffith, often topless) into helping suss it out. Slick, sexy entry from Brian DePalma.

***Porky's*** (1981): Basic trough-set soufflé featuring preppies on a pigheaded mission: If it walks, talks and breathes—try to fuck it. The voyeurism: peepholes in the girls' shower. Who says Canadians can't make great cinema?

***Play Time*** (1995): Two housewives love to watch each other get off—then they call in their husbands. Newcomer Jennifer Burton is deliciously gape-worthy in a perfect example of why hard R is often sexier than X. —DAVID STINE

### VIDEO VOYAGE OF THE MONTH

Dump your travel agent. MPI's ***Baraka*** offers a colorful global journey—sans dialogue—crammed with 70mm portraits. Touring 24 countries on six continents, the filmmakers hit the road for 14 months exploring the earth's evolution, humanity's diversity and the marvels of nature. Destinations include São Paolo, Beijing, Cairo, Tanzania, Java and Colorado (VHS, $29.98; laserdisc, $39.98).

### LASER FARE

Two new releases, ***Amadeus*** (1984) and ***One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*** (1975), share a common director—Miloš Forman—as well as similarly thoughtful preparation by Pioneer Special Editions. Both films ($130 each) are letter-boxed, and extras include running commentary by Forman (he nabbed Oscars for both movies) and making-of materials. Of special interest on *Cuckoo's Nest*: new interviews with the actors, including Jack Nicholson and Louise Fletcher, plus then-unknowns Christopher Lloyd and Danny DeVito. Producer Michael Douglas weighs in too. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

## VIDEO MOOD METER

| MOOD | MOVIE |
|---|---|
| THRILLER | ***Outbreak*** (Doc Hoffmon battles lethal virus and Army bozos with orders to exterminate town; predictable but catching), ***Just Cause*** (law professor Connery tries to prove con's claim to innocence; overwrought, but Fishburne soves it). |
| COMEDY | ***Circle of Friends*** (1957: three Irish lasses run horny rings around sweet-faced lad Chris O'Donnell—charming fluff), ***Muriel's Wedding*** (plump, plucky Aussie wallflower all but wills herself to the altor; nasty fun). |
| ACTION | ***In Pursuit of Honor*** (AWOL cavalrymen head for Canada with horses slated for slaughter; Don Johnson rides point), ***Tank Girl*** (Lori Petty is a postapocalyptic chick-on-treads on a kick-ass mission; cyberfluff with ottitude). |
| DRAMA | ***Roommates*** (D.B. Sweeney, M.D., minds doddering gramps; Falk, in fine form, provides cure for script's schmaltz), ***Oleanna*** (feminist student tokes cocky prof to the mat for harassment; Mamet's provocative play holds up fine). |
| IMPORT | ***Eat Drink Man Woman*** (widowed Chinese chef deals with three ossertive doughters—slight but delightful), ***Once Were Warriors*** (domestic violence dominotes a native Maori family in New Zealand; heady, powerful ond often shocking). |

# STYLE

## SWEATER DAYS

Perfect under parkas or sports jackets, the latest retro-look ski sweaters are rich in color and texture. Topping our list of fall favorites is Robert Comstock's hand-knit, worsted-wool turtleneck sweater with diagonal cables. Look for it in navy, charcoal and cream ($156). Joe Soto for Boing offers a 100 percent merino wool bouclé crewneck pullover with a charcoal, burgundy and ivory jacquard pattern ($245, pictured bottom). Snowflake and geometric patterns add spark to Pendleton's worsted-wool crewneck pullover in natural tones ($80), and a decorated chest panel and off-white stitching give Ralph Lauren's navy cotton-linen-silk blend ($235) a look straight off the slopes of St. Moritz. On the modern side, KM by Krizia offers a forest green and off-white cotton-ribbed turtleneck with an abstract diamond-and-tree pattern ($200). Gentry Portofino Men's cashmere-and-wool rollneck pullover ($345, pictured top) is available in ivory with a dark green, black or navy snowflake-and-diamond motif. Squaw Valley, the California ski area that hosted the 1960 Winter Olympics, was the inspiration behind Woolrich's oatmeal-colored crewneck featuring an abstract tree design ($98). It looks hefty, but it's surprisingly lightweight, thanks to a mix of acrylic, wool and nylon.

## STOP THE PRESS

Ironing cotton pants is a drag, which may be why many designers have added a variety of new wrinkle-free styles to their lineups. Dockers, for example, has taken a rugged approach to wrinkle-free pants by using a heavier-weight "winterized twill" to create wrinkle-free pleated models in rich autumn colors such as bronze, garnet and brown. Lee's Authentic Clothing line features slightly dressy cuffed trousers that don't require ironing, while Haggar has relaxed its typically polished look with creaseless washed-twill plain-front pants in olive, navy, khaki and charcoal. Wrinkle-free plain-fronts also can be found in Farah's Savane menswear line. These uncuffed and creaseless "soft wash" cotton twills come in indigo, cranberry, charcoal, tan and winter white. All of these pants are moderately priced from $40 to $50. Can't beat that.

## HOT SHOPPING: NASHVILLE

To celebrate the 70th birthday of the Grand Ole Opry, Music City is hosting one long party of strumming and singing October 12 to 15. While you're there, check out the historic downtown area called the District. Karma (209 Broadway): Black, into-the-night menswear and uncensored T-shirts. • Dangerous Threads (105 Second Ave. N.): Unique leather clothing and boots that attract bands from U2 to En Vogue. • Gruhn Guitars (400 Broadway): Stringed instruments that serve the needs of musicians such as Eric Clapton, Garth Brooks and Lyle Lovett. • The Great Escape (112 Second Ave. N.): Thousands of obscure, mint-condition LPs as well as posters.

## CLOTHES LINE

As one of the top players on the PGA Tour, **Payne Stewart** generally prefers a "sharp, casual look." For this 38-year-old Floridian, that means pairing Tommy Hilfiger off-white cotton pants with a navy Hugo Boss T-shirt, a blue single-breasted Boss jacket and Bally's oxblood suede loafers. Other times Stewart likes to stand out. "I love colors, the brighter the better," he says. Naturally, his favorite tie is the multicolored one that Nicole Miller designed for the 1993 Ryder Cup Team. Look for Stewart at this month's Tour Championship in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He'll be easy to spot in his trademark knickers by New York–based Pincus Brothers-Maxwell Company.

## ATHLETES ALERT

Your body may benefit from daily workouts, but sweat and frequent shampooing can wreak havoc on your hair and scalp. To prevent overly dry locks, we recommend a specially formulated sport shampoo such as Athletes Only. Gentle enough to be used several times daily, it combines finely ground walnut shells to exfoliate your scalp with aloe to moisturize it. Lightly scented with coconut, Pro for Athletes Only shampoo was formulated by professional triathlete Scott Zagarino (who now owns the company) and is loaded with natural ingredients. For a complete after-sport cleanser, try Garden Botanika's All-in-One Hair and Body shampoo, which contains moisturizing hops, soothing chamomile and hydrating panthenol. Another two-in-one product, Polo Sport's Hair and Body Wash, is a blue cleansing gel enhanced with hydrating sea organics and lightly scented with the crisp Polo Sport fragrance. Kiehl's All Sport Everyday shampoo is available in regular formula and with chamomile for blond hair.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

## STYLE METER

| SNEAKERS | IN | OUT |
|---|---|---|
| STYLES | Retro-bowling, deck and tennis styles; mid- and low-tops | Futuristic, aerodynamic shapes; chunky high- or low-tops |
| MATERIALS | Suede or washed-cotton canvas; flat rubber soles | Imitation leather; treaded platform soles; Velcro closures |
| COLORS | Navy, off-white and earth-tone combinations, such as brown or olive with tan | Bright white; primary red; neon detailing |



Where & How to Buy on page 172.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

# ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of engagement ring *anxiety*?

❶ Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say "Son, let's talk diamonds."

❷ But it's still your call. So read on.

❸ Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

❹ Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4Cs.* They are: *Cut*, not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color*, actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity*, the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight*, the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

❺ Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Most people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more, and they'll rave.

❻ Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.

❼ Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

❽ Learn more. For the booklet, *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give"*, call the American Gem Society, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at 800-341-6214.

❾ Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?

Diamond Information Center
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*A diamond is forever.* De Beers

# MUSIC

## R&B

ISAAC HAYES' return is well under way with two albums, ***Raw and Refined*** and ***Branded*** (Virgin). The former is all-instrumental and is strictly for members of his cult. But the latter is a tasty vocal album with smart songwriting. The arrangements are taut and peppered with Hayes' trademark groans and sighs. A nice comeback for the Stax legend.

—NELSON GEORGE

## ROCK

If only for the greatest-hits part of the package, Michael Jackson's new disc is an essential buy. But ***HIStory*** (Epic) is haunted by the headlines. Explicitly on many songs and subliminally on others, the self-described king of pop angrily reacts to the wild speculation and legal proceedings revolving around his sex life. At least six songs—and, if you stretch your imagination, even a couple more—rail at the media and others for exploiting him. Typical is *Tabloid Junkie*, which has the chorus: "Just because you read it in a magazine or see it on a movie screen, don't make it factual." It's a cumbersome read, but it actually sounds quite musical when Jackson sings it. In *Scream* and *This Time Around*, the perpetual child curses like an outraged adult. Rarely has a pop star like Jackson used his music for such an extensive personal defense. Is it a good album? The record is probably more interesting than good. Many of the musical motifs will be familiar to any longtime fan of the singer. Elements of *Man in the Mirror*, *Human Nature* and *Beat It* pop up again and again on *HIStory*. Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis co-produced several songs with Jackson. These songs, including the duet with sister Janet on *Scream*, sound suspiciously like outtakes from Janet's *Rhythm Nation 1814* albums she made with Jam–Lewis.

Guest writers, producers and artists, including Shaquille O'Neal and Guns n' Roses' Slash, make appearances. But the standout contribution comes from R. Kelly, who penned *You Are Not Alone*, a classy down-tempo song with an arresting melody. —NELSON GEORGE

Warren Haynes, otherwise of the Allman Brothers, steps out on ***Gov't Mule*** (Relativity) in a power trio that is truly powerful. It proves that southern rock without the slightest R.E.M. influence can still be cool. Swampy, sweaty and hormonal stuff. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

New Jersey's Yo La Tengo was created by writer and club DJ Ira Kaplan (on guitar) and his animator wife Georgia Hubley (on drums). Its vocals are murmured even when things get loud, which doesn't help the lyrics. Kaplan concocts irresistible riffs, but he's never worked at being consistent about it. Nevertheless, ***Electr-O-Pura*** (Matador) exploits every tune, dissonance and shard of feedback. Kaplan and Hubley make beautiful music together. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

BRIAN FUJIMORI

Isaac Hayes is *Branded*.

Michael Jackson tries to make sense of his world while Herbie Hancock has fun.

Looking for the next Seattle? Kurt Cobain may have dropped a hint when he invited Tempe, Arizona's cow-punk Meat Puppets to play a few tunes with him on Nirvana's *Unplugged* sessions. Tempe is also home to the bittersweet folk-pop of the Gin Blossoms, and this year's contender, Dead Hot Workshop. DHW's major label debut, ***1001*** (Atlantic), mines the same folk and country traditions its aforementioned homeboys screw around with. But it adds the bristling crunch of Neil Young–style guitar. Tempe bands share a penchant for combining mayhem and melody, a Nirvana specialty. Dead Hot refers to itself as Sabbath and Garfunkel, which nicely sums up its wounded, wise lyrics and the sweet kick of its music.

On 1993's criminally neglected *Harbor Lights*, Bruce Hornsby worked with Branford Marsalis to expand his folksy pop to include jazz, R&B and traditional music. On his latest CD ***Hot House*** (RCA) Hornsby knocks down musical barriers with his rippling keyboard runs, folk classicism and smooth and soulful vocalizing on such gems as *Walk in the Sun* and *The Longest Night*. —VIC GARBARINI

## FOLK

Doug Wallin's plain, powerful North Carolina voice has a haunted essence. On ***Family Songs and Stories, Doug and Jack Wallin*** (Smithsonian/Folkways), Appalachian folk classics such as *Omie Wise*, *Jackaro*, *House Carpenter* and *Nightingale* have a kinship with Nirvana's *Where Did You Sleep Last Night* or Bob Dylan's first few albums. Funny, ghastly, archetypal stories are performed with the intimacy they deserve. —DAVE MARSH

## JAZZ

For 30 years Herbie Hancock has been making great pop music along with fine jazz. Go back to *Watermelon Man* and forward to *Rockit*, and you get some idea of the range of ***Dis Is da Drum*** (Mercury) and of the sheer joy expressed in the music it contains. *Call It '95* sweeps together house rhythms, a trumpet played in the style of Miles Davis, a riffing horn section à la Earth, Wind & Fire, and Hancock's own majestic piano. The title track plays techno games with electronic rhythms, Weather Report piano and Afro pop accents. *The Melody (On the Deuce by 44)* has a rapper; *Hump* centers around a trumpet somewhere between that of Miles and Marsalis. *Juju* uses Afro pop and *Come and See Me* uses Latin beats. *Bo Ba Be Da* closes the set with pretty much straight jazz. Hancock makes all this music seem fun. The result is a triumphant concoction. —DAVE MARSH

Guitarist Charlie Hunter plays on two hot new releases, and on two amplifiers at once. One speaker carries his wide-ranging guitar melodies; the other carries his bass lines, which he plays simultaneously on a unique eight-string guitar. Hunter doesn't stop at gimmickry. His bass lines are an integral and intimate part of his style. And, like the jazz organists who influenced Hunter, his bands don't need a separate bass player. His backup band, which comprises drums and sax, makes its major-label debut with ***Bing, Bing, Bing!*** (Blue Note). It's a spirited example of what some writers have dubbed hip-bop. Hunter's lower lines also energize T.J. Kirk, the wondrously quirky quartet that features three guitars and drums. The album ***T.J. Kirk*** (Warner Bros.) takes its name from Thelonious Monk, James Brown and Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Doubters can start with either the Hendrix-like version of Monk's *Ruby My Dear* or the reggae-Indian arrangement of Kirk's *Volunteered Slavery*. It all makes sense after that.

John Coltrane's recordings for Impulse cemented his reputation as a visionary, but for many listeners, his

earlier records for Atlantic—such as *Giant Steps* and *Coltrane's Sound*—retain the greatest musical value. ***The Heavyweight Champion*** (Rhino), a seven-CD box, assembles music from his eight Atlantic LPs. It also boasts previously unheard alternates, but these will mainly appeal to the serious collector. The real meat lies in hearing Coltrane's explosive early development. —NEIL TESSER

### BLUES

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band was the best white blues group. On ***Strawberry Jam: Recorded Live 1966–1968*** (Winner), Butterfield plays with limitless raw passion and guitarists Mike Bloomfield and Elvin Bishop are already earning their heroic stature. —DAVE MARSH

### DANCE

Disco never died. Like rock itself, it evolved or mutated—into house and techno, pop funk and hip-hop. That makes Germany's Real McCoy and Britain's M People neoclassicists, not revivalists. They are devoted to the Seventies craft of fashioning tuneful music with a steady beat. What's most impressive about both is how regularly they succeed. Where disco was about great singles, Real McCoy's and M People's albums rarely falter. M People's ***Bizarre Fruit*** (Epic) is a strong follow-up featuring shouter Heather Small. It's guaranteed to satisfy anyone who opened up to *Elegant Slumming*. Beatmaster Olaf Jeglitza's hooks for singers Patsy and Vanessa make the Real McCoy's ***Another Night*** (Arista) more pop, less stridently soulful. Seek out both. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

### COUNTRY

Country music fans place a high premium on eternal verities. If you have any desire for originality, you probably should look elsewhere. If you find something that pushes the boundaries, it seems all the more original. On ***Letter to Laredo*** (MCA), Joe Ely reconfirms his willingness to stick his neck out at the risk of offending the average fan. Take the seven-minute song *Gallo del Cielo*, about a Mexican peasant who tries to make his fortune by stealing a vicious rooster and entering it in cockfights. The rooster gets pecked to death and the peasant is ashamed to return home. That's the story. Ely sings the hell out of it, and the flamenco guitar really pulls you into the drama. He manages to be subtle and sound like a regular guy at the same time. His storytelling on the other ten songs will win over all those eternal-verity fans. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

# FAST TRACKS

## ROCKMETER

| | Christgau | Garbarini | George | Marsh | Young |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Dead Hot Workshop** *1001* | 4 | 8 | 7 | 5 | 6 |
| **Joe Ely** *Letter to Laredo* | 6 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 9 |
| **Herbie Hancock** *Dis Is da Drum* | 6 | 7 | 6 | 10 | 7 |
| **Issac Hayes** *Branded* | 7 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 7 |
| **Yo La Tengo** *Electr-O-Pura* | 9 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 6 |

**HE'LL DRINK TO THAT DEPARTMENT:** **Rod Stewart,** lamenting the fact that many of his contemporaries have either died or dried out, says he just can't endorse "carrot juice." Says Rod, "A rum and Coke before I go on and a couple halfway through the show" give him a reason to believe.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Look for **Madonna** in **Spike Lee's** film *Girl 6* and in a cameo in **Jim Jarmusch's** *Blue in the Face*, his sequel to *Smoke*. . . . **Carole Bayer Sager** is working with **Dave Stewart** on the music for *Grace of My Heart*. . . . **Tom Cruise** is interested in playing **Phil Spector** in a movie bio. . . . **Shaquille O'Neal** will play a rapping genie in *Kazaam*. Next summer he will be a basketball player–turned–ninja in *Shaq Fu*. . . . Any day now, **Jon Bon Jovi** will make his film debut in *Moonlight and Valentino*, written by **Neil Simon's** daughter **Ellen.** . . . **Mick Jagger's** film company has bought the rights to *Caitlin: Life With Dylan Thomas*. . . . A documentary on the Grateful Dead and Deadheads, *Tie-Died: Rock and Roll's Most Dedicated Fans*, has just been released. . . . **Ice Cube** has gone to South Africa to film an untitled movie about a South African raised in Los Angeles who returns home. . . . **Shawn Colvin** is doing the music for an independent film, *Edie and Pen*, about two soon-to-be-divorced women in Reno who meet local cowboys at a bar. . . . **Isaac Hayes** has a role in *Soul Survivors*, a movie about a Sixties soul group that reunites. . . . **David Bowie,** who may tour this year, is playing **Andy Warhol** in *Build the Fort and Set It on Fire*. . . . *Amazing Grace*, a movie about the **Neville Brothers,** will tell the story of New Orleans, the Indians and growing up in the blues community.

**NEWSBREAKS:** The **Cranberries'** CD-ROM *Doors and Windows* is one of several interactive music products debuting at a price far closer to that of regular CDs. Two others upcoming: **Aerosmith's** and **Sting's.** . . . The fact that so few big acts toured this past summer will cool off ticket prices. Those artists on tour will be eager to give the audience a great night out. . . . **Weezer** has about six new songs ready, but it doesn't plan to start recording until December. . . . A new **Counting Crows** album ought to arrive in early 1996. . . . **Chuck Berry,** the first artist inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, has donated one of his trademark Gibsons, original lyrics to *Carol* and *School Days* and early photos, as well as other memorabilia, to the museum. The Berry collection will be part of a featured exhibit in the main hall. . . . In other Hall news: the opening concert will be broadcast on worldwide TV and will feature Berry, **Bruce Springsteen, Prince** and **Aretha Franklin,** among others. . . . **Vanessa Williams** is planning her first U.S. tour for early winter. . . . **Carlos Santana, Stanley Clarke** and **Tony Williams** have recorded *Spanish Castle Magic* for the *Symphonic Music of Jimi Hendrix*, another tribute album. . . . **Kim Deal** plans to work on a new **Breeders** album after the release of her solo LP. . . . A word to the wise: **Newt Gingrich** told *Broadcasting and Cable* that he will "strongly encourage the major advertisers of this country to form a council and pull all advertising from any stations" that broadcast rap music that is offensive to women. . . . The **Rolling Stones** recorded a live album in an Amsterdam club where there were also cameras set up to capture the event for future broadcast. We hear that they'll be back in the States to play some 15,000-seat venues in 1996. Maybe you can get what you want. —BARBARA NELLIS

## INFO SUPERSKYWAY

Predicting who will ultimately control the delivery of interactive entertainment to the home front just got trickier. Until recently, cable and phone companies were the primary players. But now DirecTV, the leader in small-dish satellite television, has announced plans to beam interactive programming and online services to households equipped with Digital Satellite System hardware. As early as next spring, DirecTV will expand its 150-channel lineup to include stations dedicated to computer data services. In addition to obtaining downloadable software, games and business information (news, stock quotes, corporate profiles, etc.), subscribers will be able to take advantage of exclusive home shopping opportunities and online chats. According to a DirecTV spokesman, people who own RCA and Sony DSS receivers may need to purchase an optional interface to access the new channels. However, second-generation DSS gear will arrive early next year, we've been informed, with the technology built in. What's more, you'll also be able to buy a satellite dish and computer card that connects to a PC, allowing you to receive the DSS data streams (and eventually the video programming) on your PC monitor.

BUD PLEIN

## PUMP UP THE VOLUME

Playing the latest CD-ROMs on a computer with bare-bones speakers is like watching *Speed* on a monaural TV. Fortunately, several electronics manufacturers have introduced multimedia speakers that offer exceptional sound along with innovative features. Sony's CSS-B100 Computer Speaker System ($130), for example, has a unique platform design that is sturdy enough to support a 17-inch monitor. This rich-sounding space saver incorporates two full-range speakers with magnetic shielding, which prevents computer speakers from interfering with the images on the monitor. SC&T[2] International has built two magnetically shielded speakers and an omnidirectional microphone into its MSK-200 PC keyboard ($175). Labtec's new multimedia speakers ($100) feature Spatializer 3-D technology, which was originally used in Panasonic's VCRs to create a surround-sound effect on stereo TVs. And for the total audiophile, there are Bose's Media Mates ($350), JBL's Media Series speakers ($160 to $300), Yamaha's top-of-the-line YST-SS1010 package (about $250, which includes two speakers and a subwoofer) and Altec Lansing's ACS300.1 ($350). All of these models rival excellent home-stereo speakers.

## CAR TUNES

Car stereos also offer more than just great sound these days. Giving new meaning to the term talk radio, for example, JVC's KD-GS770 ($400) uses the voice of Graham Nash to confirm activation of the system's various functions. Hit the power switch and the former Hollie says, "Hello." Press it again and he bids farewell with, "See ya!" Panasonic's CQ-DP640 and CQ-DP655 receivers, which start at $400, won't speak unless they're spoken to. A chip inside allows you to record a 20-second message (reminders, directions, phone numbers, etc.) with the touch of a button. Press another button to replay the message, and music from the CD or tuner is temporarily muted. With a forthcoming battery pack, you will be able to record messages away from the car using the stereo's removable faceplate. Recording is about the only thing

RICHARD SALA

Pioneer's FH-P95 ($1400) doesn't do. And it's probably for the best, because one of the receiver's most unusual features is a karaoke mode that cuts the vocals on a CD or cassette so anyone in the car can sing lead. If you're looking for the latest in theft prevention, check out Kenwood's KRC-801 ($400) and 901 ($470) car stereos. Instead of removable control panels, each has a plain motorized cover that closes over the unit's faceplate, hiding it from the bad guys.

## WILD THINGS

Already widely available in Europe, o wireless form of telecommunications called Personal Communications Services is expected to debut in major U.S. markets next year. Using digital portable phones, such as Nokia's 2191 PCS pictured here, you'll be able to make calls thot probably will cost less than cellular ones—without static, interference or concern over eavesdropping. Of course, if improved security isn't incentive enough to trade in your current cellular phone for a PCS model, then the wild colors of these 2191s might be. Other features include a help menu, alphanumeric message and data/fax capabilities and a sleep mode, which conserves the 2191's battery power when the phone is not in use. Sorry, no prices are available yet. •

To watch your television head-on from anywhere in the room, get Turn Vision, a motorized TV stand that can accommodote up to 50-inch sets. Hit the right buttons on your TV remote and Turn Vision automatically rotates up to 360 degrees. Prices range from $95 to $350, depending on the size of your television set.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 172.

Distillers
Since 1857
Seagram's
SEVEN
7
CROWN
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7UP
see what happens
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*While the controversy rages between music companies who produce rap music on the one hand and the likes of Bob Dole and William Bennett on the other, the following memo fell into our hands. Although we cannot vouch for its authenticity—in fact, we're not even sure where it came from—we thought we would share it in the spirit of public service and to celebrate this milestone of the spin doctor's art.*

Date: August 1, 1995

To: All managers

From: Assistant director, Urban Music Marketing Department

Re: GANGSTA RAP TERMINOLOGY

What up, kids? Below you will find a list of expressions frequently used in gangsta rap lyrics. As you are no doubt well aware, we have taken a lot of heat for our decision to continue producing and distributing this cutting-edge and culturally relevant artistic material.

Much of the controversy surrounding gangsta rap derives from the fact that the public at large, and in particular those wack white boys in Congress, is simply unaware of or ill-informed about the meanings of the words it finds offensive.

In order to correct this situation, we are circulating the following list of words commonly found in gangsta productions, and are encouraging you to familiarize yourself with the meaning and proper usage of these terms. Managers and supervisors (hereafter to be referred to as "players") will be receiving a memo regarding the limitless possibilities for bringing this inventive language into our fresh workplace (hereafter to be referred to as the "hood").

**Being down with:** Strong sense of fraternal comradeship.
**Bitch:** An assertive woman who would do anything for her man.
**Blunted/blowed/nice:** The state of mind attained through responsible eating and exercise habits.
**Boost:** Literally, shoplift; but most often used in a positive sense to denote value, as in "Hey, that looks boosted."
**Catch wreck:** To gain recognition through exemplary performance on the job.
**Crack a 40** (as in 40-ounce malt liquor container)**:** Celebrate a success.
**Five-O:** Good-natured and respectful term for members of the law enforcement community. Often accompanied by ironic comments meant to disarm.
**Gank:** One method of obtaining "cream" (cash). Often misconstrued to mean "beat up and rob"; in reality, ganking requires an astute combination of skills, often to be gained through internship in a posse.
**Gat:** Derivative of "Gatling gun" used to denote highly valued and openly traded collectibles.
**Glock/Mack 10/Tec:** Upscale, high-tech collectibles.
**Hitting skins:** Literally, having sex; but in gangsta rap, affectionate terminology for going steady; pinning.
**Ho:** A fine woman who would do anything for her man.
**Homeboy:** Youth who strongly identifies with his family (especially his mother), his neighborhood and his community.
**Hoodie:** Athletic gear essential for postbasketball cooldown. Also excellent garb for those individuals who, due to modesty, wish to avoid being recognized when engaging in community service.
**Kid/Money/Joe/Dog:** Honorifics used in greeting.
**Muthafucka:** See homeboy.
**Neutron:** Apathetic, incarcerated youths who have no gang affiliation; confused youths who refuse to make commitments to community organizations.
**Nigga:** Positive racial epithet; mature homeboy.
**One-Time:** Playful pejorative (as in "One-Time got no case") for community liaisons; see Five-O.
**On lockdown:** Sabbatical; spiritual retreat.
**Peel their caps:** Along with "to wet" someone, what one does with a gat or a Glock. However, in gangsta terminology this meaning has been altered over time to mean to correct misconceptions or to "straighten someone out."
**Player/mack:** CEO. Position requiring good "people skills" as well as financial acuity. Must be particularly informed on current regulations regarding sexual harassment.
**Player hater:** Dissatisfied employee or community member.
**Posse:** Loosely structured collection of like-minded youths.
**Punnany/punny/pum-pum:** Literally, "pussy"; but most often used as ironic cram terms by premed or business majors.
**Represent:** Give fine legal counsel, à la Johnnie Cochran. Paid for with lots of "dead presidents" (currency).
**Skin:** A particularly attractive young woman in touch with her sensuality.
**Stunt:** Gender-specific honorific used for an accomplished woman.
**What up?:** Serious epistemological question. What is the nature of understanding? Example: What up, Dog? may be used to query the potential insights of a high-ranking member of the community.

# BOOKS

## By DIGBY DIEHL

IN ONE OF the best literary fall seasons in memory, there is an exciting new book for every taste. At the top is ***RL's Dream*** (Norton), by Walter Mosley, the most powerful and poetic novel about black life in America since Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*. Soupspoon Wise, an old bluesman dying of cancer, remembers his life, especially the days when he played with the legendary Robert "RL" Johnson. Evicted from his apartment, Wise is saved from a homeless shelter by Kiki Waters, a young Southern white woman. With her help, he picks up the guitar again and together they heal old wounds and derive strength from their friendship.

Mosley's detective novels featuring Easy Rawlins explore the black neighborhoods of post–World War Two Los Angeles with literary finesse. But these earlier books don't prepare you for the emotional force of *RL's Dream*. Mosley mixes the nightmares of Soup's past with the immediate anguish of poverty, chemotherapy and aging. The result is harsh, uplifting and unforgettable.

Studs Terkel's ***Coming of Age: The Story of Our Century by Those Who Lived It*** (The New Press) is a rich chorus of personal histories from 69 people ranging in age from 70 to 99. Far from an old codgers' inspirational, this book is filled with vibrant energy, strong commitments and a sense of collective conscience. As in Terkel's previous books, such as *Working* and *Race*, he allows individuals to speak about their passions in their own accents and voices. He has rounded up a remarkable group of people who make accommodations for their years but refuse to give in to them. Terkel's interviewees are fearful not so much for themselves as for what is to come: "Kids are frighteningly ignorant. They have no sense of history. What's worse, they don't think it matters."

In ***Lost in Place: Growing Up Absurd in Suburbia*** (Random House), Mark Salzman, the author of *Iron & Silk* and *The Laughing Sutra*, has written a memoir of his youth that is extraordinary in its details and evocation of adolescent emotions. Born in 1959, Salzman was an eccentric prodigy whose intellectual energies were fired up when he saw his first kung fu movie at the age of 13. Launching his quest to become an itinerant kung fu Zen monk, he creates a shrine in his basement.

In high school, Salzman is encouraged to design his own course of Chinese studies and is admitted to Yale. After ten years of sporadic cello practice, he hears Yo-Yo Ma perform, realizes his heart isn't in it and refuses to pick up his bow again. He drops out of college. Of course, the happy ending is that he has become a writer who can make sense of and look back with laughter on the confusion of his youth.

Walter Mosley's latest: *RL's Dream*.

Mosley breathes life into an old bluesman; from Terkel: Everything old is new again.

According to Jack Newfield, if Mafia chief John Gotti wants to hang on to the moniker "the Teflon Don," he'll have to fight for it. For Newfield, that title rightly belongs to heavyweight boxing promoter and world-champion ripoff artist Don King. In ***Only in America: The Life and Crimes of Don King*** (Morrow), Newfield chronicles a litany of criminal and ethical accusations against King. By and large, he makes them stick, which is more than the police, the courts and the commissions that purport to regulate professional boxing have been able to do.

According to Newfield, King really has gotten away with murder—first a shooting, then a vicious stomping in which the victim's brain "had been broken like an egg." By Newfield's assessment King possesses a brilliant strategic mind unfettered by conscience. At no time was this more evident than when he lured debilitated Muhammad Ali out of retirement in 1980 to fight Larry Holmes.

Holmes for his part was so upset about having to administer a beating to his idol that he broke down in tears when the fight was finally stopped. Ali was hospitalized after the match, and, in the ultimate ignominy, King reportedly cheated him out of more than $1.1 million of his $8 million take.

With ***From Potter's Field*** (Scribner), by Patricia Cornwell, medical examiner Kay Scarpetta again pursues her nemesis, serial killer Temple Brooks Gault. While Scarpetta performs a Christmas Eve autopsy on a drug dealer, she is summoned to New York. The killer has left his calling card in Manhattan: a gruesomely murdered victim propped against a fountain in Central Park. In its bizarre way, it's an invitation. Scarpetta is attached to an FBI task force charged with apprehending Gault, but he stalks her by leaving a trail that draws her ever closer to him.

A man tries to stop a lynch mob in San Francisco and finds himself being hunted down by a politically manipulated legal system in ***A Certain Justice*** (Donald I. Fine), by John T. Lescroart. This fast-paced follow-up to *The 13th Juror* catapults Lescroart into the top ranks of crime writers. ***Leonardo's Bicycle*** (Mysterious Press) by Paco Ignacio Taibo II is a wild card in almost every way. This complicated thriller mixes an intellectual mystery about Leonardo da Vinci with a zany murder story in Ciudad Juárez and historical-political side trips to Barcelona in the Twenties and Saigon in 1975. It's crazy, confusing and irresistible.

Andrew Vachss' ninth novel, ***Footsteps of the Hawk*** (Knopf), has Burke, his tough ex-con with a soft spot for kids in trouble, caught up in a psychopathic web of murder in which two cops are stalking each other. This is vintage Vachss: a tense, raw and engaging story of people in the shadows of the law.

Happily, there is also comic relief in crime fiction. ***Stormy Weather*** (Knopf), Carl Hiaasen's latest rollicking tale of skulduggery in high and low places, is dedicated to "Donna, Camille, Hugo and Andrew," some of the biggest hurricanes ever to hit the southeastern U.S. Yes, Virginia, there is a group of people who see a force-four hurricane as a financial opportunity, and Hiaasen has concocted a crew of lowlifes that even Elmore Leonard would envy.

### BOOK BAG

***A Civil Action*** (Random House), by Jonathan Harr: If the O.J. case hasn't made you disgusted with our legal system, this sickening miscarriage of justice in a case concerning industrial pollution that caused childhood leukemia will do it.

***Sabbath's Theater*** (Houghton Mifflin), by Philip Roth: This brilliantly narrated portrait of an aging puppeteer's neurotic and erotic antics is one of Roth's best novels.

***The Tortilla Curtain*** (Viking), by T. Coraghessan Boyle: Impoverished Mexican illegals collide with rich liberal gringos in Topanga Canyon in a droll fictional version of California's immigration crisis.

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# FITNESS

## By JON KRAKAUER

I HATE to be the bearer of bad news, but you may not be as fit as you think you are. Even if you visit the gym diligently, even if you lift iron by the ton, you could still be woefully out of shape.

Strength training and aerobic training are the yin and yang of exercise, and you need to pay attention to both to be fully fit. Speed, strength and muscle mass are achieved through short bursts of all-out effort. But the only way to develop an indefatigable ticker, healthy pipes and endurance is to work the body at a more moderate intensity for extended periods.

No matter how much of it you do, aerobic exercise won't make you look like Schwarzenegger. It won't help you hit home runs or drive a golf ball 300 yards. But according to Brian Sharkey, author of *Physiology of Fitness*, the benefits of aerobic fitness are many and profound, including: "reduced stress levels, body fat and risk of heart disease; stronger bones, ligaments and tendons; more energy and less fatigue; enhanced mood and body image; greater emotional stability; a more positive outlook."

Lately there has been some confusion about exactly how much aerobic work you have to do to receive these payoffs. Earlier this year, the American College of Sports Medicine, in conjunction with the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, announced that it didn't take much work at all: According to their studies, 30 minutes of such light exertion as walking, taking out the trash or raking leaves—even if accrued in, say, three ten-minute sessions—would confer most of the health benefits cited previously.

But shortly after that announcement, a Harvard study raised serious doubts about the earlier findings. The newer research, published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, examined the health of 17,300 middle-aged men over the course of more than 20 years, and determined that only those who regularly engaged in vigorous aerobic exercise reduced their risk of dying from heart or related diseases. "Vigorous exercise," as defined by cardiologists, is any activity that elevates the heart rate to about 70 percent of its maximum for 20 uninterrupted minutes or more at least three times a week.

Lifting iron, as most of us do it (heavy weights, few reps, resting between sets), doesn't come close to vigorous aerobic exercise. Nor, usually, does volleyball or golf or rock climbing—or virtually any other stop-and-start activity, no matter how much it makes you sweat.

For an activity to be genuinely aerobic, it must make continuous demands on one or more major muscle groups—

ROBERT MYERS

Aerobics on the fast track.

All-around fitness means getting pumped about aerobics.

those in your upper legs, for instance. The large volume of blood required to keep large muscles such as the quadriceps supplied with oxygen brings the heart and lungs fully into play. The key is to engage in the activity with sufficient vigor to get your heart beating briskly, but not so much that you can't stick with it for the requisite 20 or 30 minutes.

Running, bicycling, in-line skating, soccer, full-court hoops—any number of sports will fit the bill if you do them at the proper intensity: 65 percent to 85 percent of your maximum heart rate without letup. Although it varies from individual to individual, your MHR can be approximated simply by subtracting your age from 220. If you're 30 years old, for example, your MHR is about 190, which means you need to maintain a pulse rate of 124 to 162.

While running or pedaling, it can be difficult to determine your pulse by the traditional method of pressing two fingers against the arteries in your wrist or neck. Hence the growing popularity of electronic heart rate monitors. The cheapest models ($60 to $180) clip onto a fingertip and rely on infrared sensors to detect your pulse. But because they are easily thrown off-kilter by sudden movements, these devices aren't practical for most aerobic sports.

A better choice for athletes are monitors that have electrodes embedded in a strap that wraps around the chest. The strap holds a tiny radio transmitter that broadcasts your pulse rate to an LCD device worn on the wrist like a watch. Such gadgets weigh almost nothing, have no wires and are extremely accurate. Many models have alarms that beep when your pulse rate moves above or below your target zone. The simplest ones cost $125; the most sophisticated (which allow data to be uploaded into a home computer) can cost more than $400.

Whatever you pay for a heart rate monitor will be money well spent. The device functions as a coach—in effect, it helps you to train at the optimal intensity for your particular goals. If you simply want to develop a healthy cardiovascular system and shed flab with minimal time and effort, the monitor enables you to concentrate on the low end of your target heart rate zone. If, on the other hand, your ambition is to run a sub-2:50 marathon or compete in the Ironman, the monitor helps you to work as efficiently as possible at the upper end.

If you're hard-core, you can take a tip from the elite athletes and use your heart rate monitor for what's known as "interval training": In the midst of an aerobic session, abruptly pick up the pace until your pulse rate climbs just beyond 85 percent of MHR, and keep it there for two or three minutes. Then, ease off until you're back down to 65 percent of MHR. Stay at that level of exertion for several minutes, then jam hard again at 85-plus percent—and so on, repeating the cycle four or five times during a 40-minute workout, taking care not to let your pulse rate ever fall below 65 percent. Interval work shouldn't be attempted until you have already established a solid aerobic foundation, but there is no better way to turbocharge your cardiovascular system.

Gains in aerobic fitness don't come as quickly as gains in strength. Don't expect to see measurable improvement for four to six weeks, and you probably won't approach your full cardiovascular potential until you've trained at least five to six aerobic hours per week for three or four months. In any case, the heart rate monitor will allow you to measure your progress by tracking your resting heart rate. The lower this number is, the fitter you are. Before you get out of bed in the morning, strap on the monitor and read your pulse. If it's 60 beats per minute or less, you're in excellent shape. If it's between 72 and 80, you're average but would benefit from a few more aerobic miles every week. And if your resting heart rate is more than 90, it's time to climb out of that Barca Lounger, Bubba, and get some blood moving through your veins.

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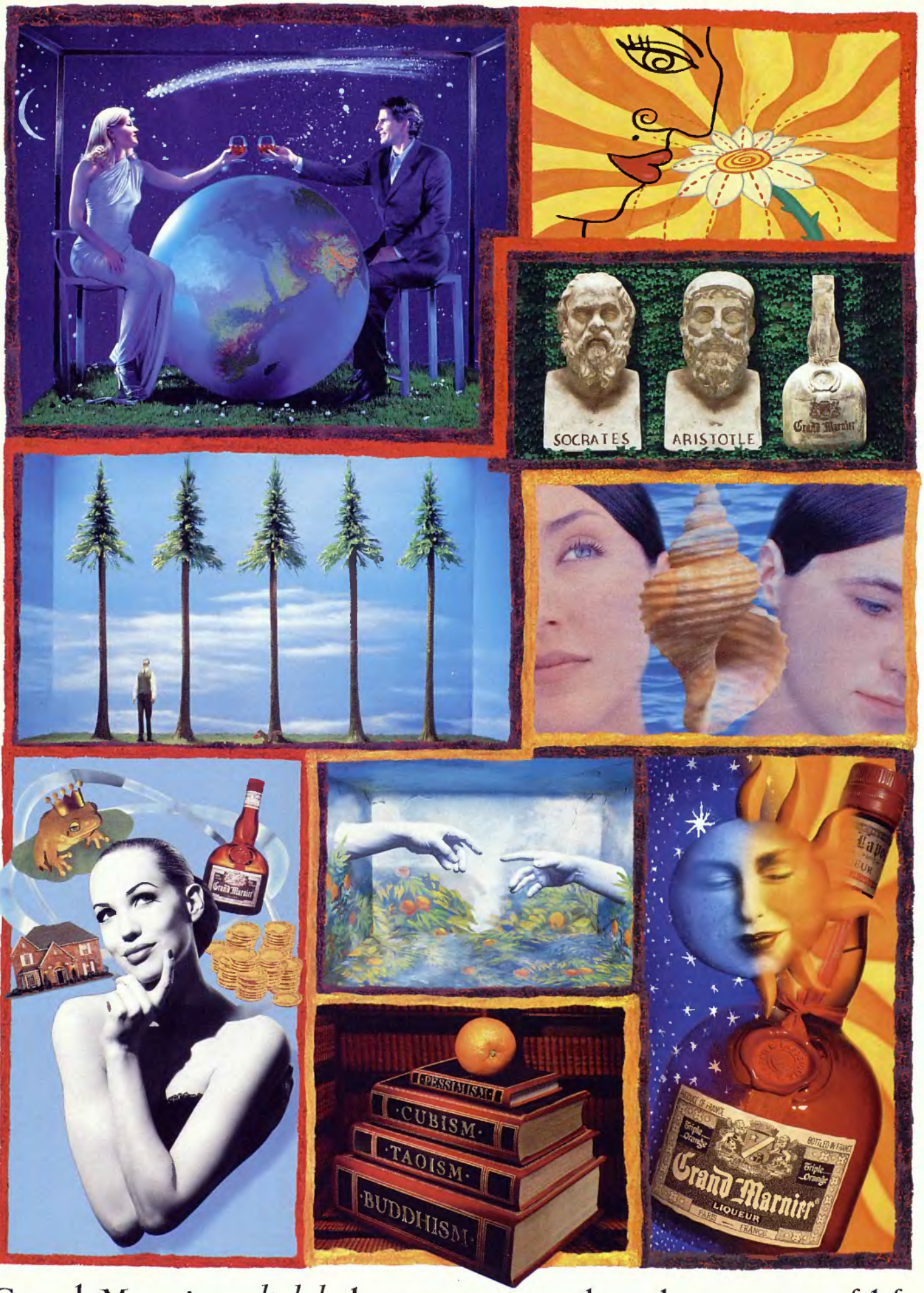



Grand Marnier, *slightly* less mysterious than the meaning of life.

# MEN

## By ASA BABER

It is Saturday night, and you and your girlfriend are trying to decide which movie to see. The conversation is polite on the surface but carries a certain tension in its subtext.

Tonight you are in your manly lumberjack mode and you want to see the latest Boy Movie in town. Let's call it *Death Shark IV*. It stars Bruce or Arnold or Sean or Denzel or Gene or Mel or any of those actors who remind you of you on your best days.

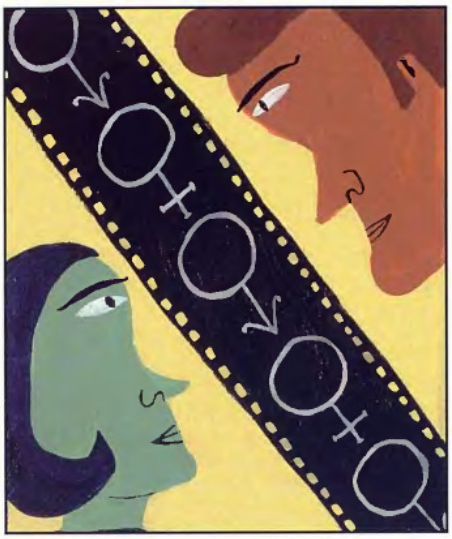
You have read the reviews of *Death Shark IV* and it sounds great. It includes several beautiful women who have no impact on the plot but who often go topless when they are nervous or under pressure. It also includes some fantastic special effects (there are three nuclear explosions, five prolonged car chases through Los Angeles and a fascinating sequence with a giant mutating squid that swallows Utah in one gulp).

But *Death Shark IV* is really about the search for a bionic supercomputer that has been secretly implanted by Japanese industrialists in the belly of a great white shark—a frightening and malevolent creature that now has indigestion and is ruling the world with irritable-white-shark logic. It is clear that if this shark is not captured and killed, all humans will be destroyed and only the oceans will hold viable life-forms.

As you might guess, there are only a few men (and even fewer women) in the universe who have the courage to pursue the shark. They are: Bruce, Arnold, Sean, Denzel, Gene, Mel and you.

The hero of *Death Shark IV*, though facing great odds, overcomes all evil and wins the day. He does not lose his job in corporate restructuring. Nor does he submit a series of memos to higher authorities asking for permission to act. He does not smile at a boss he despises. No, our hero conquers all.

It gets better: The women our hero saves from the shark praise him and thank him. They kiss him and tear open their Henri Bendel blouses and offer themselves to him. He might nibble a breast here and there, but at the end of the film (in the spirit of Shane, the ultimate male role model) our hero rides off into the sunset alone. As he does this, we boys smile knowingly. We realize that this is perhaps the only man in the world who will never be bothered by parking



CALEF BROWN

## BOY MOVIE, GIRL MOVIE

tickets, second mortgages, yardwork, income taxes, sexual harassment suits, job quotas or alimony payments. This man is free!

But what about your girlfriend? Is *Death Shark IV* her kind of film?

You know it isn't. She wants to see the current Girl Movie in town. Let's call it *Jerry Meets Molly Over and Over Again*. The thesis of the film is that, after great effort on the part of womankind, some men can be socialized. The women who succeed in this difficult task can find happiness in male-female relationships. However, such socialization is not a sure thing. Men are not necessarily bright nor subtle nor ethical, and therein lies the drama and suspense of every Girl Movie. *Will Molly tame Jerry or will Jerry join Shane*? That is the perpetual Girl Movie question.

Jerry is a bachelor, probably divorced. He is played by Billy or Hugh or Robin or any other actor who can look winsome and flustered and cute and nonthreatening while the woman in his life shows him what jerks men are.

Molly is also cute. She is played by Demi or Meg or Sandra or Debra or Julia. She may be neurotic, but we can forgive her for her problems because she is ready to bond and to nurture. Molly has a hard edge, harder than her male counterpart. At some point, she will deck Jerry with a right hook that would do Mike Tyson proud, but this is not to say that Molly is violent. Somehow, her right hook amuses us, and it certainly teaches Jerry a thing or two.

Molly scolds Jerry a lot, but she does it with humor. About halfway through the script, he starts to get some of her jokes. This is how we know he might be marriage material. Under her guidance, he is becoming a gentler, less stupid man.

Girl Movies are place movies, and the place is always the same. Even if the action is set in Newark, we know that the heart of the film is spiritually set in Paris. It is always spring, trees and flowers are in bloom, it rains whenever complications set in, and the obligatory final wedding scene is joyous and full of noise that is not from a nuclear warhead.

Your typical Girl Movie doesn't have much sex in it. Kissing, yes. Fucking, no. And as for nudity, forget it. *Jerry Meets Molly Over and Over Again* is about romance and devotion. In this cutesy, sweetheart, Girl Movie world, those yucky genital things do not exist.

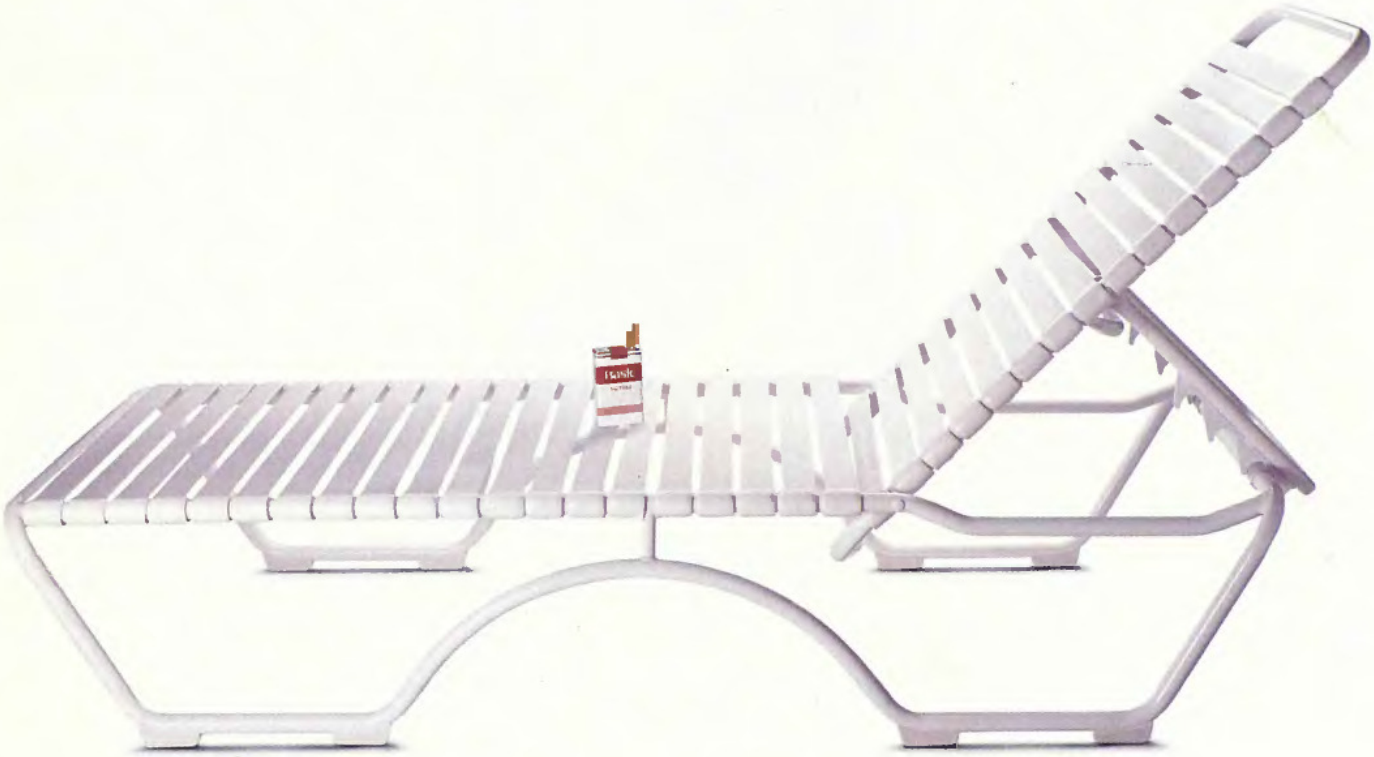
Given the differences between Boy Movies and Girl Movies, you might say, "OK, Baber, I want to see my show and she wants to see her show. What should I do?" And I have an answer for you.

Do not insist on seeing *Death Shark IV*. Instead, go to *Jerry Meets Molly Over and Over Again*, and go with a vengeance. Pledge to yourself that you will be the best damned Girl Movie watcher in existence. Buy the tickets. Buy the drinks and the popcorn. Don't forget to sniffle at the sad parts. Wipe your eyes as the lights come up and stay seated for the credits as if you were too touched to move.

Invite your girlfriend back to your place, but tell her you don't want to neck because there is another movie you want to watch. She will be surprised and intrigued. She might even think her Girl Movie has cast its tender spell on you.

Slide your copy of *Shane* into the VCR, fast-forward it to the end, when Shane rides away from civilization, and say with sincerity, "You know, that choice Shane made has always looked good to me. He really knew what he was doing."

She will probably want to see *Death Shark IV* next weekend.

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend and I have been invited to a bondage party. The woman who invited us says she has attended two of these parties, but she won't give any details, saying it would ruin the experience for us. The closest we have come to bondage or S&M is tying each other to the bedposts and a few playful slaps on the ass, so we're a bit wary. Should we accept? And how should we behave?—T.G., San Francisco, California.

*Why not? Because you're not likely to know anyone other than your friend, we suggest you watch rather than participate your first time out. As for etiquette, follow the guidelines posted by Rob Jellinghaus on the Internet discussion group alt.sex.bondage. No one minds if you watch, as long as you're polite. For example, yelling "Ooh-wee! That must hurt!" while watching a woman tease her manacled lover with hot candle wax is not considered polite. Jellinghaus explains: "There will be people doing very sexual things right in front of you. They are doing them for their pleasure, not for yours. Stay away from the action unless you're invited to participate." More important, don't come off as an "energy vampire"—someone who watches the action as if it were a porn movie. Part of the fun is making contact with other partygoers, whether through eye contact, body language or by telling them afterward how much you enjoyed watching.*

Often, I'd love to just walk into the bedroom where my wife is reading, undress her and jump her bones. She says that she likes cuddling and foreplay, and that quickies don't interest her. How can I persuade her to have some short and steamy encounters?—N.B., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

*In most cases, extended foreplay helps a woman relax and enhances her arousal. Guys, on the other hand, can be ready in an instant. John Gray, author of "Mars and Venus in the Bedroom," suggests that couples negotiate a compromise: She allows for an occasional quickie that doesn't necessarily include her reaching orgasm; he reciprocates with regular "homecooked sex" that includes lots of loving, touching and squeezing. Gray warns, however, that you shouldn't expect a woman to entertain this sort of arrangement unless she's confident in the emotional strength of the relationship. She also needs to believe that you'll keep your end of the bargain (or exceed it) and not transform her sex life into a series of appetizers.*

My new truck has halogen headlamps. What makes these lights so powerful that people constantly flash their brights at me? One guy pulled over to let me pass so he could flash his brights in my rearview mirror. I've checked the lights and they're pointed in the right direction. Tell these people to leave me alone.—W.A., Pensacola, Florida.

*Halogen headlights have become standard on new cars and trucks, and they shouldn't cause a problem if they're properly aligned. But headlights are tricky: Even a slight misalignment can leave other drivers staring straight into the center of your lamps. Have mercy. Ask your dealer's chief mechanic, who has likely encountered this problem before, to make a careful adjustment. If you still get complaints, blame truck envy.*

I'm interested in finding a way to make my girlfriend's birthday special, to spice it up, to make it sexier. Any suggestions?—J.A., Des Moines, Iowa.

*Most guys take their girlfriends out for a nice meal and a night on the town. If you really want to surprise her, do it yourself. First, dinner. You'll cook at her place. Go with her favorite dish, or perhaps the dish you shared on your first date (women love guys who remember the little things—you do remember, don't you?). Open a bottle of wine. Light tall, fat candles for ambience, and so they won't burn out any time soon. Unplug the phone and fill the CD player with soft music. After dinner, draw her a bubble bath. As she soaks, ask about her day, about her favorite movie, about anything. Then listen (that'll really throw her off). Wash her hair. Scrub her back. Read her articles from travel magazines, saying, "I'd love to take you there someday." When she's ready to get out, hold the towel and wrap it around her, telling her, "Whenever you're ready . . . ," then wait for her in another room. Once she arrives, give her a full-body massage with oil. Finally, before retiring to the bedroom, present her with a handmade card promising another no-strings-attached spoiling any time she needs it.*

A friend once asked my wife and I if we would consider a threesome. To my surprise, my wife said yes. Initially, I felt jealous when my friend caressed my wife, but as soon as she began to moan and reach for his erection, I got turned on. He did everything imaginable to give her pleasure, even things I had never seen. I felt vulnerable and kind of forgotten. Eventually, my wife jerked me off while my friend had sex with her. The sheets ended up soaked. I'm a volunteer fireman, and as we were getting dressed I had to go on a call. When I returned, my wife and my friend were still at it, or rather, were at it again. She told me later that he was still turned on, it was causing him pain and she was just helping him out. I'm pretty confused. Do you think it's safe to leave these two alone again?—P.J., Los Angeles, California.

*No.*

My boyfriend has persuaded me to consider membership in the mile-high club. In the event of liftoff, I would like to give him a token to remember the occasion. Is there any recognized regalia of membership?—L.C., Phoenix, Arizona.

*Besides a huge grin when you land? How about having your boarding passes preserved in amber as matching paperweights? Or bet the flight number in the lottery, then have the ticket framed. Whatever you decide, don't smoke afterward if you do it in the lavatory, and don't try it if you're dating the pilot (at least not when we're on board).*

Please tell me how long the average session of intercourse should last. My new girlfriend always says that our sessions aren't long enough. When I ask her to tell me exactly what she wants and for how long, she says she'll let me know when I do it right. How long should a man be able to have intercourse before ejaculating?—C.G., St. Louis, Missouri.

*One study found that vaginal intercourse averages between five and ten minutes among American couples. But who strives to be average? We've never found an egg timer to be an effective or erotic way to measure sexual performance. The problem may be that your girlfriend isn't consistently reaching orgasm. Or perhaps her complaint is the result of the "you don't bring me flowers" syndrome. That is, she feels that if she has to remind you to bring her flowers (or describe the length and breadth of what turns her on), it doesn't have the same magic. It isn't fair of her not to communicate openly with you about this matter, but we suggest that you take the opportunity to experiment. Next*



ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

*time, concentrate on her arousal. Rub her back, massage her thighs and feet and whisper sweet nothings as you cover her body with kisses—anything to help her relax. Once she's breathing quietly, slide your fingers inside her vagina, then use your tongue. Your goal is to make her beg for intercourse—then to ignore her and continue your wily ways. Once you do enter her, don't fret if you can't last more than a few minutes. (If she hasn't come by the time you do, use your tongue, fingers or a vibrator to put a topper on her evening.) You will gain control and a sense of pacing as you get more experience—and a better idea of what turns her on.*

I've heard that the lubricant on condoms can cause cancer in women. Is that true?—R.T., Nashville, Tennessee.

*Preliminary research indicates a link between talc—the dry lubricant that coats most condoms—and infertility and ovarian cancer in some women. Those studying the issue assert that the risk is minimal compared with the dangers women face when their partners don't wear condoms, notably AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. That said, traces of talc have been found inside ovarian and uterine tumors, and one study showed that a significant percentage of a group of ovarian cancer victims often used talcum powder on their panties or sanitary napkins. This suggests that the talc made its way from the vagina to the fallopian tubes to the ovaries. Four years ago, there was enough concern about the harmful effects of talc inside the body that the FDA banned its use on surgical gloves. Last year, the maker of Lifestyles condoms stopped using talc in its products.*

Who becomes intoxicated faster, men or women?—B.B., Ogden, Utah.

*A common theory used to be that a man's body contains more water than a woman's and thereby dilutes alcohol more effectively. But researchers have since found that women have less of the stomach enzyme which metabolizes liquor. As a result, more pure alcohol moves into a woman's blood, intestines and liver, making her more likely to become impaired than a man of equal weight drinking at the same rate.*

I've seen a lot of references to erotic images available for downloading on the Internet. I have yet to find any sites and wonder if they really exist. Does everyone know where they are except me?—N.M., Omaha, Nebraska.

*Actually, yes. Your mother called and asked us to keep an eye on you. And for good reason. Erotic images are stored all over the Net, and they're extremely popular. Larger archives, advertised by word of mouth, are difficult to find because they're moved or vaporized within days or weeks. The reason? As soon as an address is posted anywhere on the Net, the clandestine site is overrun, the increased traffic alerts suspicious gatekeepers and the ax falls. Unless you want to start your own private site (and many people do, allowing access only to their closest buddies), a bit of detective work may be in order. In their book "net.sex," Candi Rose and Dirk Thomas suggest this strategy: Sign on to an FTP archive in Unix terminal mode and change to the /pub directory. Now type ls*/*.jpg or ls*/*.gif. These commands will search through the public directories at the site for image files, some of which may be adult in nature. A much easier method is to browse Usenet groups such as alt.binaries.pictures.erotica. On the World Wide Web, start with the ever-changing Yahoo index of sex-related sites (http://www.yahoo.com/Society_and_Culture/Sex/) or visit the Playboy home page (http://www.playboy.com), where you're always welcome to download unpublished photos of our most recent Playmates.*

I've long had a passion for Victorian corsets. My wife enjoys wearing them, but she hasn't had much luck finding any that fit well. The corsets that are sold in lingerie shops tend to be flimsy. Do you know of any sources?—C.F., Houston, Texas.

*The subjects of Queen Victoria produced some fantastic erotica, and they also had a*

*high sense of style. We can't say that the hourglass shape is sensible (many women in the 19th century suffered severe medical problems because of too tightly fitted corsets), but you're not alone in finding it erotic. The frenzy over the Wonderbra has even prompted the apparel industry to consider reviving corsets and other "shapewear" such as jeans and pantyhose that "lift and separate" the buttocks. We recommend that you order custom-made and fitted corsets. Try specialty stores such as Amazon Drygoods (2218 E. 11th St., Davenport, Iowa 52803), BR Creations (Box 4201, Mountain View, California 94040) or Dark Garden (2215-R Market St., Box 242, San Francisco, California 94114).*

**S**ometimes, when I play back cassette tapes that I've made using my CDs, I get a pre-echo. A few seconds before the song begins I hear it faintly. Is there any way I can correct this?—P.K., Baltimore, Maryland.

*Your cassettes are suffering from print-through, which occurs when the magnetic pattern on one layer of a thinner or aging tape leaks through to others. The damage is done on your tapes that already have a pre-echo, but you can prevent print-through by not fast-forwarding or rewinding, as these high-speed mechanisms pull the layers of tape closer together than normal playback. For future recordings, consider digital technology. You may still get print-through using digital tapes, but DCC and DAT cassette players will ignore it.*

**W**hat is the proper etiquette for handling a condom? That is, how far should they be kept from the bed, who should supply them and who should put them on, the man or the woman?—T.S., Raleigh, North Carolina.

*Two-thirds of 250 respondents in a recent survey said they stored condoms within three feet of the bed; eight percent kept them at least 20 feet away. You wonder who's having more fun. Who should supply them? A gentleman always comes prepared. Who should put them on? Not surprisingly, 72 percent of the male respondents said they dress themselves. Their loss.*

**M**y girlfriend and I like to have a strong scent—whether it's perfume, cologne, flowers or incense—in the bedroom when we make love. Since we started doing this, our sex life has been terrific. We've even made love in a freshly painted room and now can't open a can of paint without getting horny. Can you explain why our sense of smell seems to be connected to our libidos? Is this common?—B.F., Toronto, Ontario.

*How many people haven't associated a particular scent with an erotic memory? Make love on a freshly cut lawn just once and you'll be mowing with an erection for the rest of your life. Subtle scents play a role in our sex lives on a more intimate level. Scientists believe that an important part of sexual attraction has to do with the odors released by the apocrine glands around the armpits, face, chest and genitals. Most people overpower these odors with soap, perfumes and colognes—fragrances often designed, ironically, to mimic and intensify natural scents. Other sexual explorers have discovered the power of natural aromas. Two centuries ago, Napoleon wrote to his beloved Josephine: "I will be arriving in Paris tomorrow. Don't wash." In Shakespeare's time, a woman would put a pared apple under her arm before offering the fruit to her beau to inhale. The modern equivalent: Make love after a workout, an afternoon of gardening or cooking an aromatic meal.*

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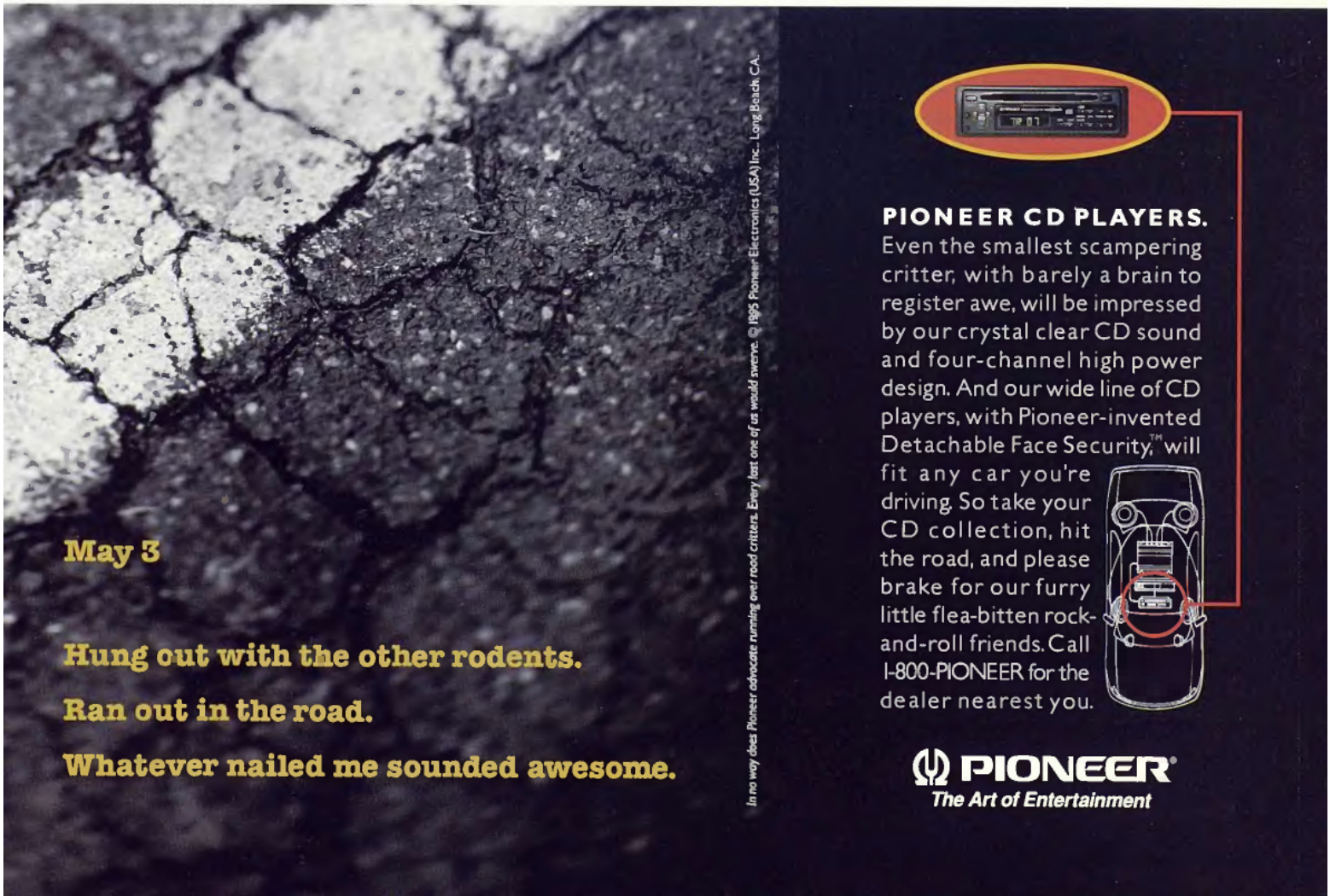
*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611 (e-mail: advisor@playboy.com). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html.*



May 3
Hung out with the other rodents.
Ran out in the road.
Whatever nailed me sounded awesome.
In no way does Pioneer advocate running over road critters. Every last one of us would swerve. © 1995 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA.
PIONEER CD PLAYERS.
Even the smallest scampering critter, with barely a brain to register awe, will be impressed by our crystal clear CD sound and four-channel high power design. And our wide line of CD players, with Pioneer-invented Detachable Face Security,™ will fit any car you're driving. So take your CD collection, hit the road, and please brake for our furry little flea-bitten rock-and-roll friends. Call 1-800-PIONEER for the dealer nearest you.
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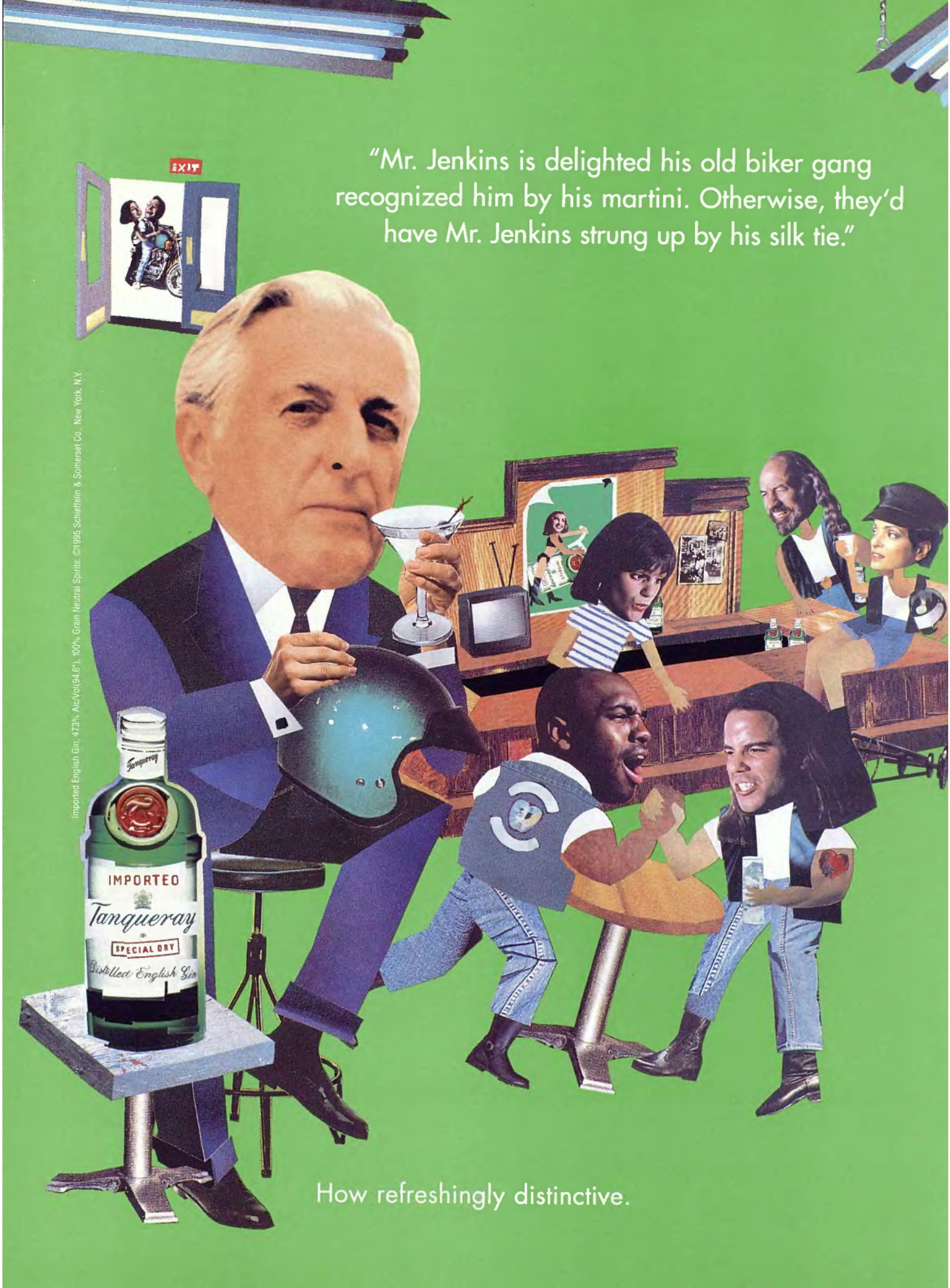

"Mr. Jenkins is delighted his old biker gang recognized him by his martini. Otherwise, they'd have Mr. Jenkins strung up by his silk tie."
EXIT
IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
How refreshingly distinctive.
Imported English Gin. 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°). 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1995 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

# UNCLE SAM WANTS YOUR STUFF

## is asset forfeiture another term for theft?

By JAMES BOVARD

Early on the morning of October 2, 1992, 31 people from eight law enforcement agencies barged into 61-year-old Donald Scott's home on his 200-acre Malibu ranch. Scott's wife screamed when she saw the intruders. When Scott came out of the bedroom with a gun, Los Angeles County Sheriff's Deputy Gary Spencer shot him dead. Agents then searched his home and property.

When asked to defend the raid, the sheriff's deputy said that a confidential informant had told him that Scott's wife liked to flash $100 bills; another had told him that there were 4000 marijuana plants growing on the property. Finally, an agent from the Drug Enforcement Administration flew over the property and swore he saw 50 plants. On the basis of this information, the sheriff's department obtained a warrant.

The 31 agents searched for hours but failed to find any illicit drugs. Scott's death was ruled a "justified shooting." The agents were deemed to have acted in good faith on bad information. It was all constitutional.

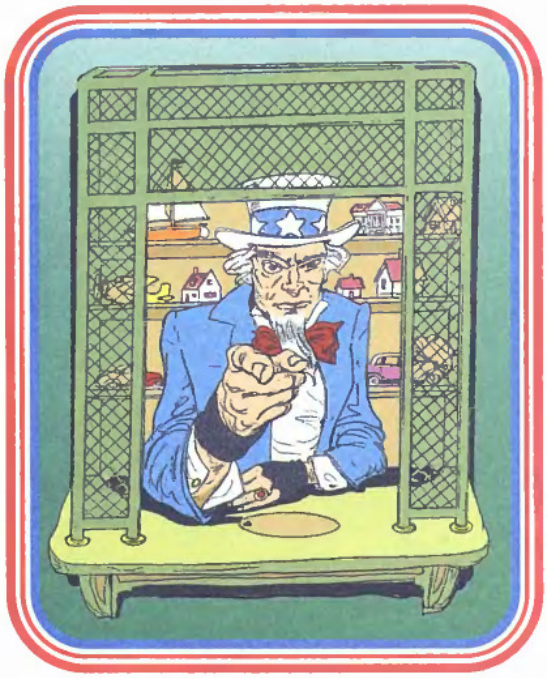
That was the official story. However, after a five-month investigation, a report by Ventura County District Attorney Michael Bradbury's office concluded that "the Los Angeles County sheriff's department was motivated, at least in part, by a desire to seize and forfeit the ranch for the government." The sheriff's deputy, the report said, had fabricated evidence to get the search warrant that "became Donald Scott's death warrant." The raid was a land grab, pure and simple.

Bradbury revealed that at a briefing before the raid, government agents were informed that the ranch had been appraised at $5 million. During the raid, a DEA agent carried a map that noted the value of adjacent properties. A deputy told a National Park Service ranger that if the DEA could find as few as 14 marijuana plants, the government could seize the entire property.

According to a family friend, the Park Service had repeatedly tried to buy Scott's land, intending to use the property as an annex to an existing park. Some observers believe that the sheriff's department planned to seize the property and then sell it at considerable profit to the Park Service.

Bradbury's report launched congressional hearings, lawsuits and impassioned editorials.

How did the land of the free get into such a mess?



In 1789 the first Congress passed a law allowing the government to seize the property of pirates and smugglers who sought to evade tariffs. The founding fathers were cautious, however, because of their experience with British colonial governors who had the nasty habit of confiscating property without cause. The new government argued that it could seize a pirate's ship or, in one case in 1814, a cargo of contraband coffee beans, because ships and bags of coffee had no constitutional rights. But citizens did. Offshore, the government played by one set of rules. Onshore, property rights were often considered to be sacred.

Twenty-five years ago, the remnants of that reverence disappeared, one of the first victims of the war on drugs.

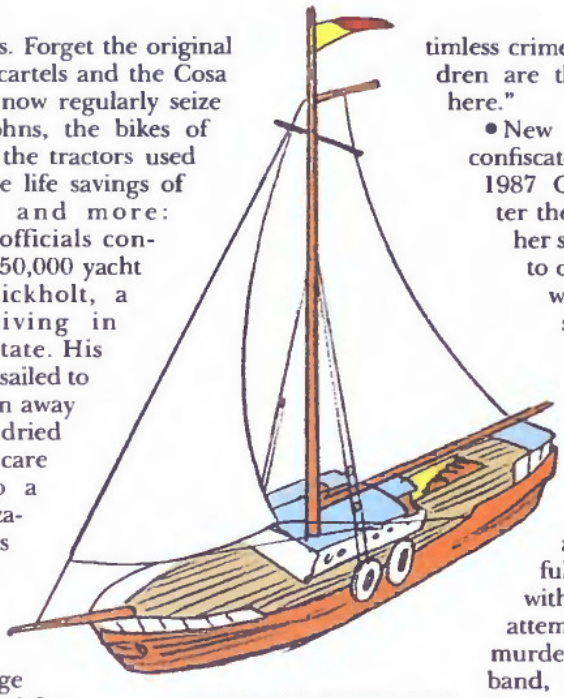
In 1970 Congress enacted legislation to permit the seizure of property of Mafia organizations and major drug smugglers. The logic behind the law was politically correct: Felons should not be allowed to keep the spoils of criminal activity. The tools of the trade—ships, planes, guns, drug labs—should not be returned to the hands of organized crime for later use. But the Racketeer Influenced Corrupt Organization statutes spread like a virus, and federal agents can now seize private property under 200 different statutes. Since 1985 federal seizures of property under forfeiture laws have increased by 1500 percent and now total almost $4 billion. The RICO virus, with its promise of a new revenue source for cash-strapped agencies, touches every level of government. According to one source, state and local governments have increased their confiscations of private property by a hundredfold in the past decade.

The legal language in seizure cases still holds to its early form: *U.S. Government vs. 1994 Mercedes-Benz* is the title of one seizure case; *The United States of America vs. Twelve Thousand Three Hundred Ninety Dollars* is another. But the naming of inanimate property hides the assaults on individuals. The government loves asset forfeiture because it gets to play by new rules. Suspicion of criminal activity is all it takes to launch a raid. Tossed out the window are probable cause, the presumption of innocence and the right to a speedy trial. The government doesn't have to prove anything—the victim of a seizure does.

Close to 80 percent of the people whose property is seized by federal agents are never charged with a crime. Many agents use forfeiture laws to pillage, often acting on trivial

or false charges. Forget the original targets—drug cartels and the Cosa Nostra. Police now regularly seize the cars of johns, the bikes of graffiti artists, the tractors used by farmers, the life savings of the elderly and more:

• Customs officials confiscated the $250,000 yacht of Willem Eickholt, a Dutchman living in Washington State. His crime? He had sailed to Cuba and given away 15 cartons of dried milk and other care packages to a Cuban organization that feeds the hungry. Customs officials threatened to charge Eickholt with violating the Trading With the Enemy Act.



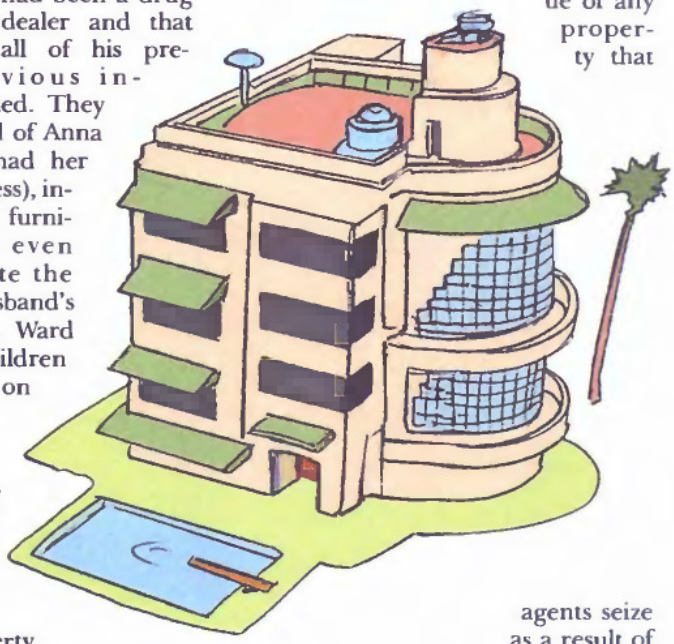
**$250,000**

• In Augusta, Georgia the FBI seized three Mercedes-Benzes from a businesswoman after alleging that her husband had placed sports bets on her car phones.

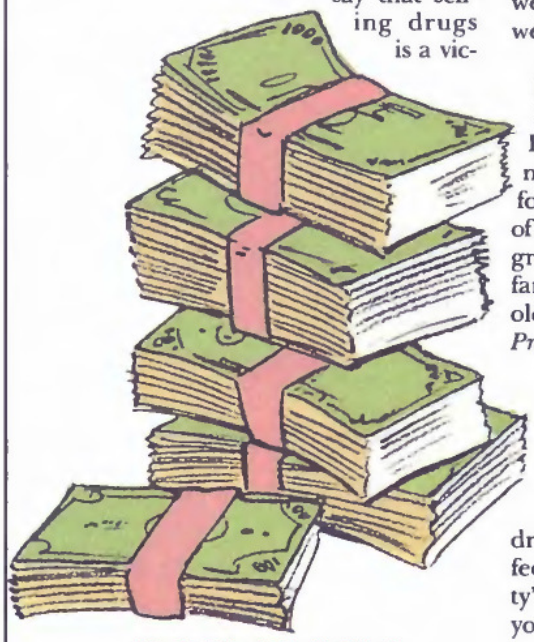
• In Ottsville, Pennsylvania, police seized the $250,000 home of Richard and Bonnie Nightingale after officers found marijuana plants inside. The Nightingales and their three children were evicted. Deputy District Attorney Gary Gambardella observed: "People say that selling drugs is a victimless crime, but the children are the real losers here."

• New Jersey police confiscated a woman's 1987 Oldsmobile after they alleged that her son had used it to drive to a store where he then shoplifted a pair of pants.

• Federal prosecutors in Pittsburgh nearly destroyed Anna Ward after she had fully cooperated with them in their attempt to solve the murder of her husband, Darryl Ward. Prosecutors decided that Darryl Ward had been a drug dealer and that all of his previous income was drug-related. They confiscated almost all of Anna Ward's assets (she had her own legitimate business), including the family's furniture. Prosecutors even sought to confiscate the proceeds of her husband's life insurance. Anna Ward and her three children were forced to go on welfare.



• In Utah police seized the 160-acre ranch of Bradshaw Bowman after police found a handful of marijuana plants growing on his property, far from his house. Eighty-year-old Bowman told *The Pittsburgh Press*: "I've had this property for almost 20 years, and it's absolute heaven. My wife is buried here. I didn't even know the stuff was growing there."



Perhaps you think the war on drugs is a noble enterprise, that the feds' "take no prisoners—only property" approach is fine. If so, hold on to your wallet:

• In July 1992 several Cleveland landlords informed the police of drug dealing in their buildings. The city responded by seizing the buildings and evicting all tenants, even when the dealing occurred in a single apartment.

• The owner of a 36-unit apartment building in Milwaukee evicted ten tenants suspected of drug use. To further help eradicate the drug problem, he gave a master key to beat cops, forwarded tips to the police and hired two security firms to patrol the building. The city still seized his building. Why? It wanted the landlord to evict all tenants and leave the building vacant for a number of months. The landlord didn't want to bankrupt himself. But it was cheaper for the cops to seize the building and empty it rather than to engage in police work at the site.

Often, forfeitures are based on the word of confidential informants, many of whom are ex-convicts or people avoiding conviction by cooperating with police. Confidential informants are given as much as 25 percent (up to $250,000) of the value of any property that agents seize as a result of their leads. A worse set of incentives would be hard to imagine. A paid informant in Adair County, Missouri told police that Sheri and Matthew Farrell were processing "marijuana for sale" on their 60-acre farm, and the government seized the property. The informant later refused to testify in court—first claiming illness, then loss of memory. Federal prosecutors dropped

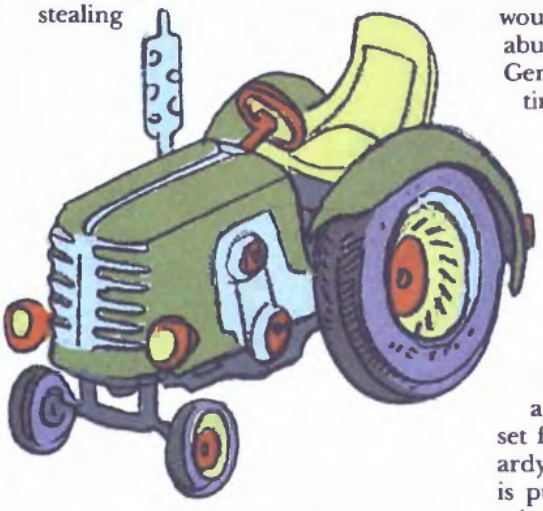
**$5,000,000**

the charges against the Farrells, who got their land back only after agreeing not to sue the government for damages.

What happens to the valuables that government agents grab from citizens?

Many police agencies keep all or most of what they seize, sometimes using the money to buy exercise equipment, expensive cars, gold watches and, in one case, to pay the settlement in a sexual harassment suit. In Nueces County, Texas, Sheriff James Hickey used assets from a federal drug forfeiture fund to grant himself a retroactive $48,000 raise just before he left office.

Asset forfeiture also encourages police theft. Last year, 26 members of the elite narcotics squad of the Los Angeles County police department were convicted of stealing



**$50,000**

money from drug suspects. Some defended their behavior, claiming that since the government was allowed to steal money, why couldn't the cops do the same? County Sheriff Sherman Block said, "I don't know how you can draw an analogy between the asset forfeiture program, which is a matter of law, and helping yourself to what's available." Unfortunately, because forfeiture laws are so vague and expansive, there may be little difference.

Accounting for forfeiture funds is sometimes incredibly sloppy. An investigation by the General Accounting Office discovered that the Customs Service had arbitrarily made a $6.4 million deduction to its forfeiture fund in order to make its books appear balanced and to "account" for missing cash.

In 1993 Representatives Henry Hyde (R-Ill.) and John Conyers (D-Mich.) both proposed bills to limit the government's asset seizure powers. Neither passed. In June Hyde again introduced a Civil Asset Forfeiture Reform Act, which is endorsed by the National Association of Criminal Lawyers and the ACLU. Many civil libertarians believed that the Clinton administration would correct some of the more overt abuses of asset forfeiture. Attorney General Janet Reno, however, has continually postponed substantive reform. The federal courts have ruled that asset seizures can sometimes violate the Eighth Amendment's prohibition on "excessive" fines. Such was the case of the South Dakota man whose car-repair business and mobile home were confiscated after he sold two grams of cocaine to an undercover agent. A federal appeals court recently ruled that asset forfeiture can violate double jeopardy provisions because the defendant is punished twice—once through the seizure of his property by administrative means and a second time through a criminal trial. In 1992 the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals complained that it was "troubled by the government's view that any property, whether it be a hobo's hovel or the Empire State Building, can be seized by the government because the owner, regardless of a criminal record, engages in a single drug transaction."

The courts may be troubled, but the rulings so far have done little to deter enthusiasm for the practice. In January the mayor of Helper, Utah, Mike Dalpiaz, announced that police officers would be permitted to keep up to 25

**$1,600,000**

percent of all the property or cash they confiscate from *suspected* drug dealers. Dalpiaz explained the program's rationale: "Why not give our guys a reason to be more aggressive? This doesn't cost the city a thing; it's a wash. If the city gets a house through a drug forfeiture, and we put it on the market and sell it for $50,000, then, by God, the guy who made the bust is going to get a nice bonus."

A concept that was intended to punish pirates has created a nation of pirate police. When greed and a lust for spoils become the engine of law enforcement, what happens to justice?

*[Editor's note: In June the Supreme Court agreed to hear a case on asset forfeiture where police seized a car used by a married man arrested for soliciting a prostitute. The wife, an innocent party, claims that the seizure violated her right of due process.]*

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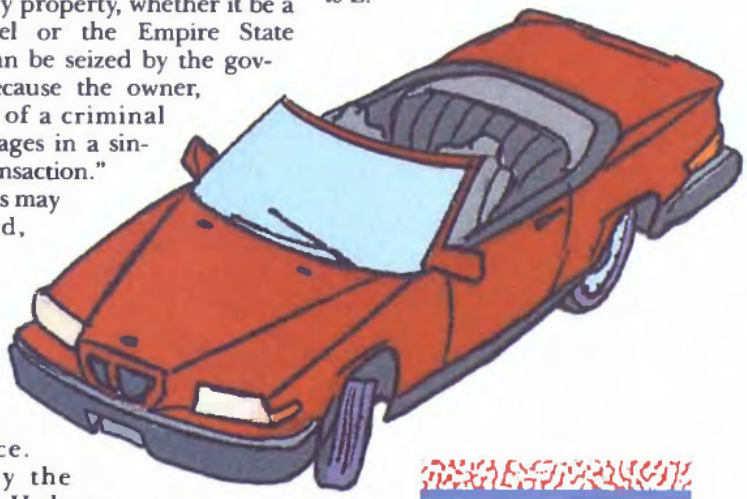
*James Bovard is author of "Shakedown: How the Government Screws You From A to Z."*



**$40,000**

# READER

### E-MAIL TRAVAILS

I am impressed with the article "Target: Cyberspace" (*The Playboy Forum*, July). James Petersen's reference to the misguided efforts to prosecute University of Michigan student Jake Baker for his e-mail correspondence is on the mark. As the lawyer defending Baker against the federal criminal charges, I have had an opportunity to see firsthand how willing the government is to trample free speech rights in cyberspace. While Baker's writings may be offensive to some, a truly free society must be a tolerant society. As Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote from the Supreme Court in 1928: "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate."

Douglas Mullkoff
Ann Arbor, Michigan

*In June, U.S. District Court Judge Avern Cohn dismissed the five criminal charges against Baker, finding no evidence of intention or threat to harm anyone. The judge further criticized government prosecutors for wasting time, effort and the court's patience. A cautiously optimistic Mullkoff stated: "The judge's decision affirms that First Amendment rights are as protected in cyberspace as in print or verbal utterances. Free speech cannot be violated in cyberspace—at least, not yet."*

I just finished reading "Target: Cyberspace." The Internet is complete anarchy, and James Exon (he doesn't deserve to be called Senator) lives in a fantasy world where *Leave It to Beaver* is reality. He thinks that censoring profanity from Internet messages is the way to clean up the system. I am a systems administrator, and if the Communications Decency Act passes, I will be the first in a long line of people to give the middle finger to anyone trying to enforce it. Adult users of the Net can be selective—besides, many have the ability to encode messages in a thousand different ways that can't be decrypted in time to build a case. The government is no match for a class-act programmer.

Neil Bradley
Portland, Oregon

The Internet used to be like the untamed West. If you saw something you didn't like, you didn't go near it. But now, with the Clinton administration pushing the information superhighway, the untamed Net is becoming docile. Soon we will be unable to view the PLAYBOY home page or send e-mail with the word shit in it. No more downloading some of the more interesting pictures to use as a Windows background. Is the censorship of snail-mail far behind? What about phone calls, faxes or even regular conversations? I fear the day when mail will arrive with a stamp that says MEETS GOVERNMENT STANDARDS OF DECENCY—INSPECTOR 62. Why can't the government just butt out?

Tom Wilson
Laramie, Wyoming

JOHN CRAIG

FOR THE RECORD

## WHAT'S UP, DOC?

"Did you know that a carrot has more cholesterol than a slab of sirloin beef? (Disclaimer: The carrot must be 23 feet in length, while the sirloin slab must fit on a Wheat Thin.)"

—REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES SCHUMER (D–N.Y.) ON LAME-DUCK DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE PROGRAMS THAT DISTRIBUTE CONSUMER INFORMATION BASED ON DISTORTED RESEARCH

Paul Kim, a National Merit Scholar senior at Newport High School in Bellevue, Washington, created an Internet home page that satirized adolescence and stated that one of the Newport student body's favorite subjects was sex. He included links to an image of one of your Playmates and to a couple of risqué articles. When school officials asked that it be removed, the student shut down the page. Nonetheless, the principal, Karin Cathey, wrote letters to all the colleges to which the senior had applied, revoking the school's recommendations and depriving the young man of any chance of receiving his $2000 scholarship.

Robert Perry
Seattle, Washington

### SAFE SOCIETY

The Consumer Product Safety Commission, which is mentioned in James Petersen's "The Myth of the Safe Society" (*The Playboy Forum*, July), is a small agency that operates on a budget that has not grown since 1979. If your children sleep in bunk beds or color with crayons, or if you use a lawn mower, we help make you and your family safer. Recently, we worked voluntarily with industry to recall 320,000 bunk beds in which children could strangle themselves. Last year we took imported crayons that contained lead off the market. Through safety design improvements we have reduced by 40 percent the number of serious injuries caused by lawn mowers. We look for common-sense, cost-effective ways to improve safety. Most often, we achieve this goal with the voluntary cooperation of industry. After talking with us, industry voluntarily invested $500,000 in an educational campaign to alert parents to the fact that children can—and frequently do—drown in five-gallon buckets. If parents know these buckets pose a danger, children's lives will be saved. That's the bottom line. Petersen's contention that designing safety into a product is doomed to failure is simply wrong. To cite just one

# RESPONSE

example: During the Sixties, 450 children were poisoned to death each year by ingesting household medicines and chemicals. Child resistant packaging now required on these products has helped reduce such deaths by almost 90 percent. Our goal is to keep families safe in their homes—a goal that must be shared equally by industry, government and the consumer.

Ann Brown
Chairman
Consumer Product Safety Commission
Washington, D.C.

### CENSORSHIP

I read Chip Rowe's "Censorship Glossary" (*The Playboy Forum*, July) with great interest because several friends and I were victims of Prodigy's so-called George Carlin software. The arbitrary censorship that results from the use of such programs is frightening. We were often lectured and had public messages returned undelivered because they contained the word fart. The breaking point for me was when I had a message returned because it contained the comic-strip symbols for an obscenity—&*%$#@. I canceled my Prodigy membership. I can understand certain word restrictions on public forums that might be read by young children, but Prodigy carries this cybercleansing to ridiculous extremes.

Donald Vaughan
Greenacres, Florida

*Trying to run a clean show recently backfired. A New York State judge ruled that because Prodigy regularly monitors and censors the messages of its members, it assumes the role of a publisher and could thus be held liable.*

### OVERKILL

What in the world can be done to rein in these overzealous law enforcement crazies mentioned in "Overkill" (*The Playboy Forum*, June)? I am stunned that the law enforcement community is content to act like it is above the law, and that it can twist the legal system to serve its need to run through the woods focusing on people it just doesn't like. The entire FBI should be slapped in the ass and treated like the bunch of children they really are. These guys are in need of some competent leadership.

Rob Smigielski
Lakewood, New Jersey

I read about the Weaver incident in "Overkill." What everyone, including author James Bovard, seems to neglect is that Sammy Weaver fired on the federal officer before any federal officers fired at any member of the Weaver family. OK, the agent shot and killed the dog. I don't know if that was right or wrong, but I do know that no one has the right to shoot at an officer of the law because that officer shot a dog. At that point, the entire episode became one error after another. Bovard asks, "Who was writing this script?" I suggest he engage in a heated argument and see just how quickly words are exchanged. Bullets can't be recalled with the same ease. In my 20th year in law enforcement, I know that things can go bad, but nothing is so bad as when a fellow officer is killed. Let's get to the point: Who fired the first shot at a human being? There is no doubt that the FBI shot someone for little (or no) reason. But what if the Weaver family had just yelled out the door and surrendered? Sammy and deputy marshall William Degan would still be dead, but it's possible that no other lives would have been lost. Doesn't the Weaver family bear some responsibility for prolonging the standoff? All the court actions in the world can't replace those lives.

Kurt Fischer, Sergeant
Pittsburgh Police Department
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Whenever I read an article like "Overkill" I can't help but wonder when someone is going to praise federal agents for all the times they've done an excellent job. I live about ten miles from the site of the Oklahoma City bombing, and I had many acquaintances who worked in that building. No one wants to praise the quickness with which federal agencies responded in the initial rescue and subsequent investigation of the bombing. I am writing to thank the men and women of the FBI, BATF and other federal law enforcement agencies. They deserve the same respect as everyone else.

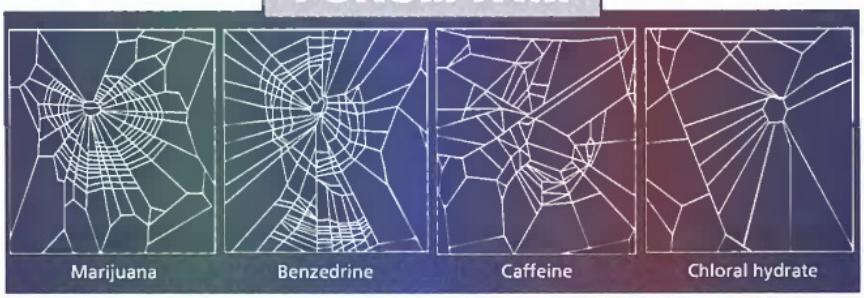
Mason Goode
Edmond, Oklahoma

### AND ANOTHER THING . . .

In her letter on capital punishment ("Contract on America," *The Playboy Forum*, Reader Response, July), Leigh Dingerson says, "Virtually everyone concedes that executions cost millions of dollars and have no impact on crime." If she means here in America, she's right. No punishment is a deterrent when it has not been used for decades. If she means it generally, she is mistaken. In Singapore and Saudi Arabia, where the death penalty is swiftly and consistently enforced, it works like a charm. There are "none so blind as those that will not see."

Erwin Fuchs
Seattle, Washington

FORUM F.Y.I.




DEADHEAD SPIDERS

A spider can spin an intricate web and not make a single mistake. Unless, of course, it's on uppers, downers, marijuana or caffeine. NASA recently took an interest in the arresting effects of drugs on arachnid weaving skills, plying the little buggers with toxic substances. The results appear above.

*We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

# NO-KNOCK VICTORY

## knock and announce: a senseless ceremony or a basic right?

You've seen the situation a million times on television. Police in bullet-proof vests crouch by a door, guns drawn. Other officers approach with a battering ram. Depending on your politics, what happens next can produce chills or cheers, an image of jackbooted thugs or justice in action.

For decades police who are engaged in the holy war against drugs have practiced "dynamic entry"—executing search warrants in the dead of night, smashing doors, windows and walls without warning.

But when police break down the wrong door, people sometimes die. Police have shot homeowners, and homeowners, thinking they were being robbed, have shot and killed police. It is painfully obvious that these tragedies could have been avoided if police had simply announced their presence.

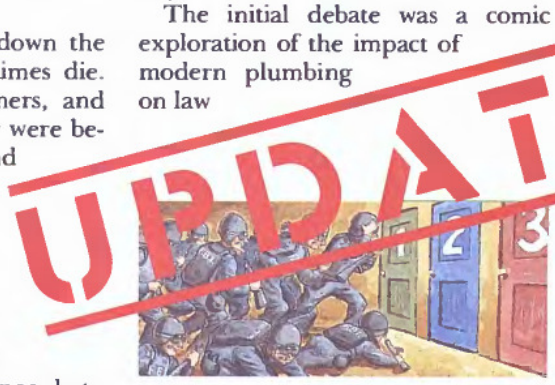
The Fourth Amendment declares: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated." Does that mean police are obliged to knock before battering down a door? What constitutes a "reasonable" entry?

The Supreme Court flirted with these issues on March 28, 1995 when it heard oral arguments in *Sharlene Wilson vs. Arkansas*.

Wilson is not exactly a poster girl for constitutional rights. Twice she sold small amounts of marijuana to a government informant. After the second sale, police obtained a warrant to search her home and entered without warning. They found marijuana, speed, Valium, a gun, ammunition and some "narcotics paraphernalia." Wilson was sentenced to 32 years in prison and fined $11,000—for two counts of delivery, possession of marijuana and possession of drug paraphernalia.

John Wesley Hall, an Arkansas attorney and author of a two-volume treatise on the Fourth Amendment, petitioned the Court to overturn Wilson's convictions for possession of marijuana and drug paraphernalia, claiming that the no-knock raid was unconstitutional. He argued that even though the Fourth Amendment does not specifically dictate that police announce themselves before executing a warrant, common law had clearly wed the two acts for hundreds of years.

The initial debate was a comic exploration of the impact of modern plumbing on law enforcement. The assistant solicitor general from the Justice Department, which supported Arkansas' position, argued that because criminals could flush small amounts of drugs down the toilet, thus destroying evidence, police were not obligated to knock. At the oral arguments, Hall ridiculed the notion that the size of the stash eroded a basic right. If you believed the Justice Department, Hall said, "the more drugs you've got, the more right you have to an announcement."



DARRIN THOMPSON

In a wry twist, Hall even suggested that modern plumbing helps the war on drugs: "You're just as well off that they flushed it. The drugs are out of circulation."

The lawyer for the Justice Department was adamant. He suggested that there might be two instances in which police would willingly announce themselves—if an informant had assured them that large quantities of drugs were in indestructible containers, or if the evidence were as big as or bigger than a TV set.

Justice Antonin Scalia seemed to get the point. Why stop at drugs? he asked the lawyer from the Justice Department. "What if it's stolen jewelry that could be chucked down the toilet? It seems you're making an exception that swallows up the general rule."

Hall also challenged the issue of safety. The state argued that the element of surprise kept criminals from reaching for their guns. As proof that no-knock raids endanger officers as well as citizens, Hall cited a case mentioned in the December 1994 *Forum* article "Oops—You're Dead." He had attached a copy of the article to his brief. Nearly 50 percent of American homes have guns: Innocent citizens don't reach for a weapon when the police identify themselves and most drug dealers won't risk the death penalty.

On May 22, the Supreme Court unanimously voted to make knock-and-announce rules part of the "reasonable" standard of the Fourth Amendment. The Court refused to sacrifice a fundamental concept to convenience, expediency or fear. Clarence Thomas noted that the requirement for a police officer to announce his or her presence and authority was not an absolute, that previous courts had held that in some circumstances "demand and refusal" was a "senseless ceremony" [say, if a police officer were in hot pursuit of a felon]. The decision leaves it to local courts and law enforcement interests to determine whether dynamic entry is reasonable.

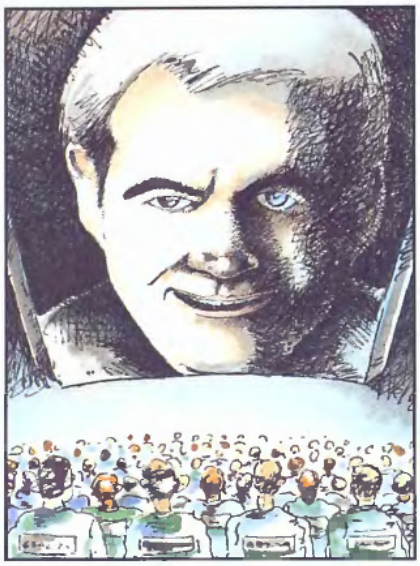
Some 31 states and the federal government's own guidelines mandate knock and announce; the Court's ruling will remind the rest of the states—as well as the officers responsible for Waco and Ruby Ridge—that justice resides in the details. —JAMES BOVARD

# NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## CRUEL, MAYBE. UNUSUAL, YES

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA—*It could be a trend or a coincidence, but after a Mississippi county jail color-coded prisoners' jumpsuits according to their crimes (see "Newsfront," September), Alabama prison authorities announced that they will henceforth dress their flashers and masturbators in pink. Too many of the boys behind bars found it entertaining to jerk off or otherwise expose themselves for the benefit of female guards. They were not deterred by the threat of having pictures of their performances sent home to Mom. Prison officials hope the garish pink suits will bring the problem under control.*



*Meanwhile, in Arizona, Maricopa County sheriff Joe Arpaio cut off inmates' girlie magazines and tried to ban network television because it's too violent and sexy. In their place Arpaio came up with entertainment that some might find to be "cruel and unusual punishment." Using $150 from the inmates' canteen funds, he purchased Newt Gingrich's ten-part video lecture series, which he will pipe into the cells via the jail's cable TV system.*

## BLUENOSE BOSS

DONCASTER, ENGLAND—*A 30-year-old former receptionist has complained to an industrial tribunal that to get a job with a clothing manufacturer, she had to sign what amounted to a chastity contract. The family firm, NMC Workwear, is owned by strict fundamentalist Christians of the Plymouth Brethren sect, and imposes a variety of conditions on employees. Among other things, they are issued Bibles and banned from playing music in their cars. The receptionist claims she lost her job because her plans to wed conflicted with the company's disapproval of married women working. A company spokesman denied any such policy exists, though he admitted the company once had a policy against cohabitation.*

## IMMODEST PROPOSAL

PORTLAND, OREGON—*Unable to raise concern over the relatively soft images carried by cable, antiporn crusader John Fitzpatrick raised the stakes. He is trying to force a nonprofit cable company to broadcast his 13-part series titled "Orgy TV," in which he proposes to use explicit footage of sexual torture, bestiality, pedophilia and necrophilia. Fitzgerald's immodest proposal has put Portland Cable Access and civil libertarians in the unaccustomed role of trying to censor free expression. The cable company, for example, contends that federal law would find such programming obscene and in conflict with community standards. However, Fitzpatrick bills the series as a "political statement" exempt from those restrictions. Apparently, he hopes to incite voters to demand tighter controls on pornography. Our bet: Subscribers will flock to the new show.*

## 24-HOUR FOREPLAY

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—*In an effort to derail a bill that would create 24-hour waiting periods for abortions, Florida senator Howard Forman has sponsored an amendment that would impose similar waiting periods on men before they have sex with women. The amendment would make it "unlawful for a woman and a man to engage in sexual activities that may cause the conception of a child unless at least 24 hours prior to such activity the man has received counseling regarding the ramifications of producing a child, including the financial and emotional responsibilities and the possibility of being exposed to or spreading a sexually transmittable disease such as genital herpes, gonorrhea, chlamydia, syphilis or human immunodeficiency virus infection." Furthermore, the man would have to provide his prospective partner with a document affirming his compliance. Only when the man has presented the woman a certificate of his counseling, notes Forman's facetious amendment, "may the sexual activity . . . proceed."*

## JUNK SCIENCE?

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE—*In a ruling that may set a national trend, a superior court judge has held that recovered memories of sexual abuse cannot be used as evidence in a trial. Judge William Groff wrote in his opinion: "The phenomenon of memory repression and the process of therapy used in these cases . . . have not gained general acceptance in the field of psychology and are not scientifically reliable." Attorneys for two clients who had not remembered their assaults until they had undergone treatment for emotional problems said they would appeal.*

## MRS. DOUBTFIRE, WE PRESUME

LONDON—*Britons undergoing sex changes, who have documents to prove it, will now be supplied with two picture ID cards from London Transport authorities, one showing them in men's clothing and the other in women's. The problem arose because some transsexuals hold jobs dressed as their original sex but change outfits after work. Lobbying preoperative transsexuals and complaining ticket collectors prompted the compromise.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

# THE RULES of the GAME

*By James R. Petersen*

When it comes to sex, our society has gone through some interesting changes. The gender wars seem to have subsided, the threat of AIDS no longer prompts hysteria, the bookstores bulge with titles promoting red-hot monogamy, discovery sex, ultimate sex, inner sex and something called generation sex. Which one was Hugh Grant after?

Some 200 journalists and columnists across the country—in covering the story of Grant's tryst with Divine Brown in the backseat of a white BMW—rose up to bare the secret script of sex in the modern era. And it is not pretty.

The women journalists have been caught with their pants down: They revealed a perfect familiarity with the transactional side of sex. Some cried "How could he?" and confessed that they, or friends they concocted for the purpose of a 500-word kaffeeklatsch, would have gladly leapt into Hugh's four-poster, no strings. After all, he is gorgeous, rich, well known.

Would those same women have jumped into bed with the garbage collector? Probably not, although Susan Ager (in the *Detroit Free Press*) wrote: "Maybe he wanted ten minutes to be a regular animal, of whom no one expected anything. A little like the rich, attractive woman who has sex with the guy who delivers her room-service breakfast. It's neat, clean and over."

If only. Almost all of the commentators recognized the terms of the deal. Says Ager: "A prostitute who spends 20 minutes with Hugh Grant will not think this is the beginning of something. She will not expect a phone call the next day. She will not tell all her friends, or if she does they will shrug and say, 'So? I did (fill in the blank) the other night.'"

Roxanne Roberts in the *International Herald Tribune* suggested: "Even for a superstar like Mr. Grant, a Sunset Boulevard hooker is, well, less labor-intensive than other women. No emotions. No pouting. No dinner or small talk. No introductions to his agent. No promises to read her screenplay."

In short, no complications, except, paradoxically, in Grant's case. In our intrusive world, even a woman who promises no complications can't always deliver on that promise.

Helen Gurley Brown, who should know women better than most people, suggested that Elizabeth Hurley should take heart that Grant had betrayed her with a prostitute, and not "with her roommate or best friend."

Actually, Grant was both her roommate and her best friend. What Gurley Brown reveals is that a competing female, someone from the same class, has the same expectations and same demands of Grant as Hurley does. Such demands could obliterate Hurley's sweat equity in the relationship.

Ager expounds on this: "A lot of women these days don't care so much about looks or money. They want the C-word: commitment, or at least the L-word: love, or, if they're very picky, the S-word: substance."

**why did he pay for sex? when in your life have you not paid for it?**

Never the C-word: carnal. Never the L-words: lust, lubricious. Never the S-words: sex, sweat.

These stories acknowledge that sex is seldom without a price tag, an expectation, a demand. And even Brown had her scale. For $40 more, she says, she would have taken that night's john back to her room, avoiding the risk of exposure and shame.

Chicago columnist Mike Royko flayed the class consciousness of the affair. If Grant had taken an aspiring starlet to a luxury resort on the French Riviera, dropped a few thousand bucks on Louis Vuitton luggage, Gucci this, Versace that, how would they be described by the media? "As a coosome twosome by the gossip columnists," writes Royko. "As beautiful people by Robin Leach. As dear friends and wonderful human beings by Roger Moore. They were not described as engaging in lewd behavior."

Royko wrote that that would be "a straight business deal. Being a modern female, she controls the use of her body. And she decides to rent it to him at substantial profit for a few days. And he, being aware of the enormous long-term price of marriage, especially when factoring in depreciation, believes he has received full lust value for his money."

Grant, he writes, committed the crime of shopping for a bargain.

Of all the commentators, *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein was most honest, reprinting a story about the night he spent $1000 on an escort. "It was splendid, rollicking sex. When it was over I felt like willing my body to science. And then she left. She *left*. As the supreme final act in our opera of fucking, her leaving was like a cherry on a sundae, a sumptuous dessert after a seven-course meal, a plunge into cool water after running a marathon. That's when I had my glistening realization. I realized I wasn't paying this woman for sex. I was paying her for the luxury of her leaving after sex."

There was anger that Grant had shattered, once and for all, the image that only lowlifes and failures pay for sex. And yet more than one woman acknowledged in passing that the professional "is hired to please and she does whatever is necessary. Often that's not very much, but it's more than some women are willing to give."

They set the price. And through the police at one end and divorce lawyers at the other, they apply the pressure to keep men safely corralled. (Even Brown played a little game on Grant to remind him of his place, flashing condoms as though she were an undercover cop, warning him what could happen.)

The question isn't why Grant did it, it's why more of us don't. Is it because we know that when our cock is nestled in that receptive mouth, she has already decided exactly what the moment is worth? The rules of the game haven't changed.

# FIELD OF GREED

*"we owe it all to our fans. thank you for your support. we're moving the franchise to peoria"*

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Sad but typical. No sooner did the New Jersey Devils win the Stanley Cup than they threatened to break their lease with Meadowlands Arena and go to Nashville, Tennessee. Just the thing to make a community feel good about its victors. "We were looking at a celebration, not a termination," remarked a spokesman for New Jersey governor Christine Todd Whitman.

I know the feeling. I was a season-ticket holder in 1981 when the Raiders left for Los Angeles. Thanks to a new job with the *Los Angeles Times*, I was able to follow the team. Now it's going back to Oakland, but my allegiance is exhausted. I also used to go to Rams games in Orange County, but now they've run off to St. Louis. Do you know what it does to your California self-esteem when a team leaves you for St. Louis?

Sure, eventually the NFL will steal a team from Tampa Bay or Phoenix to hold the number two TV market, Los Angeles, but it can count me out as a fan. Why root for the home team when the odds are that it will soon be gone? Why give in once again to some multimillionaire sports mogul whose contribution to our culture is blackmailing local officials into forking over more taxpayer dollars?

But that's just what politicians want you to do, because a sports franchise is the best way to get voters' minds off the general collapse of their communities. Besides, they're playing with your money. Not surprisingly then, with the departure of the Raiders, civic boosters bemoaned the loss and proclaimed the need to hustle up a replacement.

Then an odd thing happened. This time the citizens didn't fall for it. Few people in the Los Angeles area seemed to care. And I don't think it's because they're laid back. It's more that they're tired of being jacked around by wealthy owners who care nothing for fan loyalty and think only of their bottom lines.

While it's been great to have championship teams in all the major sports, it has hardly proved to be the community bonanza it was cracked up to be. After the Raiders won Super Bowl XVIII in 1984, Mayor Tom Bradley claimed that the team "has brought this community together as never before." Since then the city has been torn asunder by racial discord, unemployment and crime. It does not feel any better to be robbed by a gang member wearing Raiders colors.

Los Angeles' experience is not unique. Sports franchises don't invigorate the local economy. Allen Sanderson, economist at the University of Chicago, points out that annual per-team revenues from all sources are less than $70 million. That's less than revenue from a medium-size department store downtown.

True, if a community is on the rebound as was Baltimore's Inner Harbor, then a new stadium like Camden Yards makes a wonderful adornment. But it's a hoax to suggest that a sports franchise is an engine of growth.

Evaluating the gain to Oakland if the Raiders return, Stanford economist Roger Noll concluded that "it can be a positive benefit, but it's a small one. It would be nothing like Intel moving a plant there, for example."

The jobs created by sports franchises tend to be low-paying and seasonal. A football team plays only eight regular-season home games a year; even baseball stadiums are dark much of the time. Money spent at the stadium would be spent on other forms of entertainment if the team did not exist.

Still, fans clamor for a team, which is their right—as long as they are willing to pay for it. Unlike other businesses, sports franchises must be subsidized by the taxpayers to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars for renovation or new construction. Poor St. Petersburg, Florida built its $138 million, 43,000-seat Thunderdome in 1990 and has waited years for someone to play there. The city will have a major league baseball team (the Devil Rays) in 1998.

Because there are far more communities willing to pay big bucks for a professional team than there are teams, major league sports has become an owners' game. The owners make out like bandits even if their teams are terrible. The Rams, for example, were consistent losers in Orange County but are proven winners (in a newly constructed stadium) in St. Louis—even before they play a single game. Last year the team lost $4.6 million in Orange County just because the fans stopped going. In St. Louis, thanks to 100 luxury suites and other pie sweeteners funded by taxpayers, the Rams will likely be the most profitable team in the league.

The suckers in St. Louis are trying to make up for losing their team to Arizona in 1988. They began building a new stadium even before they had a team to play in it. Imagine their desperation to land a team. They were so eager to acquire the Rams that they are charging them only $250,000 a year in rent. Of course, the Rams get almost all the concession income, plus the profit from the luxury suites.

Even that's a lot compared with the zero dollars the Raiders paid in rent for using the Los Angeles Coliseum last year. But it wasn't free for taxpayers, who poured $100 million into repairs after the Northridge earthquake. Those taxpayers include folks throughout the 50 states, because most of the money came from the federal government.

It wasn't enough for Raiders owner Al Davis. So the NFL got the nearby city of Inglewood to join in building a new stadium. Then Davis left town when Oakland, an economically depressed burg, came up with a better offer.

As players' salaries increase and owners shop around the country for the best deals—which usually include a new stadium and practice facility—this trend will only accelerate. The new wrinkle is that baseball owners have followed the lead of football clubs and now demand single-use stadiums that are configured to their sport.

Civic zealotry to hold or attract a team obliterates other community uses of such funds. The citizens of Arlington, Texas voted to increase their sales tax to finance a $187 million stadium, but turned down new funds for schools. You have to keep your priorities straight.

As for me, I'm content to watch the Raiders on TV, which should be easier to do now that they're not playing their home games in Los Angeles (where they were almost always blacked out). It's a lot safer than trekking downtown to the Coliseum—and you can freeze-frame the plays. Maybe that's the way to go: virtual stadiums and virtual players. It would be a lot cheaper.

WIDE OPEN SPIRIT
GEOFFREY BEENE PARFUMS
Bowling Green

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SNOOP DOGGY DOGG

## *a candid conversation with rap's top gangsta about serving hard time on the streets and in jail, and why his message scares people to death*

*In Los Angeles, as in most other cities, shootings among young black men on the street are all too common—and all too often ignored by the media. But at least one murder trial scheduled for the Los Angeles Criminal Courts Building promised to be different. The crime itself was commonplace, but this time it was one of the defendants who was making news.*

*That defendant was Calvin Broadus, and he was charged with murder and conspiracy and as an accessory after the fact. That's not why reporters showed up in force. It's because Broadus is best known as rap star Snoop Doggy Dogg.*

*Snoop was accused of driving to a park in the Palms district of Los Angeles, where his bodyguard, McKinley Lee, allegedly shot and killed Philip Woldermariam, who reportedly had been a member of a gang called the By Yerself Hustlers.*

*Dogg, his bodyguard and a friend also charged in the murder claimed they were innocent because Woldermariam went for his pistol first, forcing Lee to shoot in self-defense. But the district attorney contended otherwise. The criminal trial could influence the outcome of a $25 million lawsuit brought against Dogg by Woldermariam's parents, who accused him of benefiting from their son's death. The victim's sister told the press, "Snoop's career has gone very far because of this murder. He's being portrayed as a hero. I've heard it said, 'Snoop doesn't just talk the talk, he walks the walk.'"*

*Whether Dogg is guilty or not, his career took off following the killing. "Doggystyle" has sold 4.5 million copies, generating more than $40 million. He was nominated for a long list of music awards—including a Grammy and an American Music Award—and he won "Soul Train"'s best rap album honors. His record debuted at number one, passing releases by Pearl Jam and Aerosmith. And Dogg's soulful raps have earned raves. A reviewer for the "Los Angeles Times" wrote: "No rapper has ever occupied a beat the way Snoop does, sliding around corners, lounging on the syncopations, slipping into the cracks and crevices of the grooves." At 24 years old, he seems unstoppable—if he doesn't wind up in jail.*

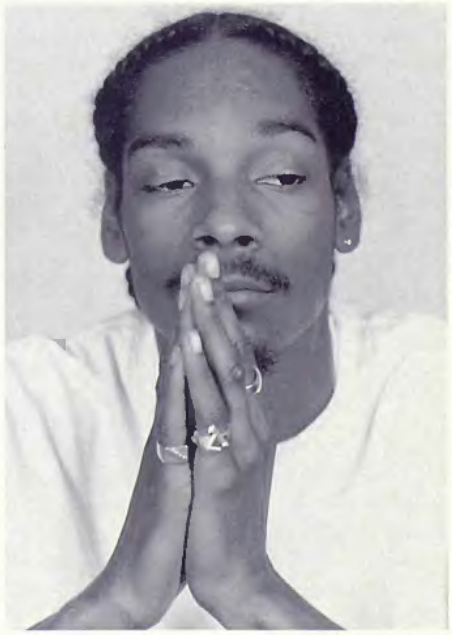
*Of course, rappers have been in trouble with the law since the South Bronx days of Lovebug Starski. In 1991 Slick Rick Walters received three to ten years for the attempted murder of his cousin. Dasean Cooper, a.k.a. J-Dee of Da Lench Mob, is serving 29 years to life for the murder of his girlfriend's male roommate. Flavor Flav of Public Enemy has served three months in jail for firing a gun at a neighbor. Tupac Shakur, one of Snoop's closest friends, was convicted of sexual abuse and is serving a one-to-four-year sentence.*

*Rap, the most influential musical movement of the past two decades, grew from neighborhoods where violence pervaded. But a branch of the music that emerged from the West Coast in the late Eighties, dubbed gangsta rap, was the most explicitly brutal music ever. It made headlines when it hit the mainstream with such songs as N.W.A.'s "Fuck tha Police." Police organizations and groups such as the National Political Congress of Black Women and the People's Coalition condemned gangsta rap music. Many radio stations across the country refused to play it. More recently, Senator Bob Dole went on the attack, linking rap with violence and casual sex. Soon thereafter, Time Warner took the controversial step of axing the executive at the corporation's music division who was rap's biggest supporter. The controversies don't seem to hurt record sales, however. Rap now accounts for $800 million in revenue a year. Almost two thirds of gangsta rap recordings are bought by whites.*

*When N.W.A., the seminal gangsta rap group, split up, its members went on to successful solo careers. Ice Cube starred in John Singleton's movie "Boyz N the Hood"; Eric Wright, Eazy-E, had a hit solo record before*

*"I'm 24 years old. Anybody older than me knows they were saying bitch before I was born. And fuck and dick. I didn't make that shit up. If I did, I mean, damn, give me some money! That's creative shit."*

*"We've tried it both ways. They killed Martin, they killed Malcolm. You got two black folk representing us through the Sixties. One of them was for violence, one was against and they both are dead. What is that saying?"*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

*"If I had been a straight-A student my whole life and rapped about Jesus coming back to save us all, I wouldn't get no media. The motherfuckers wouldn't give a fuck about me. But since I'm telling the truth, I'm a threat."*

*he died of AIDS earlier this year. Dr. Dre's debut, "The Chronic," remained in "Billboard"'s top ten for 28 weeks. It went triple platinum and became the biggest selling rap record ever. Most of the writing and rapping on "The Chronic" was done by Snoop, then an unknown kid from Long Beach, California. Dr. Dre signed him to Death Row Records, the label he founded. Dre's choice was rewarded when Snoop released his debut album, "Doggystyle," which went double platinum. The booming bass line and infectious choruses belie the raw lyrics. "Murder Was the Case," a song recorded with Tha Dogg Pound, is an eerily powerful mood piece about Snoop's own death in a drive-by shooting. It was made into a short film directed by Dre and starring Snoop. The album's biggest hit, "Gin and Juice," has an infectious melody behind lyrics about getting high.*

*Snoop was born in 1971 on the east side of Long Beach, just south of Los Angeles. He is the middle child between two half brothers and was raised by his mother, who gave him his nickname. Both his father and stepfather were only intermittently involved in his life.*

*As a boy, Snoop's world centered on Golgotha Trinity Baptist Church. He played piano and sang in the choir. He played basketball and Pop Warner football and was a class clown, rapping at lunchtime for an audience that continued to grow. Eventually church became less of an influence than the local gang, the Long Beach Insane Crips.*

*Barely one month after his graduation from high school, Snoop was arrested for selling cocaine to an undercover agent. He served a year in jail. Upon his release, he decided to concentrate on rapping, but he went back to jail for several months for violating his probation, and he was arrested two more times for gun possession.*

*In the back of a friend's record store, Snoop made rap tapes under his new stage name, Doggy Dogg. His life began to change when one wound up in the hands of Dr. Dre. Their first collaboration—Dre creates and produces the music tracks and Snoop does the rhymes and rapping—was the title song for the movie "Deep Cover." It went to number one on the rap charts. Then came Dre's album, followed by Snoop's solo debut.*

*Despite Snoop's success, there was more controversy, particularly after the Woldermariam shooting. When Snoop was in London in February 1994 for a performance, "The Daily Star" ran the headline* KICK THIS EVIL BASTARD OUT! *In an article about the shooting, Denver's "Rocky Mountain News" observed, "While Simpson's selling power withered after he was accused of killing his ex-wife and her friend, Snoop Dogg's marketability has been enhanced by the murder charges against him." A "Newsweek" cover story asked: "When is rap too violent?"*

*We sent Contributing Editor* **David Sheff,** *whose last "Playboy Interview" was with Motown Records founder Berry Gordy, to talk with Snoop. Here is his report:*

*"Since the murder, Snoop has given few interviews. None of them were in-depth. His lawyer wouldn't allow questions about details of the case, but his friends are free with their opinions. Snoop is being framed, they say. Woldermariam, they claim, had stalked and threatened Snoop in the past. When he drew a gun to shoot Dogg, the bodyguard just did his job. The district attorney, of course, lays out a far different scenario.*

*"Snoop lives with his fiancée, Chanté, and two-year-old son, Cordé, in a house in Claremont, California. Our first meeting was at the Beverly Hills Ritz Hotel, where he and his family were staying in a penthouse suite. He had a shadow mustache, a sparse goatee, a gold stud in his left ear, braids in his hair and a spinning pyramid ring on one of his fingers. He wore the colors of the Crips: blue sneakers, blue sweats and a UCLA Bruins football jersey. We began talking over a room-service lunch, which was a disappointment to Snoop, who wanted chicken tenders with fries. Because that wasn't an option, he settled for a patty melt, well done, on white bread. 'Oh,' he added, 'and give me a big-ass soda.'*

*"Lunch arrived, but Snoop merely played with his meal. When asked if something was wrong, he poked at the burger. 'Nasty as fuck, cuz,' he said. 'Red meat hanging out of this shit. I like that meat panfried, well done. I gotta get some Burger King and shit.'*

*I had just bought a BB gun. You know how you pump it up and shoot. Pow! And the motherfucker hit the guy on the cheek. He went and got his homeboys.*

*"He got his Burger King delivered the next day to a recording studio in the San Fernando Valley, where he was helping his friends, Tha Dogg Pound, record some tracks for their latest album, "Dogg Food." Cigar-long joints circulated. After the basic beat was on tape, more tracks were recorded and more joints made the rounds. Snoop and some of the other rappers silently moved into various corners, where they sat in chairs, huddled over pads of paper. They wrote feverishly. The music was relentless, the room thick with smoke. The beat and the smoke were backdrops to the inspiration—the rappers scribbling notes. It felt strangely churchlike.*

*"The interview began with a discussion of the violence from which gangsta rap sprang."*

**PLAYBOY:** Have you been shot at?

**DOGG:** Plenty times.

**PLAYBOY:** How? In drive-by shootings?

**DOGG:** Drive-bys, walk-bys. It ain't like that *Boyz N the Hood* shit. It's worse. In the movie, you know it's going to come, because of the music or the scene before. On the streets you don't get scenes. You could be hanging out, holding your baby—you know what I'm saying? And talking to your mama, and a car will ride up real slow. You ain't even paying attention, and they serve y'all. You, your baby and your mom.

**PLAYBOY:** So innocent bystanders are fair game.

**DOGG:** Shit, yes. If you're trying to get somebody and this might be the only time you're going to catch him, but he is holding his baby and with his mama, you ain't gonna let that chance go by. That's the mentality of the streets. If you let that chance go by, he might catch your ass. That's the way we are brainwashed. Instead of jumping out of the car without the gun and talking to him, you have to shoot.

**PLAYBOY:** What would happen if someone tried that, if he got out of the car to talk?

**DOGG:** He'd be shot. Instant.

**PLAYBOY:** Simply because he's in a different gang?

**DOGG:** Motherfuckers die for crazy reasons. That's why you have to ask yourself, What is heaven and what is hell? I think this is hell, where we're living.

**PLAYBOY:** You've twice been arrested for carrying guns. Did everyone in your neighborhood carry guns?

**DOGG:** Not everybody. Everybody doesn't have access to one, or the money to get one.

**PLAYBOY:** How about you?

**DOGG:** Why do people carry guns? Protection, right? To protect me and myself. Whether it's home protection or street protection.

**PLAYBOY:** Not all people use guns for protection—often they're for perpetrating crimes.

**DOGG:** For some. But, mostly, you view the perils and you know you can be a target. That's this life.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem fairly accepting of guns and violence.

**DOGG:** When I was a small boy, if we had a problem, we would fight about it with our fists. I thought that made more sense—it showed something about you. We wouldn't shoot somebody, killing them or wounding them. That's not hard to do. I would like people to put down the guns. If you have a problem, talk about it or fight about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you've glamorized guns by posing with them in photos.

**DOGG:** It wasn't glamorizing or glorifying. It was just something I was asked to do. I wouldn't do it again, except if I do a movie and play an Arnold Schwarzenegger.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you carrying a gun now?

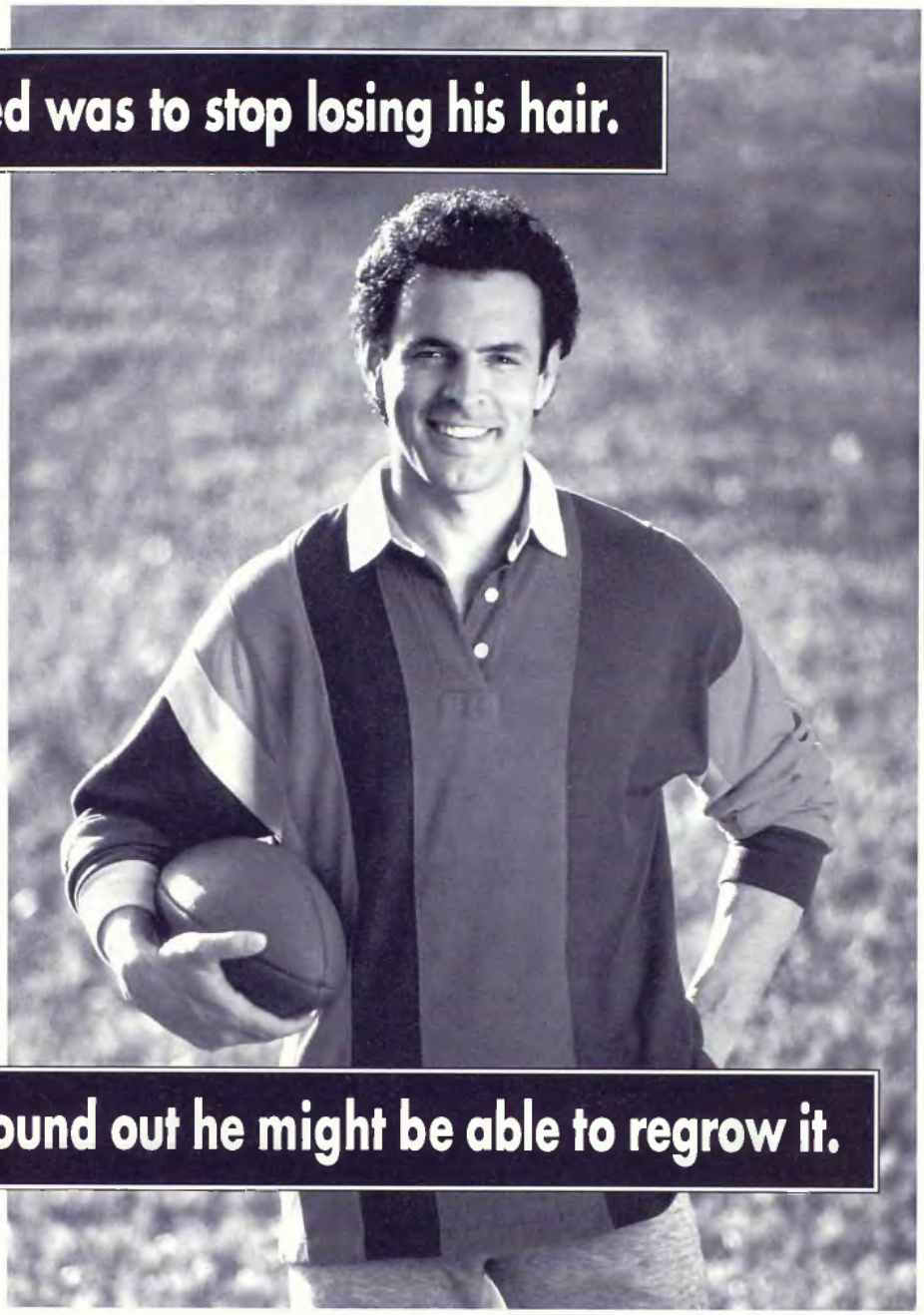
**DOGG:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you see your first shooting?

**DOGG:** When the family moved to north Long Beach from the east side, when I

# All he really wanted was to stop losing his hair.

Going from hair loss to hair regrowth was beyond his wildest dreams. But then he learned there's a product that could actually regrow hair. He learned about *Rogaine*® Topical Solution (minoxidil topical solution 2%). Because for male pattern baldness, only *Rogaine* has been medically proven to regrow hair.



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Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 26% of patients using *Rogaine* reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without minoxidil – the active ingredient in *Rogaine*).

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*Side effects?* About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those using a placebo reported the same minor irritations.) *Rogaine* should be applied only to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

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Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth.*

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Keep in mind that *Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it, you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. But it's easy to make *Rogaine* a part of your daily routine. Thousands of men do. And now you can find out if *Rogaine* is for you.

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See next page for important additional information.

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**Rogaine®** TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

## The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

**What is ROGAINE?**
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

**How effective is ROGAINE?**
**In men:** Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

**In women:** A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

**How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?**
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

**How long do I need to use ROGAINE?**
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

**What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?**
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

**How much ROGAINE should I use?**
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

**What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?**
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

**What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?**
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentelly gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

**What are some of the side effects people have reported?**
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

**Dermatologic:** irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.31%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, apididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

**What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?**
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

*Increased heart rate*: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
*Salt and water retention*: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
*Problems breathing*: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
*Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris*: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater then recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

**What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?**
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irriteted or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

**Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?**
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

**Should any precautions be followed?**
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

**Are there special precautions for women?**
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

**Can ROGAINE be used by children?**
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

**Caution:** Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

**Upjohn** | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

The Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, MI 49001, USA CB-5-S


was 15. That's when I started seeing real gangsta shit. I had motherfuckers getting shot, shooting at me. Getting robbed. Drug deals. Prostitution. I started seeing that shit hands-on. It wasn't just, "Oh yeah. Little Johnny got killed down the street the other night." It was like, *pow, pow, pow, pow*. Oh shit! Motherfuckers crying and shit because some of their people just got smoked.

One time I had a deuce five. Me and two other homeboys had that motherfucker sitting in the trash can in case the police came. We were between these buildings, just sitting around. So, a car drove by, right? It hit the corner real slow. I'm closest to the gun. I see the car creeping around the corner. But instead of grabbing the gun, I'm like, "Fuck that." I say, "These motherfuckers are going to blast." We get up and run instead of grabbing the gun. I almost got killed. But if I would have gone for that gun, I would have been killed.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you learn anything from that experience?

**DOGG:** Motherfucker don't need a gun. He needs his smarts.

**PLAYBOY:** What were they retaliating for?

**DOGG:** I shot a motherfucker in the head with a BB gun by accident. I had just bought a little BB gun. You know how you pump it up and shoot. Pow! I was just shooting. And the motherfucker hit the guy on the cheek. He went and got his homeboys and said I had shot at him or something.

**PLAYBOY:** After you got away, did they come after you again?

**DOGG:** Hell yeah! It's not like they get only one try. [*Laughs*] Doesn't go like that. Numerous occasions.

**PLAYBOY:** What's it like growing up with that constant threat?

**DOGG:** You're always ready.

**PLAYBOY:** You must have been afraid.

**DOGG:** Shit yes, you're afraid.

**PLAYBOY:** Now you have a son. How has that affected the way you live?

**DOGG:** And I'm going to have another one. It makes you think. We have to be good fathers to our babies, so we can put a stop to that pattern. Now people think it's cool to have a baby, but it ain't cool to take care of it. We have to change that. You make your life for that baby. That's the future.

**PLAYBOY:** Why is it cool to have babies but not cool to take care of them?

**DOGG:** Sex was around before we got here. It wasn't something that was taught to us. Nobody said, "If you have a baby, you'll need money to take care of it." Nobody said there wasn't going to be any money there for it. In Bel Air and Beverly Hills, 90 percent of the babies get taken care of. In the ghettos, it's 15 percent. Kids don't learn. It starts in the home. A mother and father or no father or mother. Nobody lays out a foundation of how shit is supposed to be. The pattern goes on.

**PLAYBOY:** Does fatherhood make you more careful? Do you take better care of yourself to make sure you're around for your son?

**DOGG:** I really don't do anything to break myself. As far as the damages to my body, I'm not a drinker. I let the gin and juice alone.

**PLAYBOY:** This comes from the writer of *Gin and Juice?*

**DOGG:** You won't hear any more alcohol songs from Snoop Dogg—unless I stumble upon some Hennessy.

**PLAYBOY:** Clearly you think marijuana is different.

**DOGG:** It ain't for bad, it's for good. I take good care of myself. [*Laughs*]

**PLAYBOY:** Beyond alcohol or drugs, do you think you will be able to stay out of trouble, either with the police or with gangs?

**DOGG:** Trouble comes looking for you. Lots of times I just stay in the house and enjoy my family. I try to be a father to my child. I'll stay out of trouble if I can, because I have lots to do. Other folks have different hardships. It's hard for a black man to raise a family.

**PLAYBOY:** What makes it hard?

**DOGG:** Finances are a big pressure. Welfare ain't shit anymore, and they're cutting it. So if mama can't do it with the father, she's damn sure not going to do it by herself—unless she takes some illegal means of making money.

**PLAYBOY:** Are financial problems the main reason that many ghetto families split up?

**DOGG:** Face it: If he has no job and she has no job, and she lives with her mother and baby, and there are no diapers, no milk and his only means of getting money is through drugs, and her only means of getting money is through the county or drugs, it will all break down, and nobody will give a fuck. If they have an argument because he's not able to do for her, he's gone. The kid's father is nowhere to be found. Yet nobody cares.

**PLAYBOY:** Nobody cares?

**DOGG:** Nobody cared about the riot until they thought it might spill into their nice neighborhoods. Then they got scared and called the National Guard. When it was in my hood, the police didn't give a fuck. When the looting was going on, the police ran right past. You saw it on TV: Everybody was running out of the stores and the police weren't doing shit. But when it spread to Beverly Hills, the police started beating motherfuckers. We got smart. We backed up before too many of us got hurt.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you in South Central during the riot?

**DOGG:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Doing what?

**DOGG:** I move with the time. Whatever's happening in time, I'm in.

**PLAYBOY:** Meaning what?

**DOGG:** I was there. Trust me, I was there.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you loot or fight?


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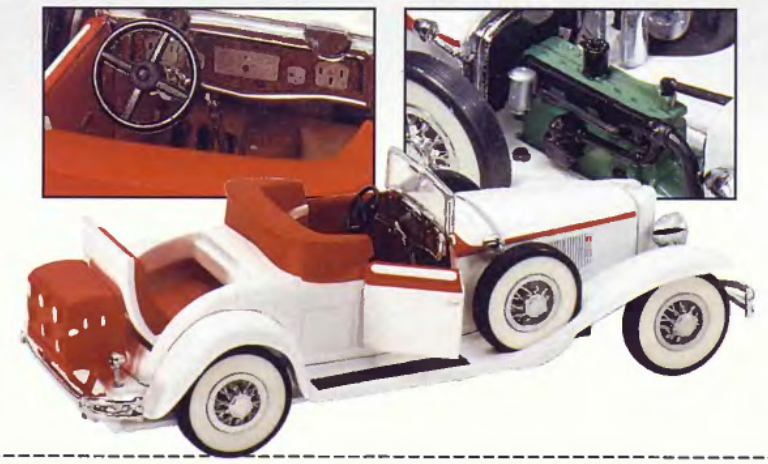

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**DOGG:** I was there. I wasn't a negative cause, I was a positive cause. Because that movement wasn't negative. It was a positive move to show that we're not going for this shit anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the riot had an impact?

**DOGG:** Yes, it did. But now it's forgotten, because everything is back to normal again. We don't know what to do about it, so we try it both ways. They killed Martin, they killed Malcolm. You got two black folk representing us through the Sixties. One of them was for violence, one was against it, and they both are dead. What is that saying?

**PLAYBOY:** What is that saying to you?

**DOGG:** That's saying America doesn't give a fuck about a black motherfucker. Nigger, you're outta here when we say you're outta here. That's it.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet Malcolm X was killed by black men.

**DOGG:** It doesn't matter how they do it. They do it. They pull you down, they set you up, they arrest you.

**PLAYBOY:** In your case, for murder.

**DOGG:** They find some way to bring you down.

**PLAYBOY:** It's always "they." Don't you feel any personal responsibility when you or your friends get in trouble?

**DOGG:** If I had been a straight-A student my whole life and had rapped about Jesus coming back to save us all, I wouldn't get no media. The motherfuckers wouldn't give a fuck about me. But since I'm telling the truth, and been through what I'm stressing and know what I'm talking about, I'm a threat. Because the motherfuckers have to respect the fact that this motherfucker knows what they know, but has a little more power than they do. That makes them feel I'm a threat, the same way Malcolm and Martin were. They had control of the whole black race. One side or the other, whether you were with Malcolm or with Martin, you were with the black race. Now there ain't any unity out there. Ain't no one motherfucker who could just call those shots. But the motherfuckers with power knock them down, so they can't use that power.

**PLAYBOY:** In your case, whether your bodyguard shot in self-defense or not, there was no outside force getting you in trouble. It was black men against other black men.

**DOGG:** So many people representing different sections of our community are taken down one way or another. The system was designed to break us down. You think it isn't true? The three-strike rule is to break down a black man. How are you going to say a motherfucker committed three crimes and you have to give him 25 to life? OK, on the fourth time he might not even want to commit that crime.

**PLAYBOY:** Americans want repeat offenders to be behind bars. Do you understand their fears?

**DOGG:** That's not giving no love. Black folks don't have a chance, so they are in the hood, dealing drugs, in a shoot-out. They do it again and one more time they are out. Those in charge are going back to your juvenile record. If you have two felonies as a juvenile, those count. You need only one more strike as an adult and you're through. This is a way to get rid of more of us—the ones who ain't already dead because they are shooting each other. They are building more jails in California. What about building more schools in our neighborhoods? Like Ice Cube asks, "Why are more niggers in the pen than in college?" It's easier to go to the pen than it is to go to college. The media created the buzz of rap being so terrible, but terrible is the ghetto shit we write about. We put it in their faces. Motherfuckers losing their lives. The fucked-up system. They don't want to hear it.

**PLAYBOY:** So they kill the messenger.

**DOGG:** Exactly. Because it happens whether we rap about it or not. But when we rap about it, and their children are listening, it's right in their faces.

**PLAYBOY:** Does being a messenger make you a target?

**DOGG:** It does. A target from outside or inside the community, because you have someone working inside for the outside. They got house niggers they give drugs and money to, and they got their agents in our community, and they bring in guns. But I was sent to do this by God, so he's not going to put anything on me I can't handle. If death comes to me, that's what he wants me to have. For now, he wants me to keep building and passing on his message. That's what I'm going to do, because I'm destined to live and say things.

**PLAYBOY:** There's a growing reaction in the black community against gangsta rap. Some black radio stations won't play your music.

**DOGG:** I sold 4 million records without them. They're hurting themselves. It's old white ladies, old black ladies, old black men, who don't even listen. Everyone else, everyone who understands, likes Snoop Dogg. They like my music.

**PLAYBOY:** The National Political Congress of Black Women says the music is "obscene and degrading," and that anything encouraging violence or misogyny or using profanity shouldn't be allowed.

**DOGG:** Do what you feel is right, baby. Do what your heart tells you is right. Because I'm going to keep doing what I do. People like it or they wouldn't buy.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you respond to Bob Dole's more recent criticisms of rap?

**DOGG:** Here we are, up from what we were. We're trying to make some money, to speak about our lives and make better lives for ourselves. They want to keep us down, is all. If Dole looks at what's really responsible for the problems in this country, he'll find it's not rap. Rap is music. He should look in the mirror and see.

**PLAYBOY:** Because of pressure from Senator Dole and others, there are rumors that Time Warner, which distributes Death Row Records, will stop putting out gangsta rap.

**DOGG:** We are just doing our music. Nothing has changed. We'll see if they can stop it when the people want to hear it.

**PLAYBOY:** There have been stickers on your records that warn about your language. Does that bother you?

**DOGG:** I think it's good. Then people know what they get. No one should be shocked after that. You were warned, you bought it. If you don't like these words, go get some gospel shit, or jazz shit or some whiter shit.

**PLAYBOY:** But most of the people who buy your music are white.

**DOGG:** Yeah. When I was on MTV, for instance, the whole audience was white. If you look at the tape, everybody in the audience was grooving like a motherfucker. They were dancing, rhythmic, because they weren't paying attention to what the older folks were saying. They weren't giving a fuck. They are enjoying life, like I do. And they are listening. They want to know what's happening, too.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the impact on young black girls when they hear you and other rappers singing about women being bitches and whores?

**DOGG:** Those who are, are. Those who aren't, aren't. Those words were here before I was here. America made those words, I didn't. I'm 24 years old. Anybody older than me knows they were saying bitch before I was born in 1971. And fuck and dick. I didn't make up that shit. If I did, I mean, damn, give me some money! Because that's creative shit. But the bitches and whores are the ones who come up to your hotel room, because they know you are making money, and after you get down and do what you're going to do, all of a sudden they get a rape case, and you end up in the pen. Like Mike Tyson, like Tupac.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe that Mike Tyson was innocent?

**DOGG:** Shit, yeah. I love Mike Tyson.

**PLAYBOY:** And Tupac Shakur, too?

**DOGG:** They want to take him down, but he has more of a following now that he is slammed down. More people are behind him now. All they are doing is helping him as far as when he gets out. They are putting him through hell right now, as far as life. It's something he's always known. Listen to his lyrics. He tells about this, about the system. He knows the way it's designed.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about his conviction for sexually abusing a woman?

**DOGG:** What is that? If a motherfucker wants to have sex with you, she is going

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to have sex with you. There's no such thing as abuse. She was liking it when it happened. After she left the room, she started to see that she could get money.

**PLAYBOY:** She apparently didn't like it at all.

**DOGG:** I believe Tupac. I know that a motherfucker won't be lying in New York, fucking the shit out of a bitch and just leaving her hanging. He probably was enjoying himself with her, and he probably was finished. One of the homes probably came in and she didn't know how to act and ran out of the room. If it was rape, it was rape. If it was sex abuse, that means she wanted it, or she didn't want it that way.

**PLAYBOY:** What if he hurt her?

**DOGG:** He didn't hurt anybody. If he did, he'll pay. But they won't stop him. Wait until his next record. It will be huge. I have some shit that we did together that nobody's heard.

**PLAYBOY:** How about you? Are you worried you'll be convicted?

**DOGG:** No. I trust the juries, I trust my attorney, I trust God. The fact is, the truth will come out. The truth will come out when it's time.

**PLAYBOY:** And what if you are convicted?

**DOGG:** He has a reason. I go with the time.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you acknowledge that your music is a powerful influence on young people? The way you sing "Walking down the street smoking endo, sipping on gin and juice" makes it sound very inviting.

**DOGG:** They listen because it sounds good. Fuck what I'm saying. I didn't make up those words.

**PLAYBOY:** You put them together, you made the rhymes.

**DOGG:** You're saying that those kids are going to smoke and drink because of that song, and not smoke and drink because of no song. That's not how it works. Hugh Hefner doesn't give a fuck about a motherfucker saying he glorifies sex. Why should I give a fuck about what a motherfucker feels about me glorifying life or violence? I'm living like Hugh right now.

**PLAYBOY:** What has been the effect of how the media have written about you?

**DOGG:** My people still love me. Some of them are scared, because they don't know what to believe. I don't speak much on a whole lot of shit. People who don't know me are so negative about me. When they finally meet me, they change that negative into a positive. I trip off that shit.

**PLAYBOY:** You've also been criticized by other rappers for leaving the hood.

**DOGG:** I never went through the hood and said, "Damn! When I make a lot of money, I'm going to buy that house right there!" I always wanted to get out of that shit and have a nice home where I wouldn't have to worry about gunshots. Growing up, I didn't dream of being nothing, of living in the ghetto my whole life. I wanted to get out. I'm not trying to run from the hood, I'm just trying to have expectations and goals to get the finer things in life. That's all. Because I am still going through the hood.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you need to be careful not to lose touch with your roots because of your fame and money?

**DOGG:** There's no such thing as losing touch. You can take me out of the ghetto, but you can't take the ghetto out of me.

**PLAYBOY:** How important is rapping in the ghetto?

**DOGG:** It was the way out for me. I've rapped since I was a boy. First I would just say other raps and put my name in. Then I was getting to the point where I didn't want to recite anyone else's words. I wanted to do my own shit. When a beat came along, I just started rapping. I was rapping against other motherfuckers at the time. Everybody was running up on me, like, "Damn, Snoop, that's tight."

**PLAYBOY:** What rappers did you listen to?

**DOGG:** Whodini. Grandmaster Flash, Sugar Hill Gang. All that shit.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you listen to other kinds of music?

**DOGG:** Back then I was rapped out. I tried to break-dance. I couldn't break-dance. Tried to hop. I couldn't hop. I was all right, but I wasn't tight like the

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other motherfuckers. They could bust nine spins, but I could do only two or three. So I was like, "Fuck that. I ain't fucking with that. I'll just rap." Once I became dedicated to rap, no motherfucker could say a thing. I was dedicated.

**PLAYBOY:** Your music is more complex than a lot of rap. Did you have any musical training?

**DOGG:** It's natural. I freestyle, meaning that I just rap. I might put words on paper, but I just put a beat on my rap, and go off the top of my head. It's something I've been able to do for a long time.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you listen to soul singers?

**DOGG:** Growing up, that shit's all we heard. Al Green and Curtis Mayfield. I'm into the soul collection. That's inspiration to me. Dramatics, Teddy Pendergrass, Isley Brothers. Enchantments. That's why motherfuckers say that I sing instead of rap. That's why I got more of an R&B sound. They say my shit is gangsta shit because of the words I use. But if you listen to it, it's R&B shit. I'm not rapping, I'm conversing. It's just a conversation between me and you. I'm no reporter. That's for the man with a suit and tie. I'm just relating to my people the best way I know, bringing them what they know and what they see out on the streets. I'm bringing it to them in a musical way, through a way of partying rather than violence. Now they can party their way through their problems.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it difficult to stay out of gangs in your neighborhood?

**DOGG:** No. You can avoid that shit. Nobody comes knocking on your door, saying, "Oh, you got to be some woo-woo." Nobody does that shit. If you associate yourself with those gang-mentality motherfuckers, you're going to become a part of it. If you go to church every Sunday, go right in the house when you get out of school, go where you got to go, you're straight.

**PLAYBOY:** Do some people join gangs for protection?

**DOGG:** I don't know anybody who joined a gang for protection. That shit doesn't happen in my hood. You join it because you need love and family support. You need a motherfucker who can identify with what you're going through.

**PLAYBOY:** You were present when the Crips and Bloods signed their truce after the riots. How involved were you?

**DOGG:** I supported it. I talked to some homies.

**PLAYBOY:** What did it take in order to make it happen?

**DOGG:** Money. They had to get something in return. OK, if we stop killing, what are we going to get? What are y'all going to do for us?

**PLAYBOY:** What was the answer?

**DOGG:** We're going to try to provide money and show these motherfuckers that it's safe to put jobs here. It's safe to build something here.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the money that was promised for neighborhood improvement ever show up?

**DOGG:** I ain't seen too much happen so far. They all say, "Oh boo hoo, ain't nothing can be done about those motherfuckers." Something can be done. They just don't want to do it. Money, opportunity and jobs. All we ever asked for was opportunity. Just let us be equal, to do what you do. And get the money like you get. Without racism, without all the struggle, without all this negative shit.

**PLAYBOY:** What does the movement away from affirmative action say to you?

**DOGG:** It says they don't want us to pick ourselves up.

**PLAYBOY:** If you're right, the gangs supply "them" with more ammunition—black youths shooting one another.

**DOGG:** Right, but it's the brainwash theory. Babies come out brainwashed, thinking that just because this man is from this side of town and wearing a separate color than what you are wearing, you have to fuck him up, because he killed the homey from way back. It's just like

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that. I don't know how they're going to stop that shit, but I'm trying to be a part of the plan. If anybody does care, I'll tell you what helps. Money helps. People who don't have money do crazy shit. People are spending all this money on bullshit overseas—fuck overseas. We're over here with you all.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get in a lot of trouble when you were a child?

**DOGG:** Uh-huh. I did the kid thing. A lot of things I was trying to do, I was trying to be grown-up. I did a lot of good shit, too. Played the piano. Sang in the choir. Church every Tuesday. Every Sunday. Bible study.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said your mother raised you. Where was your father?

**DOGG:** He got a Purple Heart in Vietnam and rested for about a year. Then he became a postman. My mama had moved back to California by then. He came out here but she was with her husband. So that cut him off. I didn't know he was my father. He used to come pick me up and shit. I was just five. When he put me in that long red Cadillac, I was like, "Where the fuck are we going?" He came to get me once a month. Who is this? Do you know what I'm saying?

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't your mother tell you he was your father?

**DOGG:** I wasn't trying to hear that shit. My mom was doing everything for me.

**PLAYBOY:** So you didn't want to know.

**DOGG:** Until I became a teenager, then I understood. But shit, every time I got whipped, my mama whipped me, so fuck him. That's how I was thinking back then. I was seeing him off and on.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't he a singer?

**DOGG:** [*Laughs*] Oh shit. Who told you that damn lie? He wasn't a singer. He played tambourine in a band.

**PLAYBOY:** What did your mother do for a living?

**DOGG:** She had small jobs—you know, working in cafeterias and shit. Sometimes she was on the county, sometimes she was working. She put food on the table and clothes on our backs.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you been helping your mother now that you have money?

**DOGG:** Uh-huh. Pretty much.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your father ever send any money?

**DOGG:** Hell no. He looked out for me later, when he could, but I don't remember receiving much money from him that helped save the day. If he had been doing his job, I wouldn't have sold dope.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your stepfather?

**DOGG:** I thought that he was my father most of my life—until I got to a certain age, when I really started looking at the other man and seeing that I looked more like him. It's complicated, this ghetto shit.

**PLAYBOY:** Your real name is Calvin Broadus—but Broadus was actually your stepfather's name, not your father's. Is that correct?

**DOGG:** Exactly. He's the man my mama married. That was before I was born. And I always thought he was my father because I had his name. He was all right. He never got on me for anything. He was good to us. He raised us like we were his kids. He did whip me one time. I remember when he whipped me. If I did something in school, got kicked out of something, my mama usually was the one who whipped me. But this time, she didn't whip me. She said, "OK, I got something for you." Then she called him over. I knew what he was coming over for, because him and ma went in the room to talk first. I put a book in my pants so I wouldn't feel this shit. So he said, "All right, come into the room." Then he said something to me that scared me like a motherfuck. He said, "C'mere. Lay on my lap." So I lay across like right here on him, and he hit me on the back [*Demonstrates*]. He said, "Why does your ass feel like that?" He pulled out the book, and he was like, "Take your clothes off!" And he whipped me with my clothes off. Damn! I got caught. That was the only time he really whipped me. I was like nine or ten. I thought I was slick by putting a book in there.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you find out about your real father?

**DOGG:** My mom and her husband fell out. It was a situation where I was getting kidnapped. He was taking me from school, and she would come and get me from him. Then he died. He died when I was in the eighth grade. That period was hard. My grandfather had died too, and me and my grandfather were close, the closest.

Moms knew I was all sad. So she was just like, "Oh, your daddy's coming down here." And I'm like, "Didn't he just die?" "No, your daddy's coming down here." And I couldn't argue with my mama back then, not in the eighth grade. I would have got the hell knocked out of me. So here he comes. I had to ride with the punches. I figured out that shit when I was about 17. I had gone to Mississippi with him before that. In the ninth grade, I went out there for a summer to chill with him, to try to get in contact with him, to know who he was. We chilled the whole summer. He got me a job landscaping with him, made me some money. And I appreciated that. But then he tried to chastise me one time. I wasn't going for shit. You can't start now.

**PLAYBOY:** Why was he chastising you?

**DOGG:** I had a gang of niggers in the house—motherfuckers that I had met out there in Mississippi. I didn't give a fuck. I wasn't going to be in a big-ass house by myself. So I had the homeboys come through. I was young then, and we were fucking up the house, playing football in the living room and shit, just fucking up. And he said, "Don't make me have to——" I'm like, "Don't make you have to what?" But he made me cry because I never had been checked by a man like that. Later on, my ma said, "You're going to have to go out there to live with him, because, honey, I can't deal with you." I'm like, "Fuck it. I ain't going." He's in Detroit now. I'm going to go out there to check it out. See, I wouldn't want my woman to go through with my son what my mama did with me. I was blessed enough to stay alive, but I was real hardheaded. There's a lot of shit she used to tell me, because a lot of my homeboys got killed and shit, and that affected her. It made her feel for their mamas.

**PLAYBOY:** You were a good athlete in high school. Why did you give it up?

**DOGG:** It wasn't making money for me and I was getting older and money was becoming important. To me, that shit—being Michael Jordan—was an unaccomplishable dream. I was like, OK, I'm going to do all this working out and shit, but then—fuck it. What if the motherfucker doesn't make the team? Meantime, my mama couldn't give me what I wanted. I had all right clothes, but the people I was with had better clothes. I felt that I had to have better clothes. Motherfuckers wore Nikes and shit like that, and we wore shoes from Payless. I had to have money in my pocket, see. That was just me. I guess it was attention. So I went out and got little jobs. I was selling candy as a teenager, selling newspapers. But as I got older, I didn't want to sell that anymore. I wanted to make more money.

**PLAYBOY:** How much were you making?

**DOGG:** I made $45, $50 a week. I worked at McDonald's for a while, making $100 a week. But I needed more.

**PLAYBOY:** More for what?

**DOGG:** For life. Moms couldn't do for me anymore. She barely could do for herself. When you get to that certain age, you feel like you're stepping from a boy to a man. When I turned 16, I thought I was a man. I needed the money. When you don't have it, crazy thoughts go through your mind.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as?

**DOGG:** He's got it and I don't. Why not take it from him? I'm bigger than him. You understand? I went to jail for what I started doing.

**PLAYBOY:** For selling cocaine.

**DOGG:** Yeah. When I got arrested, I thought that was wrong, crazy shit. I didn't understand. How could I go to jail for selling some drugs?

**PLAYBOY:** But you knew it was illegal.

**DOGG:** It didn't make sense. I didn't make the drugs, I didn't put them in the community. It was just a job I had. If they want to, they could take me to jail for avoiding taxes—I didn't pay any. But don't take me to jail for selling. I couldn't see nothing wrong with doing what is logical to do.

**PLAYBOY:** How is it logical?

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**DOGG:** Drugs are so easy to get in the ghetto. They might not be easy to get in nice areas like Beverly Hills, but in Long Beach and Compton and South Central they're easy to get. They don't drop those drugs off in Beverly Hills. They drop them off in the ghetto. Then they tell us it's wrong to sell them. Well, we didn't bring them here. We just sell them. I was selling, like I sold newspapers. It was just a giant step from that. From $50 a week to $1000 a week.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you spending your money on?

**DOGG:** I really wasn't spending it. I was so busy earning more and more, trying to get bigger. Then I bought a car. I got a hotel room and some clothes. You understand, it was a program I had. I was just dedicated to making money. When the surgeon general [Joycelyn Elders] said that drugs should be legalized, I saw somebody else who felt what I feel. But she got fired.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you believe in the legalization of drugs?

**DOGG:** Drugs bring in guns. They bring in all these black-on-black crimes.

**PLAYBOY:** If drugs were legal and you wanted to make more money, what would you have done?

**DOGG:** That is the question. What else is there? "Well, I'm going to go to school and get me a high school diploma and try to go to college." You have to say "try to" because even with a high school diploma and a 4.0 GPA, there's no college that's automatically going to grab you and give you a scholarship. There's certain classes you have to take, certain things you have to do, certain money you must have. Then, if you listen to the counselors and social workers and everybody else talking at you, you would think that once you got out of high school and college, life would be beautiful. But it's not. That's what you're up against if you don't want people to sell drugs. What else do you have to offer? All I knew was that I needed money. As a black man, I have to respect myself and have nice things. As a man in general. If they would have put positive opportunities in front of me to make $1000 a week, I would have done it. But they didn't. They put $1000 in front of me and an illegal way to make it. And they expect me not to do it because they say it's wrong. America is going to have to give something back in a major way, to where the people can say, "Well, they care about us and they're trying to help us." Cutting back on welfare and shit like that shows they don't give a fuck about us.

**PLAYBOY:** So it's not about only money?

**DOGG:** Yeah. It's like having nothing, no hope, nothing. Look at the way they're letting gangs and shit go on so there is black-on-black crime and murder. What does it show? It shows they don't give a fuck. I could show you a picture of my Pop Warner football team. There were 28 homies on that team. Twelve are dead. Seven are in the penitentiary. Three are smoked out. If they ain't dead or in jail or smoked out, they do the gang thing, sell dope. I can't look at that picture and say, "Well, hey, he went to college. He got a degree. Hey, that's little Johnnie Cochran." I can't speak from that shit, because I don't know nobody in that. I'm 24. To see 24 is an accomplishment. I've seen a lot of my homies burned.

**PLAYBOY:** You finished high school. Were you tempted to drop out?

**DOGG:** Hell yeah. I was making money. By the time I got to 12th grade I was making $1000 a week.

**PLAYBOY:** Then why did you remain in school?

**DOGG:** It was fun. I was popular as fuck in school. I was fun to be around. Motherfuckers loved me for my rap, they loved me because I made them laugh. Whenever I was in class, I fucked with the teachers, I fucked with the students. I wasn't yearbook class clown or funniest person, but the motherfuckers knew me. I rapped at lunchtime and quick as fuck the crowd got bigger. The principal tried to suspend me, telling me I started a riot at the school. I said, I'm just rapping. These motherfuckers want to hear what I'm saying. So the principal said OK, you can do it.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you close to your two brothers?

**DOGG:** Me and my big brother were close till he turned like 16 and he fell out with mom's husband and moved out. He joined the Job Corps in Utah and became a man on his own. And I had to go through my shit on my own, without a big brother, without anybody to get on my back. When we were young, whenever I'd lose a fight, he would save the day. This one fool would whip my ass. So once he finished, my brother would come right behind him and wear his ass out.

**PLAYBOY:** And how about your younger brother?

**DOGG:** I used to beat that nigger up. Just because I could.

**PLAYBOY:** Where are they now?

**DOGG:** My older brother's still in Utah. He has a little family out there. But my younger brother is in high school. We're trying to put him in basketball.

**PLAYBOY:** Are they both proud of you?

**DOGG:** Shit, I guess. A motherfucker can get some money from me now. [*Laughs*]

**PLAYBOY:** Just after you graduated, you ended up in jail. Was it worse than you expected it to be?

**DOGG:** Exactly. A lot of homeboys in the penitentiary might get this issue of PLAYBOY—it's in there, you know. I just want to let them know that I still support them.

**PLAYBOY:** Did jail change you?

**DOGG:** It helped me go from a boy to a man, to start to realize what I wanted to do with myself. I couldn't play anymore. I had to have a plan.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? Because you didn't want to end up back in jail?

**DOGG:** There were brothers in there who weren't ever going to get out. I didn't want to be in that situation. I was given a chance to bounce back, so I took it.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the hardest part?

**DOGG:** Just living there, basically. It was harder than I expected. Being away from everybody wasn't a big problem. Survival is key. People don't understand that you can actually lose your life going to jail. There's more violence in the jailhouse than there is on the streets.

**PLAYBOY:** What were some problems?

**DOGG:** For instance, a black show came on TV. *Good Times*. People who ain't black don't want to see that shit, so they get up to turn the channel. That's disrespect, if you ask me. You could be on the phone for ten minutes and somebody would come by and say, "phone check." And that's disrespect. How are you going to check me with the phone, homey? I get off the phone when I get ready. Just any little thing. Step on your shoe. Someone messes up your bunk, any little thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't it smarter not to get in fights?

**DOGG:** Well, it doesn't even have to be you. It could be another brother who got into it, and the whole yard riots. You're put in a situation by somebody else, something you didn't even do. But when it gets to you, you have to be ready for it.

**PLAYBOY:** What if you ignored it?

**DOGG:** They'd do something worse. It's a respect thing in there, all the way around. You don't get respect if you don't deserve it.

**PLAYBOY:** So you found a way to be respected?

**DOGG:** From rapping. I was rapping every motherfucking night. We put the mattress up and beat off a drum [*Sets up a beat on the tabletop with hands, singing a bass line*]. I talked about the police, about whatever the fuck was going on. Whatever we ate that day, I talked about that. I would ask them about some shit that happened in their hood, and I would put it down in rap form. They appreciate that shit and would tell other motherfuckers, "Nigger, this homeboy, he's tight and he'll rap for $20." Some of that shit ended up on Dre's album. It got to the point where these motherfuckers were saying, "Man, you got something there. Take advantage of that." And if these motherfuckers said something to you, it's like, you lis. These motherfuckers don't give a fuck about your ass. If they encouraged you, you had to jump on it.

**PLAYBOY:** Your big break came after jail when you hooked up with Dr. Dre. How did you meet him?

**DOGG:** Warren G. is my homey. He is

*(continued on page 70)*

# WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's an all-American and a man who has class—at least four times a week. The possibilities of the future astound him. That's why he has carefully studied his three Rs—reading, writing and romance. For him, the history of Western civilization stretches from Plato to PLAYBOY. It's the reason that one of every seven men between the ages of 18 and 24 read PLAYBOY, the *Cliffs Notes* of the good life. PLAYBOY—it's at the top of every savvy student's reading list. (Source: Spring 1995 MRI.)

WHAT COULD BE A SHARPER, SWEETER REVENGE THAN TO HAVE AN OLD ENEMY COMPLETELY AT YOUR MERCY?

# RAZOR

FICTION BY VLADIMIR NABOKOV

HIS REGIMENTAL comrades had had good reason to dub him Razor. The man's face lacked a facade. When his acquaintances thought of him they could imagine him only in profile, and that was remarkable: nose sharp as a draftsman's triangle; chin sturdy as an elbow; long, soft eyelashes characteristic of certain very obstinate, very cruel people. His name was Ivanov.

That nickname of former days contained a strange clairvoyance. It is not rare for a man called Stone or Stein to become a perfectly good mineralogist. Captain Ivanov, after an epic escape and sundry insipid ordeals, had ended up in Berlin and had chosen the very trade at which his nickname had hinted—that of a barber.

He worked in a small but clean barbershop that also employed two young professionals who treated "the Russian captain" with jovial respect. Then there was the owner, a dour lump of a man who would spin the handle of the cash register with a silvery sound, and also a manicurist, anemic and translucent as if she had been drained dry by the contact of innumerable fingers placed, in batches of five, on the small velvet cushion in front of her.

Ivanov was very good at his work, though he was somewhat handicapped by his poor knowledge of German. However, he soon figured out how to deal with the problem: Tack a *nicht* onto the first sentence, an interrogative *was?* onto the next, then *nicht* again, continuing to alternate in the same way. And even though it was only in Berlin that he had learned haircutting, it was remarkable how closely his manner resembled that of the tonsors back in Russia, with their well-known penchant for superfluous scissors-clicking—they'll click away, take aim and snip a lock or two, then keep their blades going lickety-split in the air as if they were impelled by momentum. This deft, gratuitous whirring was the very thing that earned him the respect of his colleagues.

Without doubt scissors and razors are weapons, and there was something about this metallic chirr that gratified Ivanov's warlike soul. He was a rancorous, keen-witted man. His vast, noble, splendid homeland had been ruined by some dull buffoon for the sake of a well-turned scarlet phrase, and this he could not forgive. Like a tightly coiled spring, vengeance lurked, biding its time, within his soul.

One hot, bluish summer morning, taking advantage of the nearly total absence of customers during those workday hours, both of Ivanov's colleagues took an hour off. Their employer, dying from the heat and from long-ripening desire, had silently escorted the pale, unresisting little manicurist to a back room. Left alone in the sun-drenched shop, Ivanov glanced through a newspaper, then lit a cigarette and, all in white, stepped outside the doorway and started watching the passersby.

People flashed past, accompanied by their shadows, which broke over the edge of the sidewalk and glided fearlessly underneath the glittering wheels of cars that left ribbonlike imprints on the heat-softened asphalt, resembling an ornate lacework of snakes. Suddenly a short, thickset gentleman in black suit and bowler, with a black briefcase under his arm, turned off the sidewalk and headed straight for white Ivanov. Blinking from the sun, Ivanov stepped aside to let him into the barbershop.

The newcomer's reflection appeared in all the mirrors at once: in profile, in three-quarter-face and showing the waxen bald spot in back from which the black bowler had ascended to snag a hat hook. And when the man turned squarely toward the mirrors, which sparkled above the marble surfaces aglitter with green and gold scent bottles, Ivanov instantly recognized that mobile, puffy face with the piercing little eyes and a plump mole by the right lobe of its nose.

The gentleman silently sat down in front of the mirror, then, mumbling indistinctly, tapped his untidy cheek with a stubby finger. Meaning: I want a shave. In a kind of astonished haze, Ivanov spread a sheet over him, whipped up some tepid lather in a porcelain bowl, brushed it onto the man's cheeks, rounded chin and upper lip, gingerly circumnavigated the mole, and began rubbing in the foam with his index finger. But he did all this mechanically, so shaken was he by having encountered this person again.

Now a flimsy *(concluded on page 140)*



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRAGG

# SNOOP DOGGY DOGG

*(continued from page 66)*

*A song ain't why people kill cops. People were saying fuck the police before the song came out.*

Dre's little brother. He was always trying to get me to rap and be with him in a group. But I never felt my writing was strong enough. Warren G. happened to take one of my tapes to Dre without me knowing it. Dre liked it and called me to the studio. He said, "I want to do something." He was finishing up N.W.A.'s last album, *Niggaz4life*. Before Dre and I got fully acquainted, he had just finished that album.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Dre introduce you to Eazy-E?

**DOGG:** I never met him through Dre.

**PLAYBOY:** You had written a song that had criticized him. How did you feel when he announced he had AIDS?

**DOGG:** We had problems, differences.

**PLAYBOY:** What were they based on?

**DOGG:** Me and Dre was homeboys and Dre had a problem with him. Dre got fucked by Eazy, who was taking all the N.W.A. money. That's why Dre left.

**PLAYBOY:** Ice Cube wrote a song that was critical of Eazy-E and Dre.

**DOGG:** Yeah, he checked all of them. Dre and Ice Cube have since made up. So when Eazy died, I don't know. I mean, that's God's plan. He'll take those away if he wants. And he'll let those stay if he wants.

**PLAYBOY:** How's your relationship with Ice-T?

**DOGG:** I look up to him like a grandfather, so we share a lot as far as experiencing knowledge. I respect everything about him—the way he staked the police.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you respond to the controversy over his song *Cop Killer*?

**DOGG:** It caused so much outrage because the cops are scared that a motherfucker would actually listen to that shit and react to it. But a motherfucker doesn't react to a song. That shit just pumps motherfuckers up and they dance at concerts and shit.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't think it could pump them up enough to act?

**DOGG:** No. A song ain't why people kill cops. People were saying fuck the police before the song came out. Go listen in the hood and you'll hear that they're saying the same thing.

**PLAYBOY:** When you met Dre, what were you doing for a living?

**DOGG:** I wasn't making money. I wasn't even selling dope. I was waking up in the morning to try to go make a tape.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you living at home?

**DOGG:** With my auntie. She took care of me. That shit was crazy as fuck. And Dre let me stay with him. He didn't know me. Me and Warren G. stayed with him because he was helping me out. I worked hard. It ain't like he just put me on there. I deserved that shit, because I worked hard. It sounded good, me and him together. Dre's *Chronic* album, which I participated on, goes to levels that people never thought such a hard rap album could go to. And I saw a lot of people anxious and anticipating my album, I mean, as if I was an R&B singer. As if I was on a level with a Michael Jackson, rather than as a rapper putting words together from a basic education level. I'm not complicated at all. I say raps that your two-year-old son can learn.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel when the rappers criticize you for going commercial? KRS-One said that you and Dre are selling out.

**DOGG:** He said I was selling out? What did he say?

**PLAYBOY:** "They're just doing what's selling records at the moment. They're following the same formula that the movie industry used when *Rocky* was successful and it put out *Rocky II* and *Rocky III*."

**DOGG:** I ain't even going to trip on that, because I didn't hear it myself.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the point? Does street music lose its power when it becomes successful?

**DOGG:** You think my music is sellout music? Listen. I've put out only one album. When I'm through and put my Barry White collection of albums together, motherfuckers will respect me. Worldwide. This is just volume one. There's more to come.

**PLAYBOY:** Why has it taken so long to produce a second album?

**DOGG:** I've been doing other things. I've been helping my homeboys. I made the movie. I'm helping Tha Dogg Pound record now. I don't even know what the fuck I'll rap about on my second album. I don't even know the title yet. That's what's so cool about it. When we go in clear-minded, we always come out with the best shit.

**PLAYBOY:** Have any of your songs been censored?

**DOGG:** Dre and I got pressure on one song called *Mr. Officer*. We had to change it to *The Day the Niggaz Took Over*. It was on the *Chronic* album. That song was like, "Mr. Officer, Mr. Officer, I'm going to see you laying in a coffin, sir." And they said, "Fuck that. We ain't going for that." But no record label made him change it. Dre changed it himself.

**PLAYBOY:** With *Deep Cover*, you basically give the same message as *Cop Killer*.

**DOGG:** It's saying "Fuck these undercover police that'll set up your ass."

**PLAYBOY:** You say, "1-8-7 on an undercover," though. That means the death of an undercover officer. You just hid the message.

**DOGG:** The police knew what it meant. The hood knew what it meant. That's all I wrote that song for—the police and the hood.

**PLAYBOY:** And to them you were saying kill the police.

**DOGG:** I wasn't saying kill the police. I was saying "1-8-7 on an undercover cop," meaning this motherfucker and I were doing business, I was trusting him, and all the while he had a wire on. And my girl coming in, happens to tap him on the back and that motherfucking wire falls out. He's through. That's what I'm saying. It's a story about that happening. It's not, "Hey, he's undercover. Kill him." It's what you feel like because you trusted him.

**PLAYBOY:** Would it be justified to shoot a man who did that to you?

**DOGG:** No one would be surprised if it happened. I don't want anybody shooting, but I can't stop it.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you write *Murder Was the Case*, about your own death in a drive-by?

**DOGG:** Everybody has to think about it, because you are going to die. I just dealt with mine on a record. When it comes in actuality, I'll deal with it then. But I just let the world know about a dream I had.

**PLAYBOY:** Did writing the song or watching the film scare you?

**DOGG:** Nope. It affected my mama and people around me. But I didn't trip on it. I look at it like I look at a regular movie. I can't watch that motherfucker when I'm at home by myself, though. It's scary with that spooky-ass beat, like a regular scary movie. I wanted it to be like a horror movie but still have some gangsta rap shit. And it does.

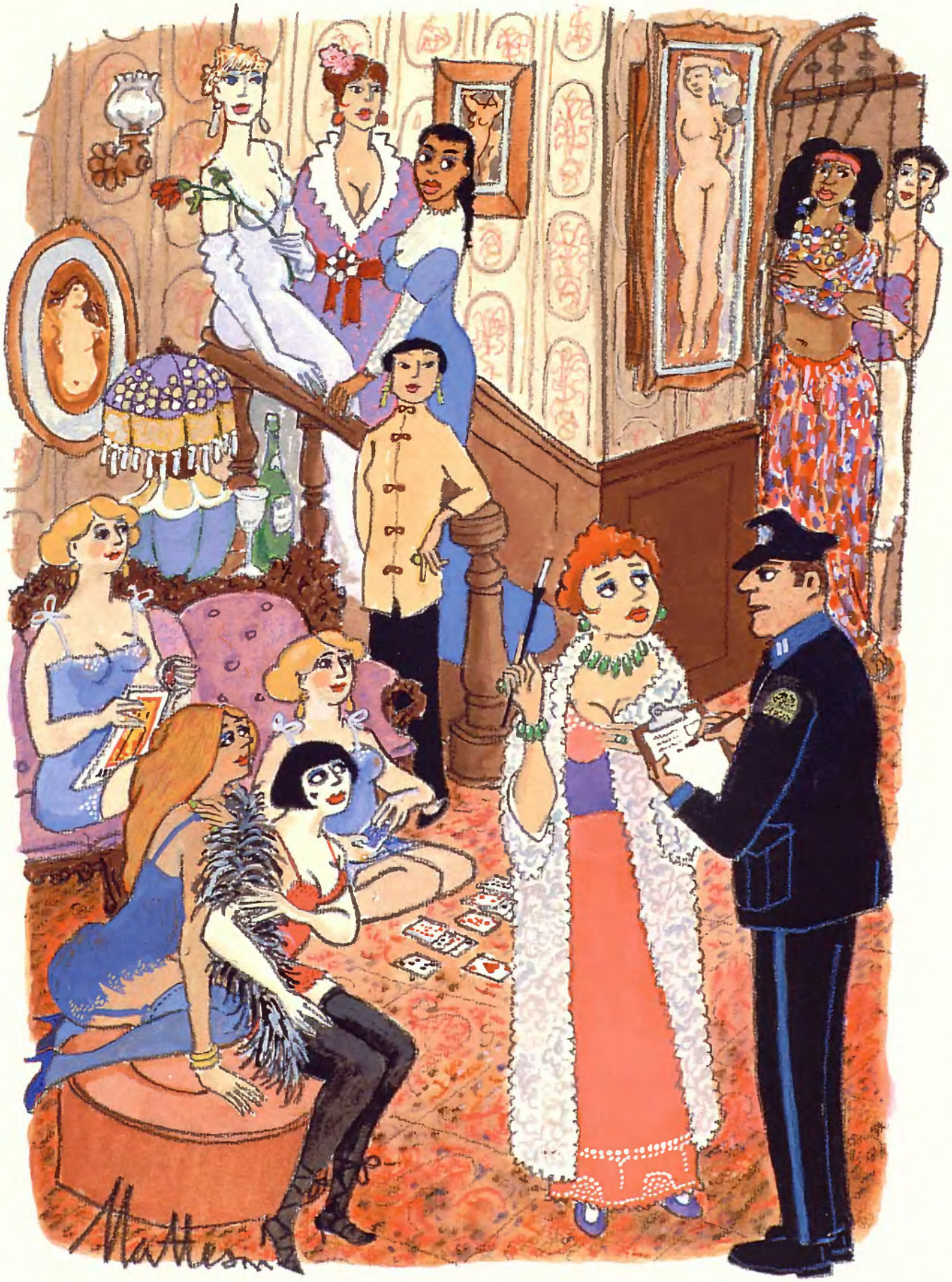
**PLAYBOY:** Did you worry about putting it out—giving someone an idea?

**DOGG:** Nope. Nobody needs a movie to give them an idea. Somebody's getting killed right now the same way I did on that video. People get killed every ten or 20 minutes. When we die, we are just another statistic. You begin to trip on it when you visit a hospital. A baby is born. Down the street in the hood some motherfucker is killed.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it scare you to think about your own death?

**DOGG:** Shit yes. Does it scare you? When you're dead, you don't breathe,

*(concluded on page 170)*



*"I'd hate to close you down, Flo, so make the place wheelchair accessible and designate some nonsmoking areas."*

# SHOWGIRLS

## the team behind *basic instinct* offers a cinematic ode to strip clubs

PAUL VERHOEVEN wants to set the record straight. When he traveled to Las Vegas and paid a buck-naked woman to writhe in his lap, it wasn't for fun. It was work—research for *Showgirls*, his upcoming movie about Vegas strippers. "It was not a strong sexual experience for me," the director insists. "I went in like a researcher, looking in an extremely clinical way." *Showgirls* screenwriter Joe Eszterhas, who accompanied Verhoeven on his fact-finding mission, begs to differ: "I saw Paul's face when he came out of that room after 20 or 30 minutes," he says. "There was nothing clinical about his smile."

Nor is there anything clinical about *Showgirls*, a sizzling, salacious musical *(text concluded on page 158)*

*Showgirls'* trailer at the Cannes Film Festival pravoked the French press to call Elizabeth Berkley "la nouvelle Sharon Stone."

Director Paul Verhoeven says *Showgirls* star Berkley has a basic instinct for revealing herself. (At far left, he directs her in a lap-dancing scene.) "She has no inhibitians about nudity," he says.

As Cristal, star of a Las Vegas stage show called *Goddess*, Gina Gershon (left and below at left) makes her entrance in an eruption of smoke and flames. Gershon figures the role is bound to boost her career. "If you can't get noticed dancing naked while coming out of a volcano," she told a reporter, "you might os well give it up."

Berkley enjoyed dancing starkers in front af 200 extras. "I wouldn't necessarily do it in real life, but it was fun to do it in a safe environment." And what about the grips, gaffers and assarted Teamsters who were paid to watch? "I'd look up and the crew would be doing crossword puzzles between takes," Berkley reports. "Then another girl would came in, and it would be like, 'Oh, new breasts!'" This is not to say they didn't appreciate her efforts. "Sometimes when I finished my strip numbers, they tucked money inta my G-string," she laughs. "Put it this way: Work wasn't boring for them, I'm sure."

a portrait of the accused bomber by the men who know him best—the gulf war soldiers of the renegade brigade

# TIMOTHY McVEIGH, SOLDIER

ARTICLE BY

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

On February 24, 1991 a freezing dawn broke in the Syrian Desert. The soldiers of Charlie Company loaded their weapons and listened to the thump of artillery shells and the whine of missiles. The numbing, gritty wind and the endless sandy plains made them feel vulnerable, haunted, as they prepared for the afternoon offensive. There was reason for their anxiety. Iraqi nerve-gas attacks seemed inevitable, and the Army's battle plan allowed for Charlie Company to take 70 percent casualties.

Among the troopers there that day was 22-year-old Sergeant Timothy McVeigh, a gunner in charge of protecting his Bradley fighting vehicle, an aluminum troop transport. If he misfired, froze or panicked, its occupants might be incinerated.

At 2:30 P.M. the countdown to battle reached one half hour. Jason Smith, the driver in McVeigh's vehicle, fired up the 600-horsepower, turbocharged diesel engine. Lieutenant Jesus Rodriguez, the vehicle commander, took his seat to the right of McVeigh and tested the radio system. McVeigh strapped himself into the gunner's turret and checked his weapons. In his lap he couched a Bushmaster 25mm cannon that could fire armor-piercing shells through six feet of reinforced concrete, or high-explosive shells with a kill radius of five meters. In an exterior box mounted to the left of the turret, two tube-launched, optically tracked, wire-guided missiles were poised to destroy enemy tanks within 3750 meters. A coaxial machine gun provided close-in support. The coaxial fires 1000 rounds a minute and is fitted with detachable barrels to prevent meltdown. An automatic cartridge-ejection system would prevent McVeigh from being instantly buried in casings during battle.

When McVeigh leaned forward, his forehead rested against a padded viewfinder. Its thermal sensors lit up the desert with a red background, and targets glowed. His screens were so accurate that he could pick off desert rats from 200 yards.

When thousands of synchronized watches hit 3:00 P.M., the M1 tanks (equipped with gigantic blades for plowing sand) and the Bradleys stormed toward the Iraqi bunkers. They then turned sharply to the left or right and began dumping tons of earth into the trenches. This plowing maneuver was so successful that Iraqi soldiers, many of them Kurdish draftees who would rather have shot Saddam Hussein than face the First Infantry, crawled frantically from the trenches as they saw walls of killer sand whirl their way. They ran straight into the crosshairs of



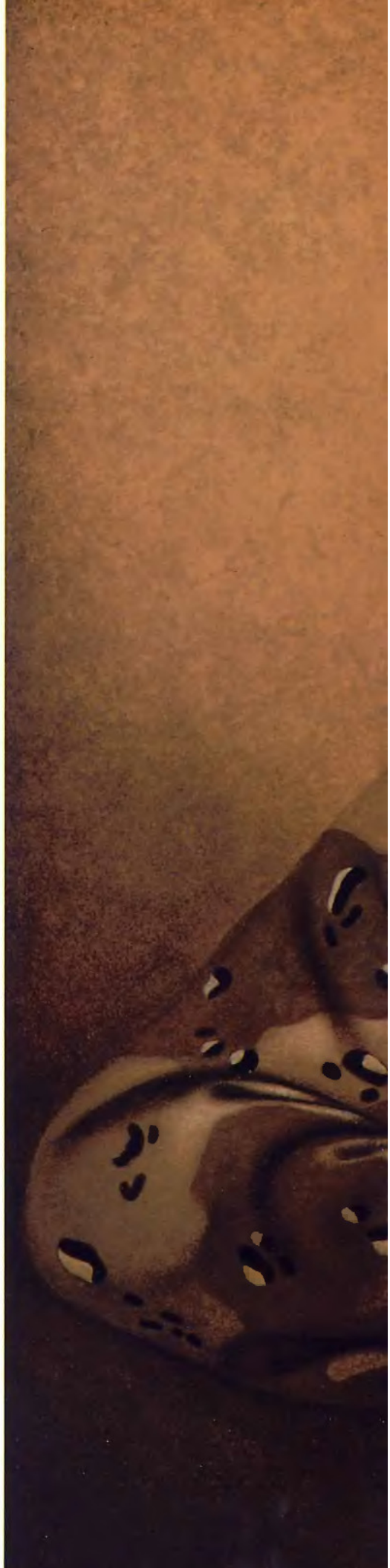
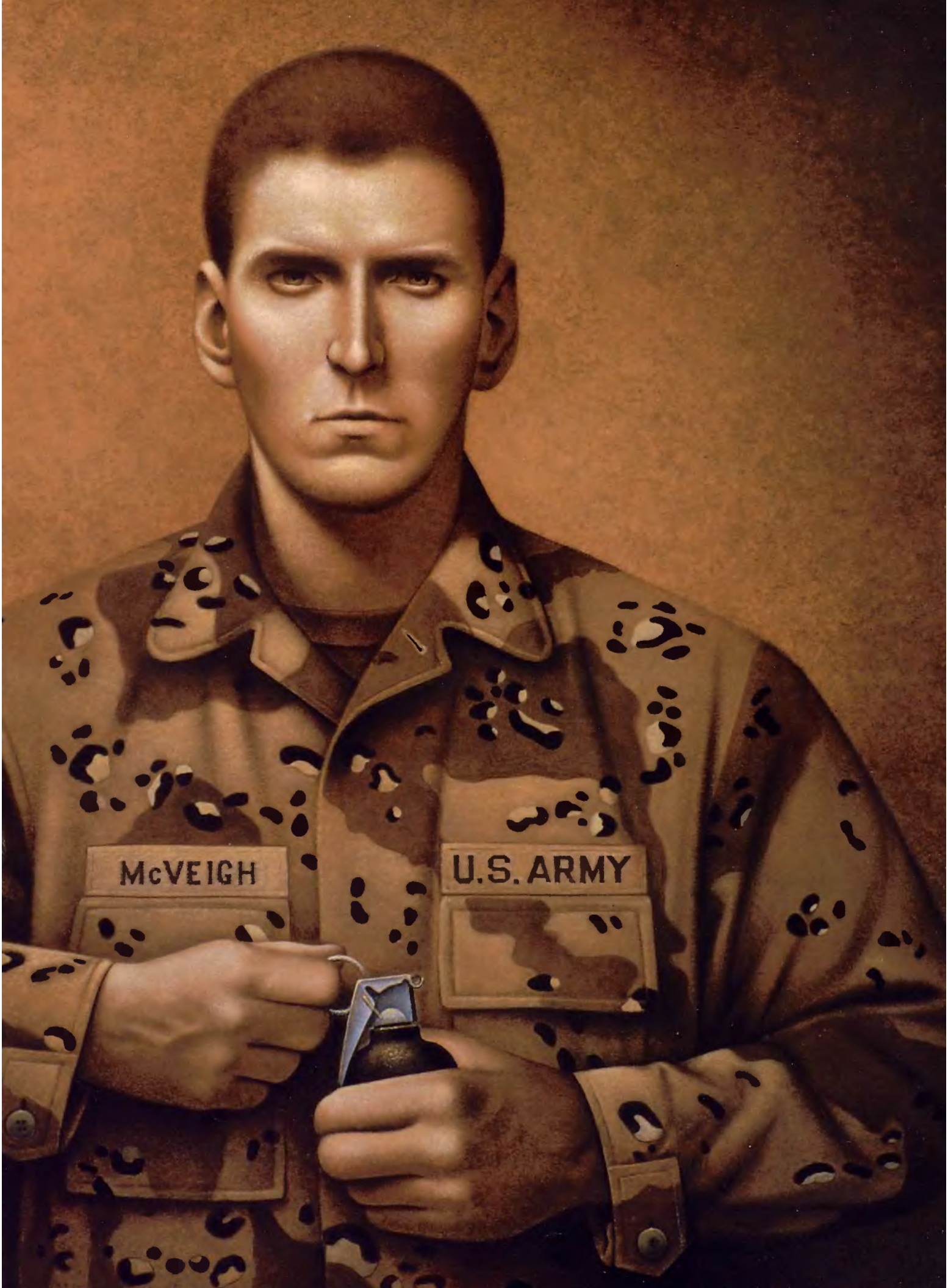


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX


McVEIGH
U.S. ARMY

Bradley gunners such as McVeigh.

"It was like a video game," said Robin Littleton, a gunner who fought in a Bradley vehicle alongside McVeigh. "We went through there shooting our asses off. The guys coming up behind us said it was the most horrendous thing they had ever seen. They were finding people beheaded, buried alive or trying to crawl with their arms blown off."

For nearly 48 hours this procedure was continued. The artillery bombarded the Iraqi trenches, then any Iraqis with white flags were taken prisoner. Finally the plows and gunners moved toward the trenches, turned smartly and shot or buried any of the remaining Iraqis.

"Once you made that turn, there was no time to let prisoners out," said Captain Jeff Coverdale, who fought in the brigade with McVeigh's company. "Everybody there dies. Then you move on to the next objective."

Two colonels who led this operation, Lon Maggart and Anthony Moreno, later estimated that between 650 and several thousand Iraqi soldiers died in the two-day attack.

McVeigh would later receive a Bronze Star, five other medals and an invitation to commando school for his part in the war. The citation with his Bronze Star proclaims that his "selfless actions were key to the flawless execution of the mission, the liberation of Kuwait and the ultimate defeat of the Iraqi army. Sergeant McVeigh's flawless devotion to duty truly exemplifies the finest tradition of military service and reflects great credit upon him."

•

In the aftermath of the devastating blast at the Alfred Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, the FBI and the Army have been reluctant to discuss the military career of the chief suspect. "I'm doing my best to distance the U.S. Army from Timothy James McVeigh," said Lieutenant Colonel Bill Harkey, a military spokesman.

And yet, many who knew McVeigh have been willing to talk about their former comrade-in-arms, sifting for clues to what could have made the alleged bomber commit such a crime. The soldiers and veterans who spoke about McVeigh, especially the gunners who served in McVeigh's platoon, insist that the Pentagon and the FBI have clearly downplayed McVeigh's weapons training and combat leadership. They describe a dedicated young soldier who fearlessly led his squad into battle. They also describe McVeigh as an intense student of war who read and reread complex weapons manuals.

The men of Charlie Company, including McVeigh, were part of many Army experiments, including those with untested vaccines, a new generation of experimental tanks and a community housing program designed to enhance group unity. This unity experiment, known as a Cohort program, kept the 115 men of Charlie Company together from basic training through combat. Many were in the same bunks, tanks and training courses as McVeigh for more than three years. These are the men who know him best, who fought alongside him in war and who are now bound together again by the possibility that their Charlie Company colleague had a hand in killing 168 people in Oklahoma City.

Before he joined the Army, Tim McVeigh saved $7000 to buy a ten-acre plot of land outside Buffalo, New York. With friends, he took his favorite guns to the plot for weekend shooting sprees. Neighbors complained that these sounded like a battle zone. During the week, McVeigh worked as an armored-car guard, where he got into trouble for wearing bandoliers of bullets across his chest. Two months after his 20th birthday, in May 1988, McVeigh enlisted for a three-year hitch in the Army. As a gung-ho infantryman, he would be encouraged to explore and expand his gun fetish—without such civilian limitations as ornery bosses and complaining neighbors.

After three months of training at Fort Benning, Georgia, McVeigh was assigned to the Second Brigade of the 16th Infantry Division, a mechanized infantry unit at Fort Riley, Kansas. His outfit was known as the 2/16, or by its Army title, the Dagger Brigade.

The blue-eyed, brown-haired McVeigh appeared to be the studious type. "He didn't cuss, didn't smoke, didn't drink, didn't chew tobacco and he didn't go out with us," said a fellow soldier at Fort Riley. "He just stayed in the barracks and read his covert operations books and *Soldier of Fortune*." McVeigh seemed to socialize with guns more than with people, and he never had much of a way with women. Not one soldier could remember McVeigh's having a date or female friend in his three and a half years in the Army. He wasn't gay, they say, just awkward.

Franklin Whiddon, a military colleague, remembers McVeigh for his enthusiasm. "When we chanted 'Kill, kill, kill, blood makes the grass grow,' his voice was the loudest."

The men were assigned to work with armored troop carriers, and McVeigh immediately volunteered to run the guns. While his colleagues were still learning the mechanics of the M16, McVeigh had already mastered that and three other weapons: a high-caliber machine gun, a precision missile system and a 25mm cannon. His marksmanship was unparalleled. "If he was given a mission and a target, it was done," said James Ives, a colleague.

The soldiers of Charlie Company were packed eight to a room in the barracks on Custer Hill at Fort Riley. With thousands of combat troops stationed so close together, blowups were inevitable. McVeigh's unit was called the Wacky Ward by fellow soldiers.

According to internal audits, Fort Riley was consistently rated as having among the worst morale of any Army installation. Coverdale, who lost two nephews in the Oklahoma bombing, was a public affairs officer at Fort Riley. He noted that the Dagger Brigade might well be renamed Renegade Brigade for its number of racial complaints and recent shootings and suicides. When Coverdale discovered that McVeigh was a former soldier with the 2/16, a rage burned inside.

"There was a major who was an arsonist—twice he burned down barracks—and he wasn't disciplined," said Coverdale, now a high school teacher in Junction City, Kansas. "What happens if that guy, who is now in the civilian world, sets fire to somebody's house and burns up somebody's kids? It may never happen, but a guy who committed a criminal offense was released back into society without even a slap on the wrist. So why shouldn't he think it's all right for him to do it again?"

Coverdale predicted more vicious consequences from the military budget cuts that had forced tens of thousands of soldiers to return to civilian society. "The drawdown creates frustrated, hostile people. There are some guys who were kicked out who think they are God's gift to the military and are mad at the world now. They are prime recruits for the militia organizations—which, by the way, look for new members on post."

Racism also festered in the 2/16, according to members of the unit. "McVeigh's unit had been a hotbed of racial activity for years," said Coverdale, who is now filing a discrimination complaint against the First Infantry Division. "I'm glad that Todd Regier [a colleague of McVeigh's] talked about how McVeigh gave the worst jobs to 'the niggers,' because that is exactly what went on there."

Several black soldiers in McVeigh's company complained to their superiors that McVeigh called them niggers and consistently gave them demeaning tasks. He received a mild reprimand.

*(continued on page 88)*

*"I've always wanted to fight evil. Please take me with you, Thunder Woman."*

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

# FAB FIFTIES

## from baggy bowling shirts to buddy holly specs, the latest campus looks are kramer cool

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

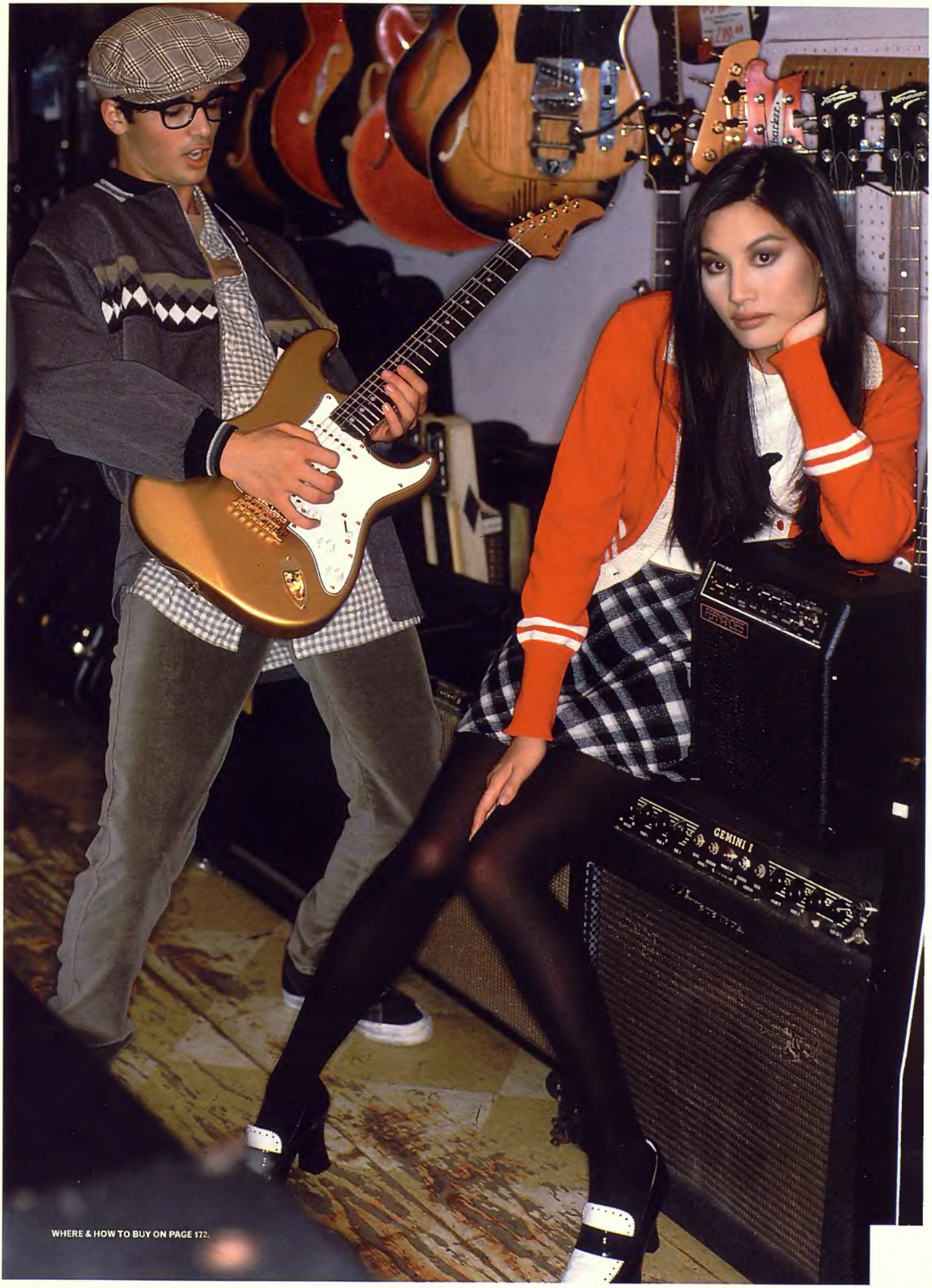
Most of us would overlook Cosmo Kramer as a fashion trendsetter. But the Fifties fashions worn by Seinfeld's quirky sidekick are the leading look on college campuses this fall. For example, guys are pairing oversize shirts and sweaters with baggy jeans and cargo pants. Trim is on everything from neoprene vests (such as the one by Diesel pictured here) to vintage zip-front jackets. There are even bowling shoes and skateboard sneakers, slide-buckle belts, wire aviator-style sunglasses, and plaid golf hats or baseball caps worn backward—for those Krameresque bad hair days.

Playing the pickup game below and opposite, this air collegian dresses for one-on-one action in a cotton long-sleeved boat-neck shirt (about $40), a neoprene zip-front vest with striped trim ($150) and cotton canvas oversize fatigue pants with rubber buttons, cargo pockets and an adjustable waist (about $150), all by Diesel; plus a nylon belt with a silver slide buckle by DKNY (about $90), suede skateboard sneakers with contrasting stitching by Vans ($60) and mirrored aviator sunglasses by Guess Eyewear ($65).

WOMEN'S STYLING BY LEE W. MOORE FOR VISAGES STYLE, LOS ANGELES

Petro is the way to go. The guy at left combines a cotton-knit overshirt with contrasting trim by BC Ethic ($55), with a cotton tank top by Jockey ($6), jeans by Marithe & Francois Girbaud ($60), a leather belt by DKNY ($95) and leather bowling-style shoes by Guess Footwear ($140). Dressed for in-line action, the hotfoot below and right sports a neoprene jacket with striped sleeves ($275) and sunglasses ($100), both by Diesel, a striped cotton crewneck shirt ($28) and cotton corduroy skater shorts ($54), both by Marithe & Francois Girbaud, plus a leather belt by DKNY ($82) and a baseball cap by BC Ethic ($27).

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY GARETH GREEN FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS
MEN'S GROOMING BY ROBERT DE ROOZE FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS




WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 172.

Left: Obviously, this Buddy Holly wanna-be needs to keep studying for a day job. His outfit includes a polyester-rayon Fifties-style jacket with a modified argyle pattern by Tag Rag ($48), a cotton crewneck T-shirt by Diesel ($30), a cotton-rayon gingham buttondown shirt by Mossimo ($46) and cotton velvet jeans by Paul Smith Jeans ($185), plus a plaid golf hat by BC Ethic ($19), suede skateboard sneakers by Vans ($55) and eyeglasses by Paul Smith Spectacles from Oliver Peoples ($220). Right: Cowboy clothes are campus cool, too, as long as they're oversize like this orange cotton flannel snap-front overshirt by MNW Wardrobe ($120), worn with a washed cotton denim Western shirt by Guess Men ($78), cotton denim boot-cut jeans by DKNY ($58) and a leather belt (about $30) plus a sterling silver slide buckle with a cactus motif ($225), both by H. Kauffman & Sons.

LOCATION: LITTLE RICKIE, NEW YORK CITY

## TIMOTHY McVEIGH *(continued from page 80)*

*In a 25mm cannon course, McVeigh was taught about explosives. Weapons had become his specialty.*

"He was promoted shortly after that and was made a squad leader," said Coverdale. "So you take someone who was reprimanded for messing over three guys and put him in charge of nine? What example does that set?"

Others praised McVeigh. "This racism stuff really burns my butt," says Captain Terry Guild, who was McVeigh's platoon commander. "He was a good leader. He took care of his men. He was a sound man, proud to be in the Army and serving his country."

In March 1990 McVeigh was promoted to corporal and, along with a group of his peers, was invited to participate in a three-month Bradley training course at Fort Riley. Now he could practice on the live-fire range, aiming TOW missiles at plywood targets. In a 25mm cannon course, McVeigh was taught about the different explosives used to blow up tanks or destroy small bunkers. Weapons were becoming his specialty.

By the summer of 1990 McVeigh was the pride of the infantrymen, at least on the battlefield. But back in the barracks, he was a shrewd entrepreneur who ran a loan-sharking operation. When other soldiers in Charlie Company blew their cash on lap dances or pitchers of beer at strip joints, they had two options: the row of pawnshops just outside the Fort Riley gate or a loan from McVeigh. When payday came, McVeigh opened his accountant's book and sought out the men who owed him money. He also ran a gun business, showing pictures of weapons and procuring them for his buyers. He carried a small arsenal under the seat of his car, in the glove compartment and in the trunk. He was rarely separated from a black Glock semiautomatic pistol, which he usually tucked into his pants at the small of his back.

In the autumn of 1990, as McVeigh finished his Bradley course, he reenlisted. He was aiming for a long career in the military, with retirement sometime around 2023. On November 8, 1990 the men in McVeigh's unit were notified that they were headed to Saudi Arabia. They began preparing for a tank war in the Iraqi desert.

One month later, McVeigh and the 115 men of Charlie Company were bused 60 miles east of Fort Riley to Forbes Field. Each soldier was issued a 15-day supply of ammo, a five-day supply of food, one M16 and one nerve gas survival suit. They also received anti–nerve gas injection kits, which they stored inside their chemical warfare masks. The nerve-gas serum and other experimental medicines caused fear and resentment among the soldiers. According to one widely told story, a Fort Riley soldier who was sleeping on his gas mask accidentally pressured a syringe, causing a needle to jab into the back of his neck and kill him instantly. The Pentagon sought to stop this rumor with bulletins denying the incident, but the collective fears of 500,000 green troops would not be so easily quashed.

When the vehicles arrived in Saudi Arabia, McVeigh was given a Bradley just off the assembly line in San Jose, California. Inside the vehicle, the governor that limited its top speed was removed and the end caps came off the TOW missiles. Now the driver, Smith, could maneuver the Bradley at up to 70 mph and McVeigh could fire guided missiles at live targets rather than at Fort Riley's plywood mock-ups.

Colleagues say that McVeigh was neither aggressive nor bloodthirsty as his date with combat neared. He did, however, volunteer for extra work so often that they joked he would have signed up for an extra dose of the feared Desert Storm vaccine. While other soldiers played cards and shared meals, McVeigh could usually be found holed up in his Bradley turret for hours at a time, eating alone and showing his comrades only the back of a gray fiberglass swivel seat.

McVeigh's battles had already begun. His first adversary was the desert wind, which threatened to foul his weapons with sand. Although it was a tedious task to dismantle, clean and lubricate the 25mm cannon and the coaxial machine gun, McVeigh labored to keep them in combat-ready condition. He was fastidious about his sleeping quarters as well. One could lift the flap of his tent and find hospital corners, folded socks and military precision down to the last stacked ammunition box.

McVeigh knew that his million-dollar Bradley fighting vehicle was a virgin war toy. The only hits it had taken were press reports calling the aluminum troop transport a gold-plated coffin. In the Iraqi desert, the million-dollar vehicle would finally face enemy fire.

"They told us that if the hatches were closed and we took a direct hit, the pressure alone would blow us up," explained Troy Charles, a Bradley driver in Charlie Company. "It's kind of like an unopened Coke bottle, you know, when you shoot it with a rifle? We were the Coke. We were actually told that the life expectancy for an infantryman on the battlefield was 13 seconds. We had to live with those kinds of figures."

On February 1, McVeigh was promoted to sergeant, his fourth promotion in less than three years. The young soldier was proud that he would go to war as an officer. His colleagues were more interested in his ability to precisely lob cannon shells 2000 yards across the desert. McVeigh had received an Army Commendation Medal for his marksmanship. On the Bradley qualification test he racked up a perfect score.

As sergeant, McVeigh was the deputy commander inside the vehicle. By military protocol, he was subordinate to Jesus Rodriguez, the lieutenant in the same vehicle. In reality, McVeigh ran the vehicle and reviewed the battle plans. According to other men in the Bradley, Rodriguez was a lackluster lifer who was unable to unite the troops.

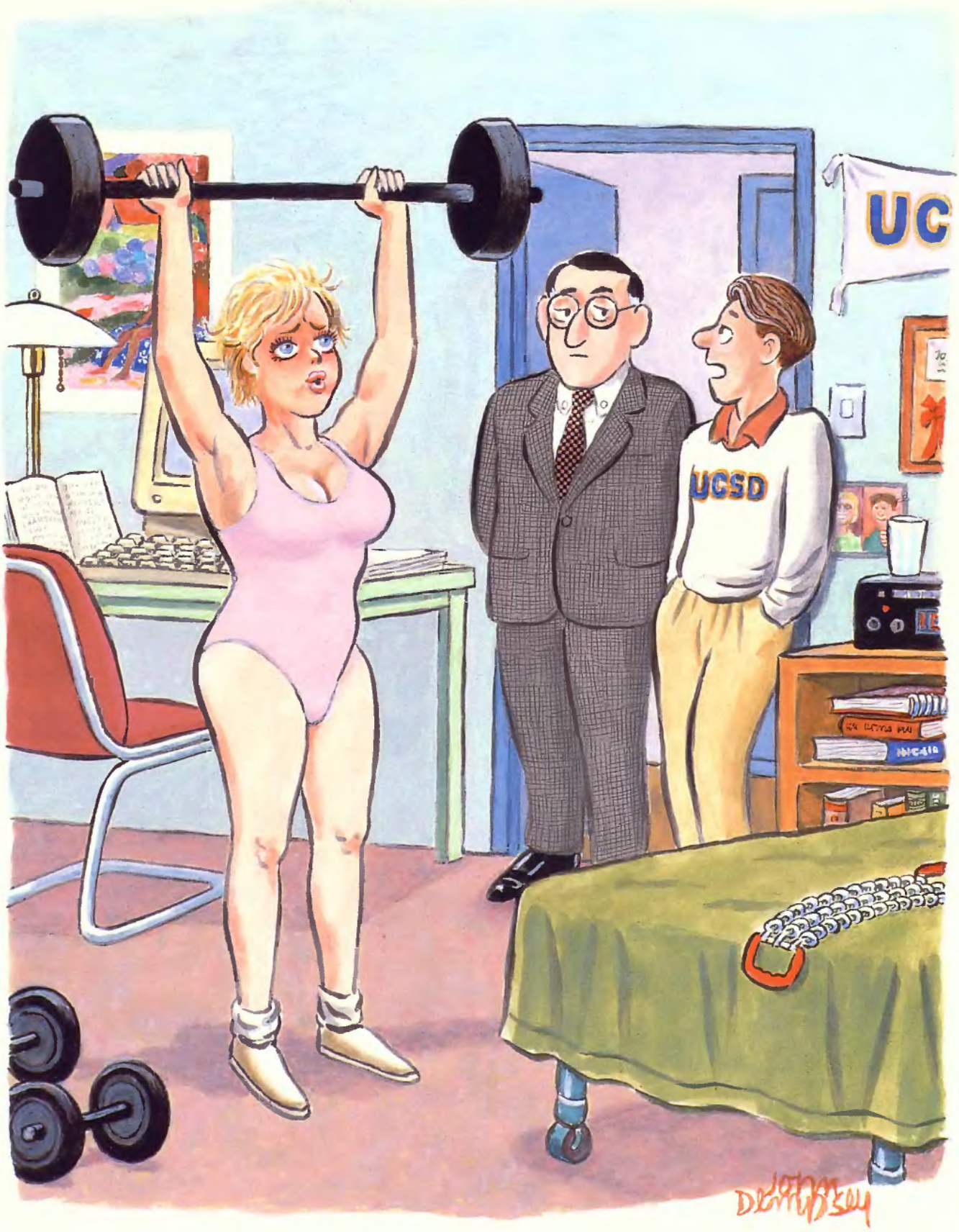
"We survived in spite of Rodriguez," said Sheffield Anderson. "McVeigh was a calming force in the vehicle."

By the middle of February the air war was rattling to an end and the artillery had taken up shelling Iraqi trenches with cluster bombs. The Apache helicopter pilots practiced on Nintendo Game Boys, and infantrymen trucked their tanks to the front. McVeigh arrived at King Khalid Military City on February 12, then headed north to the border. The troops were having live-fire practice, sighting their weapons and adjusting for the terrain.

On February 22, orders finally came to attack the Iraqi lines. The offensive would begin in 48 hours. McVeigh and his comrades would be in front as American forces attempted to break through. Some soldiers tied Rambo-style bandannas on their heads. But McVeigh, close-cropped and intent, would go to battle in strict military uniform.

The night before battle, his carefully controlled emotions unraveled a bit during a conversation with Anderson, who is now a probation officer in Florida. "We were in the desert, sleeping on the sand, and he really thought we were going to die," recounts Anderson. "He was worried that we would be killed by our own helicopters or tanks." Indeed, the original battle plan had the troops advancing on foot, which would have caused many casualties.

*(continued on page 170)*




*"You're worried about me breaking your daughter's heart, Mr. Baker?
I'm worried about her breaking my back."*

THEY'RE HERE, THEY'RE QUEER, THEY'RE HIRING PUBLICISTS

HUMOR BY BRENDAN BABER AND ERIC SPITZNAGEL

# Lesbian Chic

*"Six simple words: I'm not gay, but I'll learn."*
—HOMER SIMPSON TO HIS DAUGHTER LISA

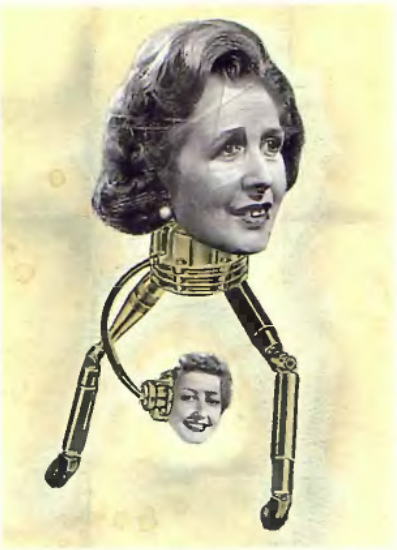
In the past few years, lesbianism has gone from being a minor subplot in porno movies to becoming the hottest pop-culture movement since *MTV Unplugged*. Lesbians aren't merely accepted, they're in demand. Check the box offices, record charts and TV schedules. With the success of *Go Fish* and *Boys on the Side*, a rush of new films with lesbian themes has come out in 1995, including such notables as *Bar Girls*, *Gazon Maudit*, *The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love*, *When Night Is Falling* and *June Bride*. Lesbian characters have shown up on the TV sitcoms *Roseanne*, *Married With Children* and *Friends*. Musicians such as k.d. lang and Melissa Etheridge have strengthened their popularity by laying claim to their lesbianism. Writers such as Camille Paglia and Susie Bright have given lesbianism a popular, and loud, voice for the first time. On college campuses from coast to coast, lesbianism is being promoted as a career option. Kent State University now offers a full-credit course on the gay and lesbian lifestyles.

Because lesbianism has become hip, anyone who is anybody has suddenly decided that she would like to be a lesbian, too. Courtney Love flirted openly with her female companion at the Oscars. When supermodel Rachel Williams announced her lesbianism, *Vanity Fair* described it as "an instant new claim to fame." Never one to be left out of a fetish, Madonna has paraded her polysexuality before anybody with a camera or a contact with *Entertainment Tonight*. Men jump on the near-queer bandwagon by becoming woman-loving women online, with the odd result that men are loving men, as women.

The secret to the craze is that Nineties-style lesbianism requires no commitment. Like the swingers' movement of the Seventies, lesbian chic gives people a chance to experiment with a foreign sexual lifestyle while having enough freedom to run away, or change the channel, if things get too weird.

But even if lesbian mania is only a passing fad, you can't blame us for getting caught up in all the excitement. The girl-girl thing is aesthetically pleasing, rarely causes clashes with cops and renders yucky birth-control devices completely unnecessary. Better yet, it's a testimony to the power of capitalism that no matter how outlandish the deviation from the mainstream, somebody will always find a way to use it to sell perfume. All hail the near-queer.

**Lesbianism is now such an attention grabber and career booster that everybody is donning mannish clothes and making eyes at butch females. Madonna defined lesbian chic on her Blonde Ambition tour, while Courtney Love flirted with it for the grunge crowd. Cindy Crawford, Maggie Thatcher and Gloria Steinem may be heterosexuals, but, hey, they could ride a cultural wave if they wanted to.**



### Best-Marketed Lesbians

Susie Bright
Camille Paglia
Pat Califia
Andrea Dworkin
Madonna

### Lesbian Long Before It Was Cool

Sappho
Eleanor Roosevelt
Gertrude Stein
Greta Garbo
Billie Jean King

### Not A Lesbian, But Dresses Like One

Sinéad O'Connor
Diane Keaton
Janine Turner
Janet Reno
John Denver

### Will Pretend To Be A Lesbian For Photo Opportunities

Courtney Love
Veruca Salt
Cindy Crawford
Tatum O'Neal
Anyone in Madonna's entourage

### We Always Kind Of Hoped They Were Lesbians

Gloria Steinem
Yoko Ono
Charlie's Angels
Cast of *The Facts of Life*
Those fabulous Gore girls

### Lesbian By Virtue Of Having Been Seen With Madonna

Sandra Bernhard
Naomi Campbell
Rosie O'Donnell
Isabella Rossellini
Warren Beatty

### Failing Careers That Could Be Saved By Lesbianism

Goldie Hawn
The Bangles
Margaret Thatcher
Connie Chung
The cast of *Saturday Night Live*

### Curiously Infatuated With Lesbians

Dennis Miller
Howard Stern
Michael Douglas
The Warner Brothers network
The authors of this article

### Lesbian Accessories

BEGINNER:
Secondhand men's clothing
Combat boots
Pro-choice buttons
ADVANCED:
Aluminum spiral bras
Rubber jewelry
Freedom rings (lots of 'em!)

### Not Made For Lesbians, But Loved By Them

Ben & Jerry's ice cream
L.L. Bean catalog
*Songs of the Humpback Whales*
PLAYBOY magazine
Birkenstocks

### Wants To Be A Lesbian, But Prevented By Penis

Phil Donahue
Penn Jillette
Urge Overkill
John Irving

### Not A Lesbian, But Willing To Pretend When Paid

Sharon Stone
Whoopi Goldberg
Seka

### Willing To Pretend Not To Be A Lesbian When Paid

Jodie Foster
Kristy McNichol
Amanda Bearse

### Cool Films With Lesbians

*Go Fish*
*Bar Girls*
*The Hunger*
*When Night Is Falling*

### Cool Films With Lesbians Who Kill

*Butterfly Kiss*
*Thelma & Louise*
*Basic Instinct*
*Fun*

### Lesbian Forums On America Online

Lesbian bikers: *Bicycling Magazine* Online
Lesbian Buddhists: Ethics and Religion Forum
Senior lesbian issues: Senior Net Online
Lesbian Deadheads: Grateful Dead Forum
Lesbian demon possession: Christianity Online

### The Near-Queer Reader

*Lesbomania* by Jorjet Harper
*Susie Sexpert's Lesbian Sex World* by Susie Bright
*Herotica I, II* and *III*
All those *très* goth books by Anne Rice

# Lesbians for a Day

## IS BEING GAY SO HIP THAT EVEN STRAIGHT WOMEN CAN'T SAY NO? A REPORT FROM THE TRENCHES

ARTICLE BY MYLES BERKOWITZ

A couple of months ago, I was browsing through a mall with Lisa, an attractive woman with perfect manners, an Ivy League education and a successful business. I, of course, was trying to get her into bed. My seduction strategy was to heighten all her senses by shocking her with stories of my more memorable sexual exploits, none of which impressed her.

Instead, she rolled her eyes in amusement and pointed to a chunky saleswoman in the shoe store in front of us. "See that woman selling shoes? We had sex a couple of times last year." In the battle for bragging rights, she had just trounced me.

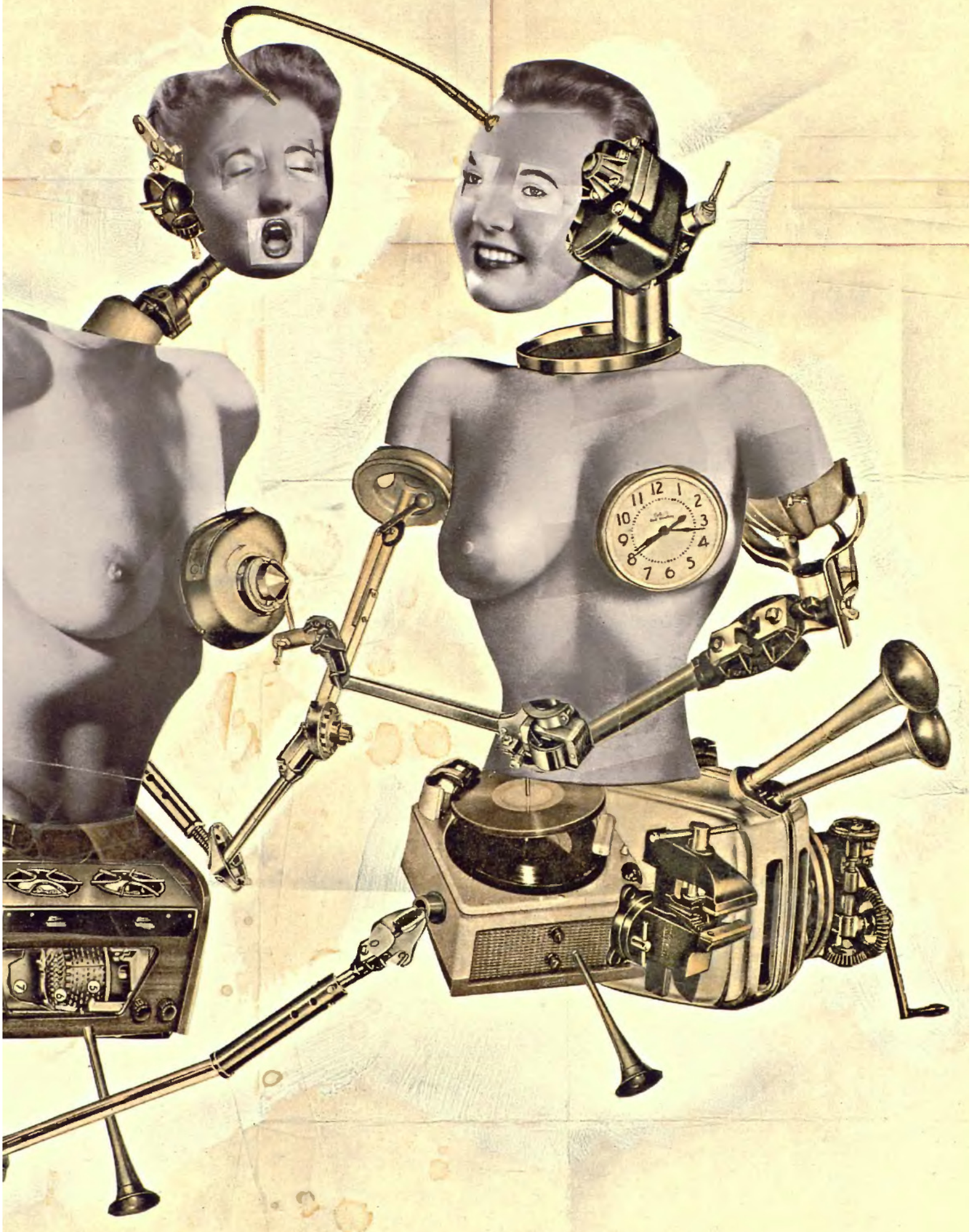
I know Lisa isn't a lesbian. She is enthusiastically heterosexual. To think of her in the throes of ecstasy with a woman nestled between her legs forced me to look at her in a new light. I had to squint a little, but I was impressed. Now I really wanted to get her into bed.

A buddy of mine was amused at my surprise. "Myles, I don't think I've dated a woman in the past three years who hasn't done it with another woman." After assuring me that all these women were completely heterosexual except for their few lesbian experiences, he smiled and hit my arm. "Hey, you'd be surprised who has tried it. The woman I was with last night suggested we go have sushi and hit a lesbian bar. Now that was a great date." I smiled as I rubbed my sore arm.

Heterosexual women having sex with other women. I was beginning to suspect that there was more going on out there than I realized, and I set out to get some answers. I talked with female friends, friends of friends and complete strangers. (In every case, I've changed the names to protect the sexually innocent.) They were lawyers, teachers, homemakers, businesswomen and actresses, single and married. What stunned me was the large number of women from even this not-so-random sample who admitted having sex with other women. And if someone I asked had not taken part in a lesbian tryst, she usually knew a woman who had.

Roxanne is a 25-year-old who has had one lesbian experience. For her, having sex with a woman not only "seemed like the hip thing to do, it also was a coming-of-age thing.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID PLUNKERT



My lesbian friends say a lot more heterosexual women are going to them for one-nighters just to try sex with a woman. But it's really only to try it."

Roxanne had her "coming-of-age thing" a few years ago, when she was at college. She became friends with Kelly, who was a classmate. When Kelly disclosed that she was a lesbian, Roxanne took the news calmly.

"She asked if it bothered me, and I said that it didn't. Then we started hanging out together, mostly at bars or parties with a lot of other people around. After a couple of weeks, we got to be really good buddies. One day she just said, 'Are you ever curious about getting together with a woman?' I was very curious, but I didn't tell her that. I asked her what it was like and she told me how she and this woman had made love for seven hours, kissing and fondling each other. I was like, Wow! I mean, imagine, all night long. It definitely got me thinking.

"A couple of weeks after we had that talk, Kelly and I were studying for finals. Out of the blue she said, 'Come on, let's go to bed.' We hadn't been talking about it at all when she said that. She could have been saying, 'Come on, let's go get a pizza.'

"I just ran into her bedroom and started jumping on the bed, yelling, 'I can't believe it! I can't believe it!' Nothing had even happened yet. Then she ripped off my clothes, and she kissed me on the face and neck, then farther down. It was like a whirlwind. And then, of course, she took the dive and went down on me. For the first ten seconds I was laughing and screaming and she was telling me to relax. Eventually I did, and I enjoyed it.

"I had just broken up with my boyfriend before Kelly and I had sex, but I called him and said, 'Let's have sex one more time.' I wanted to try out what I had learned. I was on a mission. I told him what to do, and I told him if he was doing something I didn't like. He was freaking, but he did exactly what I said. And he was getting into it. I made him stimulate me manually until I had an orgasm. It was probably the best sex I ever had with him and it was probably the first time he actually pleased a woman. But talk about leaving your audience wanting more. I didn't even let him stay the night.

"Kelly and I stayed friends. She knew I wasn't a lesbian. Yes, sex with her was great. There was excitement because I was fulfilling a fantasy. But since then I've had the same excitement with a man. I learned what I like, and I learned that sex with a man can be great if I tell him what to do. Kelly taught me that I want more than just intercourse from a man, and that I want him to touch and kiss and feel my entire body. I learned a lot from Kelly, but I didn't have to go back after that. All I needed was that one experience to totally change me sexually."

I also interviewed Karen, an architect who's a neighbor of mine. "I like sex, and I'm good at it," she has bragged to me.

"The first time I had sex with a woman was during spring break my freshman year in college. A bunch of us were in Florida, and one night we decided to party at this guy's house. He had a girlfriend who was beautiful. Her face was exceptional, and her body wasn't bad, either. Basically we all fell into having an orgy.

"The next time I had sex with a woman was several years later on Fire Island. It was a foursome—two guys and two girls. I was kissing this girl named Suzanne. She was real exotic-looking, with short black hair. She kissed my entire body. I liked it, it was really sexy and I felt connected to her. We quickly ignored the guys, and they just sat back and watched.

"Suzanne called me a couple of times after that, but I got scared of being alone with a woman, so I never called her back. I've always had a guy there when I've had sex with another woman. It's safer that way because I know there's no lesbian thing going on. A lot of younger women are really into lesbian sex these days, but it's not something that I want to do anymore."

I asked Karen if she would classify heterosexual women having lesbian sex as a trend. She nodded. "Women having sex with other women is really trendy. It's been popular since *Basic Instinct* made it look so erotic and fun."

To get professional opinions about this lesbian sex wave, I turned to a couple of experts. Janet Lever is an associate professor of sociology at Cal State–Los Angeles and co-author of a monthly column on health and sexuality in *Glamour*. Lever told me that in many of the letters she receives for her advice column, heterosexual women ask questions about their fantasies of having sex with other women. She observes that female-female sex "has gained visibility in the past four to five years. Society definitely gives women more latitude than men to be affectionate to one another. There are several movies being developed or filmed by the major studios concerning homosexuality and bisexuality. Many more movies on video feature one or two scenes of lesbian sex just for titillation."

I had lunch with another sex expert, Deborah Cooper. She has offered advice on *Geraldo* and *Sally Jessy Raphaël*, and has a Ph.D. in clinical psychology and a thriving practice as a counselor. Cooper believes that many heterosexual women who have sex with other women are just going through a phase. She maintains that experimentation with lesbianism will subside. "The sexual revolution passed, and the bisexual revolution will pass, too. It's not that people won't be bi or women won't want to experiment, it's just that they won't need to try it. The glory will be gone."

After talking with more than 50 women, I found that there are several reasons why women have sex with other women. Some had always fantasized about it. Some encounters were induced by drugs or alcohol. Some women had been encouraged by their boyfriends to try a ménage à trois. And some were attracted to women for the same reasons that men are—they're beautiful, they're soft and they clean up after themselves.

Lever confirmed that "there are a host of reasons why women have lesbian sex. For men who have sex with other men, it's usually the first step of the coming-out process. For women, it doesn't have to mean that at all. It could happen when a woman is lonely, or when she is looking for a sexual thrill. It could happen when she is going through a divorce, or when there just aren't any men around."

The next story is from Rachel, who was going through a divorce and who didn't have a man around.

"My husband and I had been together, either dating or married, since I was 17. Everything about our relationship was bad. He was very insecure and made me feel bad about myself. We rarely had sex, about once a month, and when we did there was no loving expression or tenderness, it was just about him being satisfied.

"We finally separated, and I moved out of the house. It was scary. I had no support system. But I was teaching, and this woman, Lynn, started working at my school midyear.

"She liked to do the things I like to do—hiking, skating, going to record stores. So we became friends. It didn't occur to me that she might be gay.

"One night we went out to dinner and then went back to her house. We opened a bottle of wine, then she said that she had to tell me something. So she said, 'I'm gay, or I think I'm gay.' I freaked and I started yelling, 'Oh my God, I can't believe this is happening.' She put her arms around me and said, 'It's OK.' And then we kissed.

"The next day, I felt that I had done something strange, but at the same time I was concerned that she wouldn't

*(continued on page 168)*

Now she belongs to the world, but when this photo was taken in 1990 she was just our Pam Anderson—the Playmate who lit up the February issue. Then she outgrew *Home Improvement*, made *Baywatch* the planet's most popular TV show and married Tommy Lee. One week she wows Cannes, the next her honeymoon shows up on the Internet. Now her Playboy video has bumped *Forrest Gump* to become number one on the video charts. And we knew her way back when.

# GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

You'd think being the star of a hit sitcom would make Brett Butler happy. You'd be wrong.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

BY DIANE K. SHAH

OCCUPYING a booth in a nearly empty Italian restaurant at 4:30 in the afternoon, Brett Butler, the brassy, blonde star of *Grace Under Fire*, sits hunched in her raincoat. The look on her face is somewhere between a pout and a frown, and her voice is low and angry.

Isn't it ironic, she asks, that people praise her character for standing up for herself and talking tough. "But when I do it in my personal life, when I am 'difficult' on the set, there's a kind of 'Oops—she's being trouble.'

"I'm in a big fight right now with the producers of my show," she continues. "I told them that I broke my back to mine comedy out of my life, and who are you or anyone else to say, Look, we've found gold on the ground? Granted, they gave me the show, but I'm not getting creative credit for it."

I hardly know this woman. I met her briefly a few weeks before on the set when she was taping her show one Friday night. At that time I was told to meet her at this restaurant in the Valley, not too far from the show's production offices on the CBS lot. In this early stage of the interview, I haven't yet raised the subject of her working conditions. But she mentions them anyway, griping about the writers ("Writers feel overwhelmed to be funny 23 minutes a week"), the producers, the show's creator, even Marcy Carsey and Tom Werner, whose production company owns the show.

"My bosses Marcy and Tom need to kick some ass," Butler fumes. "They need to ask, 'Why isn't this done? Why isn't this story ready to go? Why isn't this happening? We're behind on scripts.' Because if I do it, then Carsey–Werner Co. gets to be the poor, beleaguered production company that signed yet another diva. And I'm not gonna have that shit."

I finally conclude that Butler has arrived with an agenda: She wants an executive producer credit, which she's been denied for two seasons, and she has chosen me to be her messenger. Then again, maybe she's just feeling crabby.

"You want more control?" I ask.

"I actually have control," she says, aggrieved. "But on other shows there's none of this bizarre 'me writer, you star' business. I'm like, Hey, guess what? I wrote for 12 years. I'm a literate, amusing, entertaining woman who has the personal and professional integrity of emotion to back up a scene. So give me a word. It's hard being all this other stuff. I'm so tired from it. Last Sunday I was up all night working with the writers."

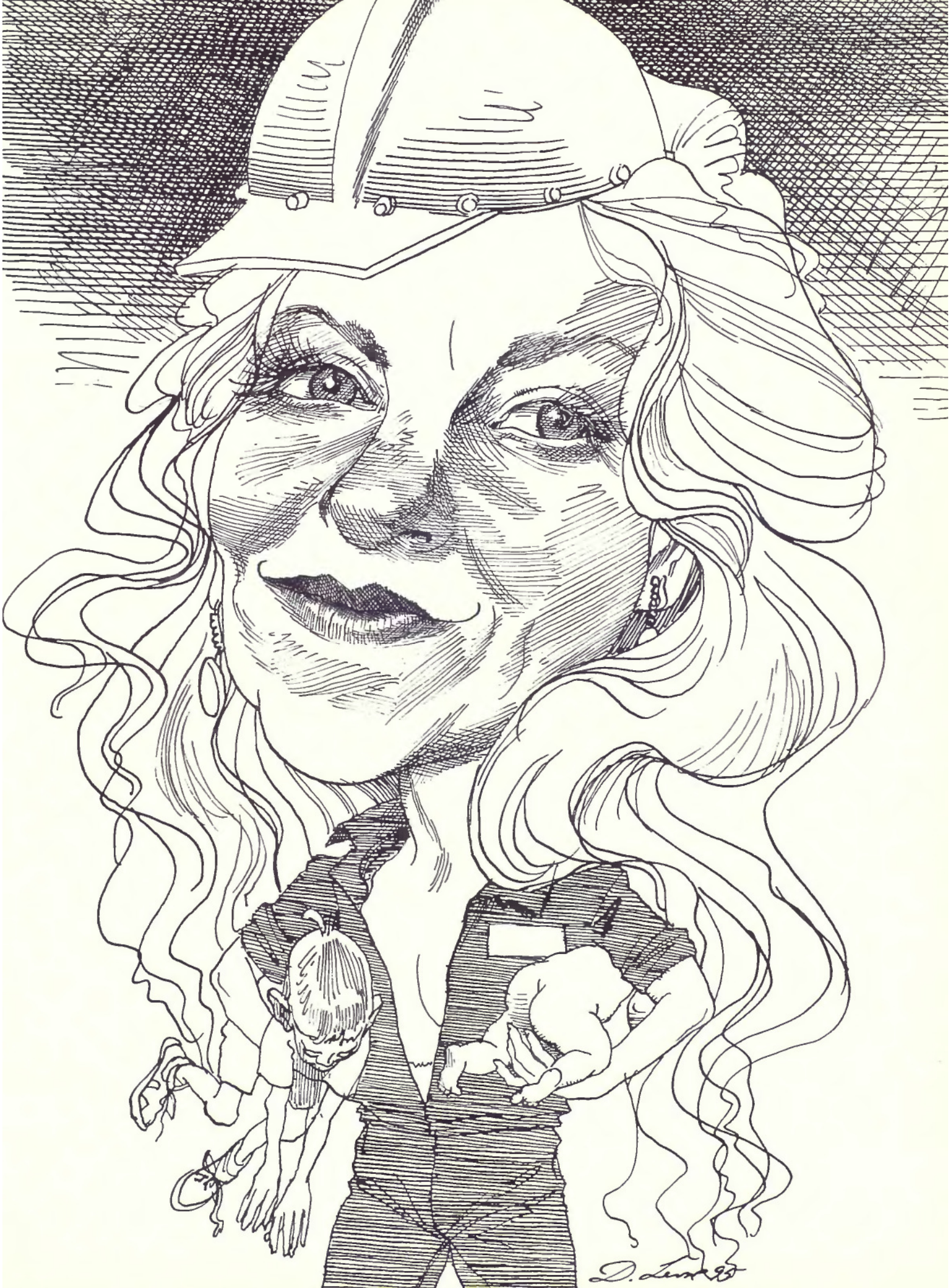
A man enters the restaurant, a stand-up comic Butler met on the circuit, and she flies out of the booth to greet him. I glance at her publicist, tucked into the booth. He is reaching for a breadstick.

I stare at my notebook—and wait.

In the two seasons that *Grace Under Fire* has



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



been on the air, it has been an astonishing success. It ended its first season as the sixth most watched show in prime time and climbed in its second season to number four. In chronicling the life of Grace Kelly, a divorced mother of three living in a small Missouri town, it has given sitcom humor a new twist. Grace works in an oil refinery without benefit of a screwball nanny or dependable day care, and she is saddled with an ex-husband, a reformed—or reforming—alcoholic who abused her. She has learned to live life at her wit's end. Although she bleeds humor from her assorted problems, there isn't even a glimmer of a pot of gold at the end of the road. Roseanne has her husband to comfort her at the end of the day. Grace has only tomorrow's problems. Lawrence Christon, who writes about comedy for the *Los Angeles Times*, suggests, "It is the notion of struggle that dignifies the show. It represents working stiffs, people who don't have big dreams. They know that fantasy America is not only unattainable but in many respects contemptible as well."

"I wanted it to be a love letter to all the single, working moms out there," says Chuck Lorre, who created *Grace Under Fire*. What Lorre didn't count on, however, was that running the show would become a bitter struggle in itself. From the beginning, Butler wanted Grace to have her sensibilities, a vision that often differed from Lorre's. Deciding that "life is too short," Lorre resigned after one season. "It should have been a joy," he says, sadly.

Lorre is not the only one bearing battle scars. Inside the offices of *Grace Under Fire*, internecine warfare is waged with wearying regularity. Like *Roseanne*, another Carsey–Werner production, *Grace* is a star-driven vehicle, and this star has definite ideas of what the show should be. As Marc Flanagan, who replaced Lorre in the second season, notes, "Because Grace is a character Brett feels close to, she is very proprietary."

Or, as Butler puts it, "They took my life, my point of view, they took everything about me and put kids on top. And for the first year I fought fart jokes and cows. They had a cow coming into the show. I said there should be no cloven hooves of beef in my house. And all they wanted to know was how someone who didn't finish high school could know about cloven hooves of beef."

It isn't so much Butler's story ideas and joke suggestions that staffers complain about. It's how she communicates them. "She had huge mood swings. She was prone to hysteria," remembers a writer. "She would come screaming into the writers' room, throwing down the script, cursing." There is one episode, he remembers, in which two of Grace's co-workers at the refinery trade junk food from their lunch buckets—Ho Ho's for Yodels. "We get a call in the writers' room," he relates. "Problem on the set. Suddenly the door bursts open and in walks Brett. She's screaming, saying we want her to be dirty, and she throws down the script. She hadn't heard of Ho Ho's and Yodels. She thought we were making dick jokes."

An agent who represents people who have worked on the show adds, "She makes Roseanne seem like Snow White."

As with Roseanne's show, life at *Grace Under Fire* is short: Few writers or producers stay longer than a year. "We had a bunker mentality," says another former writer. "We hid out in the writers' room. We'd get phone calls from the stage saying, 'Brett's on the way up.' We'd prepare for her tantrums. Look, you either get paid for your talent or you get paid to take shit. There you get paid well—to take shit."

•

It's 7:30 on a Friday night, and Butler appears before a studio audience waiting for *Grace Under Fire* to begin taping. To warm them up, she delivers a ten-minute monolog.

"Did you know *The Brady Bunch* is a movie?" she asks. "Maybe in the movie they'll do what you always wanted to see—Mr. Brady kicks open the maid's door with his shirttail hanging out, holding a bottle of Jack and saying, 'Come on, Alice. I think it's more than a hunch!'"

The audience, not quite sure what to make of this un-Grace-like Brett, laughs politely. "Did you know we've got Kathie Lee Gifford on the show tonight?" Butler continues. "Uh-huh. We got Kathie Lee to appear without Cody. Found out Frank's not really the father. Cody gets really big checks from Ronnie Reagan."

Until three years ago, this is what the 37-year-old Butler did for a living. She was one of a troop of stand-up artists beating a trail from one comedy club to another. She may have been more successful than most—she was a headliner at smaller venues, she had begun to appear on *The Tonight Show* and the morning talk shows and she had her own Showtime special. But for many years it was a tough, hardscrabble life. Especially for a woman.

John McDonnell, who worked the comedy club route for 14 years, recalls, "Some women use obscene references to show they're smart. But those references can also make them look stupid. If the woman is attractive, people will look at her as a bimbo. If she is assertive, she's a bitch. Brett was always able to grab an audience. She didn't do anything abusive. She wasn't condescending. She always told it like it was. I think some men found that to be threatening."

Butler remembers how she had to feel her way through the routines she used as she learned her craft. "I'll give you an example of something I did as comedy when I was 24 years old," she says. "Somebody in the audience would say they were engaged. And I'd say, 'Oh, that's sweet. Marriage is magic, isn't it?' Pause. 'Turned me into a bitch.' Soon I began to look at it in terms of what I was saying about the word bitch, what I was saying about me, what I was saying about the type of behavior that women want and female comedians must do."

Butler managed to rise above denigrating humor, not by ignoring it but by putting a fresh spin on it. "Look, in a world of only six comic premises, what separates the men from the boys is presentation," says Judy Pastore, vice president of events and specials for Showtime. "Unless you're playing a violin on your nose, it's all about the individual artist. There's a lot of talk about bad husbands. But when Brett did it, it was funny. She always had that grittiness, that talking straight from the soul."

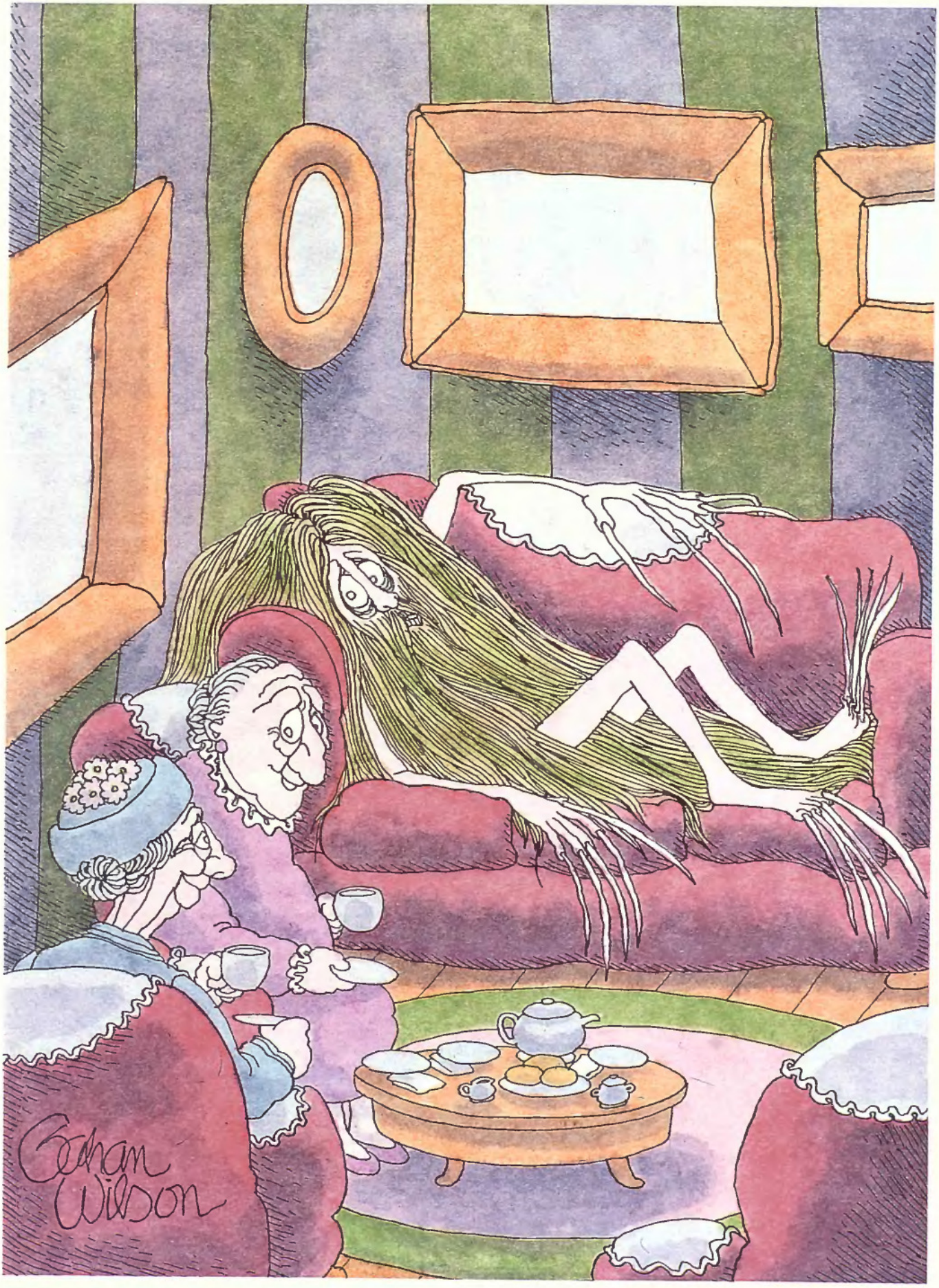
Andy Nulman, who runs the annual Just for Laughs—The Montreal International Comedy Festival, a two-week event that draws aspiring comics, talent scouts and nearly half a million attendees—first saw Butler perform in 1987. "So many female comics are stereotypes," he says. "They say, 'My boyfriend left me.' 'I have small breasts.' They do PMS jokes and become victims of tampon humor. Then there's Brett, this big, ballsy woman whose routine is politically charged and socially relevant. She was like a bucket of cold water in the face."

In 1988 Nulman added her to an HBO comedy special he was producing. Dressed like a Southern belle and sitting in a swing holding a mint julep, Butler delivered her material. "The South," she sighed, "where the wind blows through the trees and you see peach blossoms—and lynched black men swinging in the branches."

Bruce Vilanch, an Emmy-winning writer who creates material for several comics, including Butler and Billy Crystal, met Butler when they were both hired as writers for Dolly Parton's short-lived TV variety show. "Her humor was this bizarre combination of intellect and trailer trash," he recalls. "It was swamp trash quoting Kierkegaard."

Butler's humor was not always

*(continued on page 164)*




*"Edwin is a great admirer of the late Howard Hughes."*

# EARTH SHAKER

## alicia rickter's a natural wonder—on any scale

Studying psychology is a true passion for Alicio (hitting the books, above). She attends Cal State (right), where classmates don't know that the woman in the back row is a world-closs model ond soon-to-be centerfold. That's fine by Alicia, who insists on winning good grodes by merit—not by booking on her looks.

MEET THE postmodern Playmate. She paints. She reads philosophy. She ponders the meaning of life, the meaning of sex, even the sociopolitics of appearing in PLAYBOY—as the historic 500th Playmate. Of course, Alicia Rickter also looks super in a bikini—or, better still, dressed in that important Sartrean concept: nothing. She's no ordinary 23-year-old; then again, the ordinary doesn't really register on the Rickter Scale of Being. What matters to Alicia is testing life's limits—shaking up the world a little, taking chances. These days that means transforming from jet-setting model to night-school student at Cal State, where tonight she's late for psych class. She flew home earlier in the day from a swimsuit-modeling gig in Cancún, then sped straight to school. That beep in her purse as she tries not to be noticed? Just her modeling agency paging its prize offering. "I asked them never to do that," she protests. "I haven't told anyone at school that I'm a model, much less a Playmate. I don't want any special treatment. I just want to be Alicia the student." Good luck, Ms. Rickter.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Relaxing on the floor in her bedroom, Alicia listens to a Sting CD. Around her is a gallery of Rickterabilia: a century-old antique bed, texts on art and psychology, the dolls of a little girl, the cellular phone of a businesswoman. Sting sings a bit, then Alicia talks about being stung. "I've had pain in my life," she says softly. "My mom and dad split up when I was little, so I was always envious of kids with whole families. That sort of thing stays with you." Her prescription for the hurt: She often foots the bill for her parents to go with her on modeling jobs all over the globe. "I think a person's job is to improve the hand she's been dealt in life," she says. The ever-improving Alicia then stretches and declares: "Doing PLAYBOY is an experiment. I was dying to see if I would be selected—I'm very competitive. Now, is it socially correct? How far should a woman push her sexuality? I don't know. But I'm enjoying finding out."

We knew Alicia was special: A PLAYBOY historian discovered that Miss October 1995 is the 500th Playmate. "I'm amazed," she says on hearing the news. "I am honored to join a group of women that starts with Marilyn Monroe and leads directly to me."

Late at night, when work and school are behind her and she has returned her phone calls, Alicia moves upstairs to an outdoor Jacuzzi. There she can see the stars and lights of Los Angeles while she plots her life's course. "I don't know what I'll be, but it will be very different from what I am now," she says. Then she stares at the brightest star and tries to predict the unpredictable. By the time she turns 30 in 2002, Alicia speculates, she may be a fashion mogul, draping other women in her own designs. She may also be a wife and mother—all that's missing in that plan is a man. "I haven't been madly in love yet," she admits, "but a life without that would suck. It's bound to happen sooner or later, and I can't wait." —RALPH MARINO



CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Playboy Quotes: Page One
SONY

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Alicia Rickter

BUST: 34B WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 9-21-72 BIRTHPLACE: Long Beach, CA

AMBITIONS: To be a college grad, a good mom, and to work on myself till one day I'm satisfied with who I've become.

TURN-ONS: Intelligent men, Articulate, stimulating conversations, summer nights, Big hands and Big Smiles.

TURNOFFS: All drugs, ignorance, slackers and people who live in the U.S. but have no respect for our country.

BEDTIME READING: Self-help books. It's cheap therapy and I'll take all the life lessons I can get.

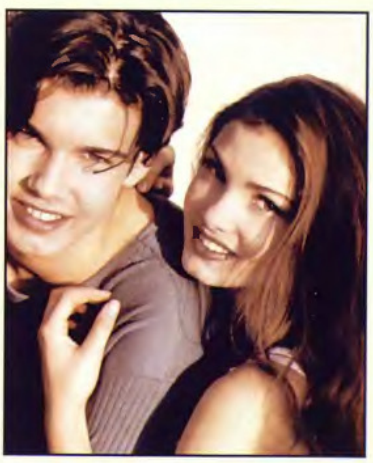
MY MUSIC: I love Sting, Sade, Simply Red, Rolling Stones, Sax music and Flamenco guitar.

CALLING ROOM SERVICE: Shrimp Cocktail, Pasta, Raspberry Cheesecake, Smoothies, + Hot Cocoa with extra whipped Cream.

WHAT SHAKES ME UP: A man who enters a room with Charm and presence - you can see the spirit in him.

Turning 18 (months)

go Falcons!



Brother Bobby + ME

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A pair of congressmen met for breakfast to hash out their political differences. Ten minutes into the meal, one angrily pounded the table. "You're lying!" he shouted.

"Of course I'm lying," the other said. "But hear me out."

Why did God create economists? To make weathermen look good.

The Clarks had been married nine months to the day as the husband paced nervously in the maternity ward's waiting room. "Congratulations," the nurse exclaimed at six o'clock, "you're the father of a beautiful baby girl!"

At 6:30, the nurse returned. "This one's a boy," she said before rushing back toward the delivery room.

"Oh, miss," Mr. Clark called after her. "No need to hurry. The third one isn't due for another 45 minutes."

A couple of old guys were golfing when one said he was going to Dr. Taylor for a new set of dentures in the morning. His friend remarked that he had gone to the same dentist two years before. "Is that so?" the first said. "Did he do a good job?"

"Well, I was on the course yesterday when a fellow on the ninth hole hooked a shot," he said. "The ball must have been going 200 miles per hour when it hit me in the balls. That," he added, "was the first time in two years my teeth didn't hurt."

The first CIA applicant took a seat in the assistant director's office. After some preliminary questions, the bureaucrat handed him a revolver and told him to go into the next room and shoot his wife.

"I can't do that," the man protested. "We've been married only a year and I love her."

The next applicant was shown into the room. After a while, he was asked to do the same thing as the first fellow. "Sir, I've been married for 20 years. We have three beautiful children together and I'm still very much in love with her. I can't do it."

When the third applicant was told what to do, he went into the next room. Two shots were fired, followed by the sounds of lamps crashing and tables overturning. Finally, he emerged, breathless and disheveled. "What happened in there?" the interviewer asked.

"The gun had only blanks in it," the aspiring agent replied. "I had to strangle her."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Punsters define wicker box as what Elmer Fudd wants to do to Madonna.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Valerie was home alone one evening when her husband's co-worker Peter dropped by. She invited him in for a drink.

Several bourbons later, Peter blurted out that he couldn't take his eyes off her body. "I'll give you $100 if you let me peek at one of your breasts," he said. "No touching, just a look."

Although reluctant at first, Valerie decided there was no harm, and the money was too good to pass up, so she obliged him with a spectacular view.

He then offered another $100 for a look at both breasts. She agreed and gave him a full-frontal show. She took the second $100 bill, and he left a happy man.

Later that night Valerie's husband came home and was told that Peter had been by. "Yeah?" he said. "Did he bring the $200 he owes me?"

A snail went over to his friend the lizard's house just as the lizard's wife went into labor. The snail volunteered to go for a doctor.

Two hours later, the frantic lizard went out to the porch and saw the snail on the second step. "Where the hell's the doctor?" he roared.

"If you're going to yell at me," the snail bellowed, "I ain't going to go at all."

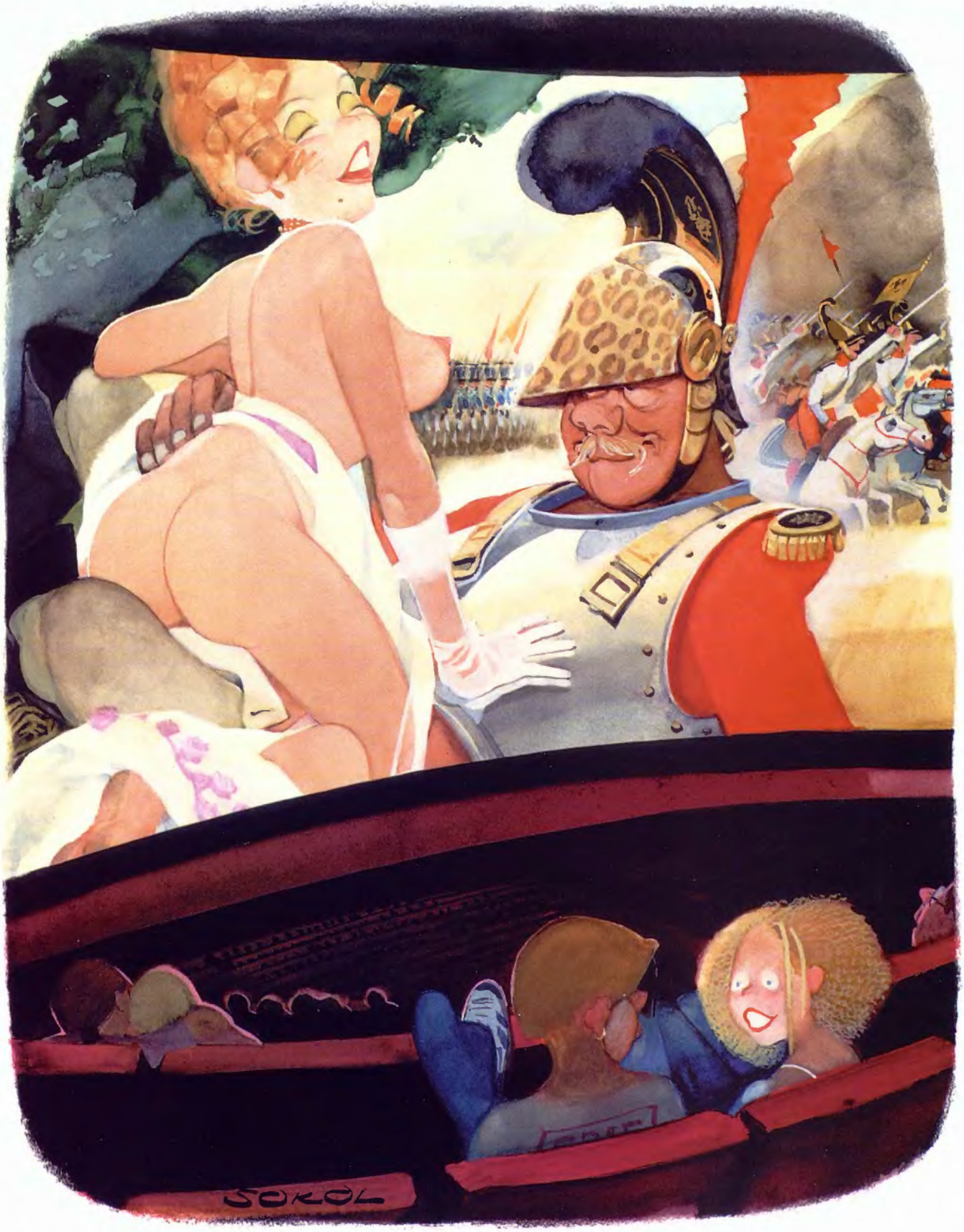
Two out-of-work Hollywood actors were sitting in a darkened movie theater as Demi Moore appeared on the screen. One nudged the other and whispered proudly, "I've had her, you know."

A few minutes later, Melanie Griffith made a dramatic entrance. "I've had her, too," the young man said.

When Michelle Pfeiffer strode on-screen, the friend asked, "What about her?"

"Shhh," the first actor hushed. "I'm having her now."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

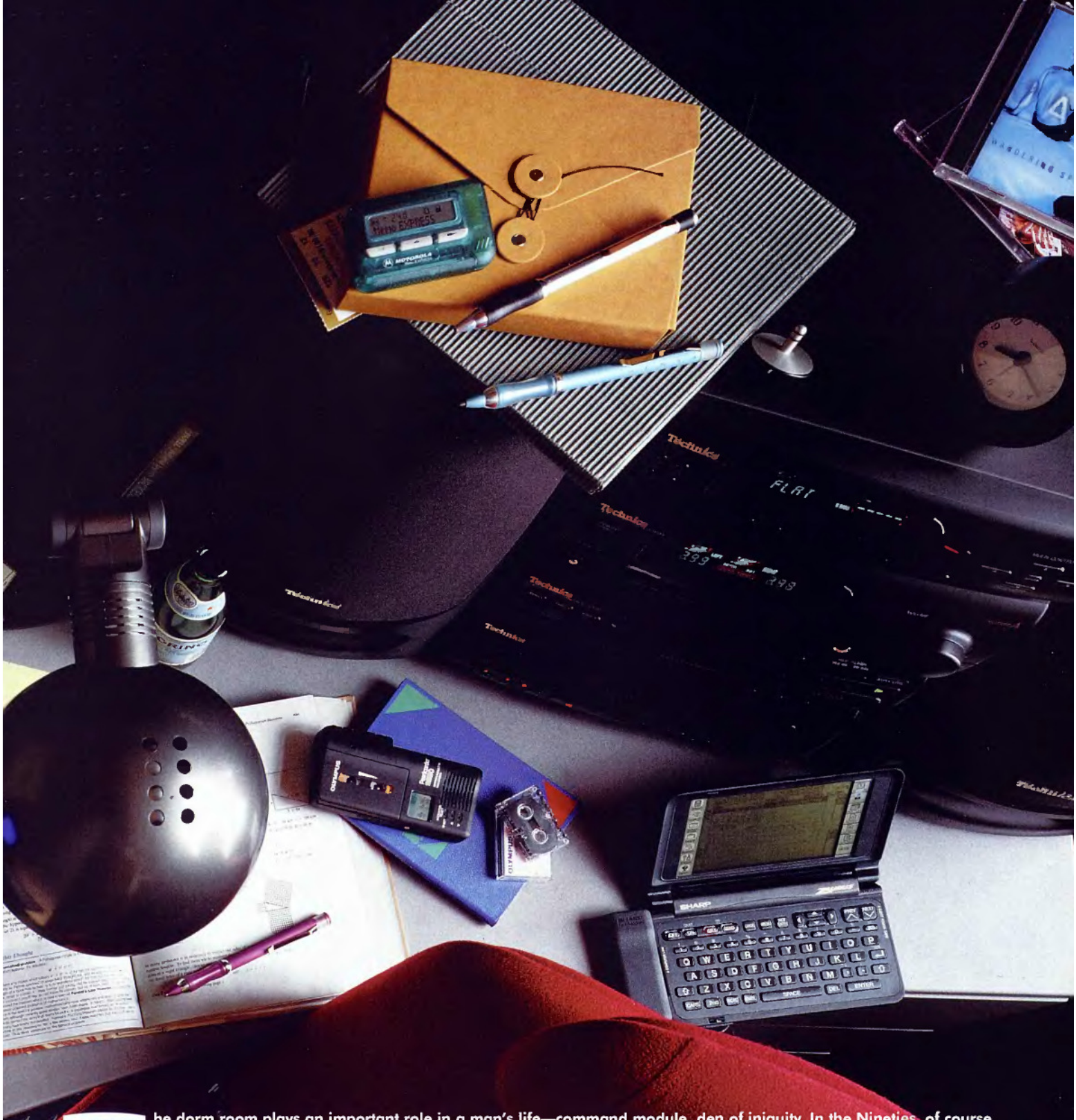



*"In the book, he was on top."*

# DORM ROOM AT THE TOP

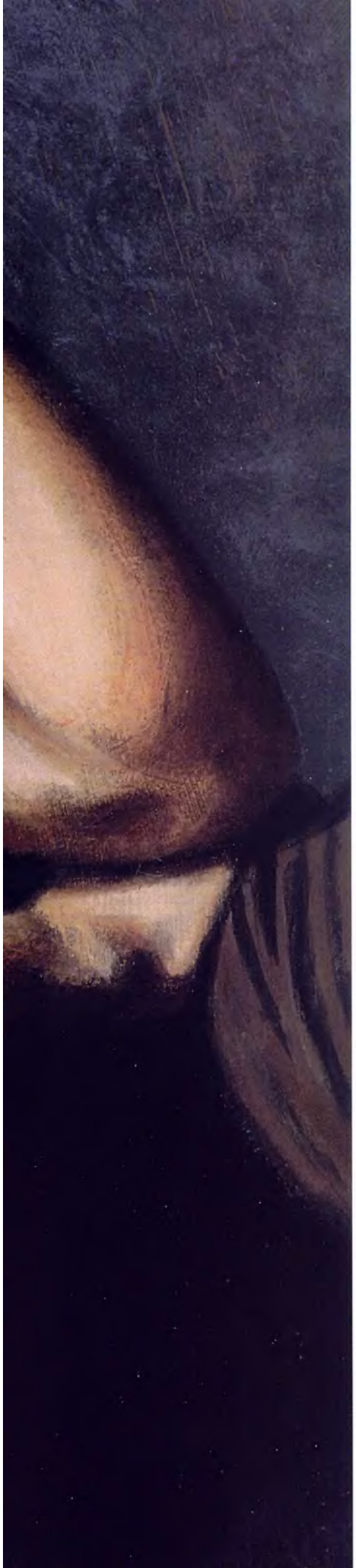
the best gear your parents' money can buy

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO



The dorm room plays an important role in a man's life—command module, den of iniquity. In the Nineties, of course, it's also the key to power schooling. With the right tools, you can max out on campus life without opening your door. Left to right: Magnavox' CCRO95 TV-VCR has a nine-inch screen and eight-event programming ($430). Splash-resistant Sony Sports Discman comes with electronic shock protection (about $350). Panasonic's Multimedia V41 Pentium notebook computer with 680-megabyte hard drive and a double-speed CD-ROM drive stored under the keyboard ($5600) is hooked up to Canon's portable BJC-70 color bubble jet printer ($350). On the screen: PlanIt Playboy personal information manager on CD-ROM (about $40). MicroTAC Elite personal cellular phone from Motorola weighs four ounces and features an optional vibration alert for surreptitious calls (about $900). Bio-lite's desk lamp minimizes eyestrain by converting AC current to DC, by Biovation Marketing (about $200). Olympus' Pearlcorder S950 microcassette recorder is voice-octivoted (about $100). Above the Pearlcorder: Technics' SC-CH535 minisystem features a three-disc CD changer, dual cassette decks, integroted amplifier, AM-FM tuner and twin speokers with bass reflex ports for sonic punch (about $800). Atop the minisystem: Motorola's teal-colored alphanumeric poger can receive and display messages up to 120 characters (about $220), and two balanced Sensa pens with gel-filled grips conform to finger pressure ($50 each). Far right on desk: Sharp's Zaurus personal digital assistant has electronic handwritten note-taking, word-processing, fax and electronic-mail capabilities ($600). And the ergonomically shaped, NASA-inspired Zero Gravity K-Series chair can be programmed using a computer to reduce your particular aches and pains, by Bodybilt Seating (about $900).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 172.



WINNER OF THE 10TH ANNUAL PLAYBOY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST

# WHAT CAN I TELL YOU ABOUT MY BROTHER?

I'D HAVE TO AGREE THAT MY BROTHER HAD GONE MAD. I HAD NO IDEA HOW TO EXPLAIN IT, ESPECIALLY TO A GUY WHOSE DOG HE'D KILLED

fiction **BY RYAN HARTY**
THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

ON HIS THIRD NIGHT home from boot camp my brother killed Rob Dawson's black Labrador retriever with a Phillips-head screwdriver. He'd gone mad, is how he explained it to me later, and his madness had to do with Bethany Anne Armstrong, a beautiful brown-haired junior at Edgewood High School. Before my brother had joined the Marine Corps, Bethany Anne had been his girlfriend. They'd been crazy in love for a year and a half. Then, during his sixth week of training, my brother received a letter that told him Beth now went out with Rob Dawson, the senior quarterback of my football team at Edgewood High. Victor killed the dog in the backyard of the Dawson home, a three-story mansion in Hillside Heights that overlooked our whole sleeping town. He left the body in the lighted blue swimming pool, disappeared under the hedges and didn't come home until the next afternoon.

•

Late that night I heard the chirp of tires through my open window, the idling of a smooth, unfamiliar engine. A car door slammed. I heard footsteps, and then Rob Dawson was screaming at my father through the screen door, banging his hand against the jamb. My father's voice was thick with sleep or drink. I lay in my dark room, ten feet away, underneath my open window.

"You let me talk to Victor!" Rob said, his voice high-pitched and loud. His sneakers scraped on the wooden porch.

"Victor's not home," my father told him. "What the hell is this now?"

"He fucking killed my dog!" Rob threw a fist at the screen so hard it rattled my window. I was sure he'd bust into the house.

"Just settle down!" my father pleaded. "You're wrong here. No. Victor didn't do that."

"Bullshit, man. It was him. I know he's back in town."

Kneeling on my bed then, I peeked out the window. It was dark, but my room looked out on the porch, and I could just make out Rob's face and his blond hair catching yellow light from the porch lamp, shoulders rigid and neck bent forward. I didn't know him well. A sophomore at Edgewood, I was two years younger and had spoken with him only a few times. "Just tell me where the bastard is!" he yelled.

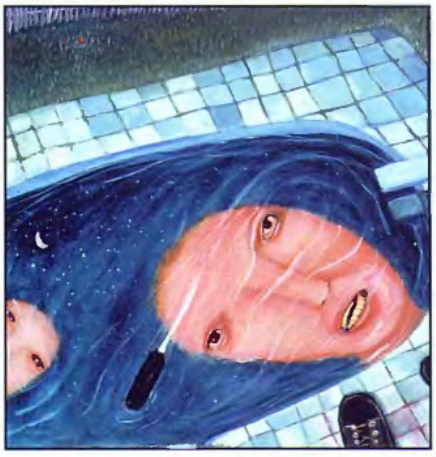
"He's gone," my father said. "Not here."

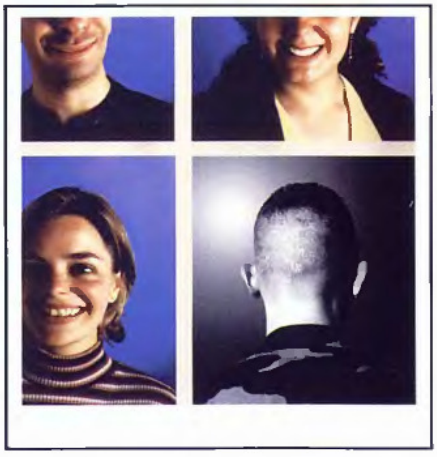


ILLUSTRATION BY ELIZABETH BOOTH

## RUNNERS-UP IN SVA STUDENT COMPETITION FOR ILLUSTRATORS

Each year, PLAYBOY asks students in Marshall Arisman's illustration class at New York's School of Visual Arts to join a competition to illustrate the winning story in the magazine's annual short story contest for college and university students. The winner of this year's contest is Elizabeth Booth of New York City. Runners-up from the class are shown on this page. Clockwise from top left, the illustrations for the prize-winning story have been executed by: Wesley Bedrosian of Brooklyn, Riccardo Vecchio of New York, Stephen Savage of Brooklyn, Tom Nick Cocotos of New York, Gerardo Blumenkrantz of New York and Laurie Luczak of New York. Marshall Arisman, whose paintings have won numerous awards for PLAYBOY, is a longtime contributor to this magazine. This is the eighth year his Visual Arts students have participated in the College Fiction Contest, which has just completed its tenth year. Instructions on how to participate in next year's College Fiction Contest are located on page 160, and can also be found on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com.





"I swear I'll kill the son of a bitch!"

Something else was said that I wasn't able to make out, and then Rob stopped shouting, just suddenly. His mouth came open and he stared at my father through the screen.

I realized that my father was crying. "Oh, Lord," he cried. "Oh, my boys."

For a moment, standing in the light, Rob appeared to be unable to move. Then he swung around and ran back to the street, where he got into his Jeep and laid a strip of rubber down the blacktop.

I heard sobbing from the doorway still, a muted noise almost like laughter. Then the screen creaked open and I watched my father step out onto the lawn, where he stood in his bare feet looking slowly up and down our street. After a moment he turned back to the house. There was a time, I knew, when he would have waited for Victor to come home to beat the hell out of him. But he was old now; his heart was bad. There wasn't much he could do.

•

The next day after practice I showered and changed, then went back to the field to look for a lens that had popped out of my glasses during drills. I crawled on hands and knees around the blocking sleds, worried because my father could get ugly about buying new glasses every fucking second if his mood was bad. It was a day of cloudy light that made you squint, October but still warm, and as I searched I couldn't keep from thinking about my brother. I imagined him standing in the dim light up in Hillside Heights, his hair shaved off for the Corps, fists clenched and darkened with blood.

I was still looking when Rob Dawson came out of the locker room, shirtless, a duffel bag slung over his shoulder. I'd seen him in practice earlier and had been afraid of what he might do, but our eyes had not met then. I'd gotten the feeling he wanted to avoid a confrontation. Now he came down the asphalt strip that led to the practice field, right toward me. He stopped a few yards off, stared at me, then looked away at the high clouds scattered to the west, picking at a scab on his elbow. "What are you doing?" he asked. My voice cracked as I explained.

Rob nodded. He started to search for the lens, not on all fours but bent over just slightly, his hair still wet and combed back in rows.

"It's no big deal," I said. "I can find it." I wanted him to leave.

Rob bent down and parted the grass with his fingers. The lens winked in the sun as he held it up.

"Oh, man," I said. "Thanks, I guess."

*"General, Chief Crazy Horse respectfully informs us that we're down to our last time-out."*

Rob tossed me the lens, then sat down on the grass beside me. He didn't smile. On his face was his usual expression—a faint smirk, almost nothing at all.

It would have been awkward to leave at that point, though it was definitely what I wanted to do. The day had gone on too long. All day people who had heard about what happened had stared at me as if I'd killed Rob's dog myself.

Rob plucked grass with his fingers, seeming to find interest in something behind me. After a while I turned to see what was there—only the goalposts and a line of oleanders—and when I turned back Rob's eyes had gone narrow and were fixed on me. "So, what can you tell me about your brother?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

Rob tossed a pinch of grass to the wind. "So far I've only heard he's an asshole," he said. "And I've got every reason in the world to believe it." He frowned and looked away for a moment, then looked back, his eyes surprisingly calm. "What I want to know is if there's anything good about him. Most of the time there's something—some good thing—about everyone."

I nodded, turning the lens in my fingers. Rob kept his eyes on me, serious, waiting. There were good things, I knew that, but there were bad things too. My brother had beaten me up and embarrassed me, had done things that would have made me hate him if he were anyone else. But he had also protected me. He was my brother, and what I felt was complicated. I had no idea how to explain it, especially to a guy whose dog he had killed.

"He's an asshole," I said finally, just wanting to leave.

Rob nodded. Then he stood up and brushed dead grass from his Levi's. "That's too bad," he said. "Come on. I'll give you a ride home."

"All right," I said.

But as soon as I said it I wished that I hadn't.

•

When I was 12, and my brother 15, I knocked the iron off the ironing board and burned a hole in the carpet, and my father completely lost his head. Holding me down, he touched the iron to the back of my neck, blistering the skin. I ran out into the empty street, screaming, and saw curtains part in the houses all around. After a moment my brother came out the front door, leaving it wide open, his arms full of bottles as he walked with determination across the lawn. "OK, now," he said to me. "OK." As he set the bottles on the sidewalk one of them broke and he said, "That's my point. Right there's my point." He grinned, his eyes small and strange. Then he picked up a bottle and threw it end over end so it shattered against the side of our brick house.

He handed one to me. "Do it, bro," he said, nodding with his long dark hair in his face. I threw the bottle. When it exploded against the carport, Victor laughed crazily. My father came into the doorway in his work clothes, navy blue Dickies and steel-toed boots, looking suddenly old and frail. He nodded, then went back inside. Victor kept handing me bottles. I couldn't stop laughing, though I was crying still. Wiping a forearm across his face, Victor said, "Yeah, bro! Do it! Do it!"

This might have been the kind of thing that Rob wanted to hear—a good thing about my brother. But I didn't think he would understand it. I kept it to myself as we walked across the parking lot.

•

The inside of Rob's Jeep looked as if it had never been spilled on. Leather smell came from the upholstery and the dash was shiny black. I wondered if Rob would ask for directions, and hoped he would, hoped we could pretend he had not been to my house the night before. But he drove east down Benlow Drive, toward the poorer section of town, without speaking. Rob lived exactly the other way. If you looked you could see his house in a cluster on the wooded hill behind us—Hillside Heights, brown and white squares between the oak trees.

"I watched you in practice today," Rob said. "You run a quick pattern. You should get some playing time."

"No," I said, "I don't think so." I was one of the fastest players on the team, it was true, but I was only a sophomore, and small, a second-string flanker brought up from JV.

We came to a red light and Rob looked at me. Behind him were the wrecking yards—rusting cars stacked in rows. "How would you like to get in the game against Galt on Friday night?" he asked.

"How?"

"Don't worry about that." The light changed and he accelerated through the intersection.

"I don't know," I said. I hadn't expected anything like this. Galt was our biggest game of the season, both teams coming in undefeated. I didn't want Rob to do me any favors. Still, I wanted to play, I knew that much. "I'd like that, I guess."

"I bet," Rob said, adjusting himself in the seat.

I looked out the window at the empty lots where Indians sold painted pottery and statues. Then we came into the rows of flat houses. We passed the street where Bethany Anne lived with her mother and her stepfather, who worked at the paper mill where my father had been a lineman before his heart attack. Rob looked down the street as we passed. A police car was angled in front of one of the houses.

"Did you wonder why I didn't call the cops?" Rob asked.

"I didn't know you didn't."

"That's not how I do things," he said. He gave me an even, arrogant look. But then his face went soft and he glanced away, holding tight to the steering wheel. He seemed less confident now, and that made me nervous for some reason. I got the idea he was thinking about his dog.

"I'm sorry it happened," I said.

"Hey," Rob said. "This is not your problem, all right?"

I nodded, though I couldn't help thinking it was my problem, that I had to share the blame in some way, though I didn't know how or why. We were turning onto my street and I looked out the window again, at yards with cars on concrete blocks, toddlers in their underwear playing on the sidewalks.

And that's when I saw my brother. Victor lay on a towel on our yellow front lawn, bare-chested and wearing cutoffs. Rob saw him too, and cocked his head up like a startled animal.

"All right," Rob said, and pulled the car to the curb. "Here we go now." When he had come to a stop he looked at me, a strange expression on his face. He was almost smiling, but there was tension at the corners of his eyes. "If you think I know what to do here, you're wrong," he said, and pulled the brake handle back. "I haven't decided anything." He got out of the Jeep slowly, walked around the front and paused there for a moment. He banged his palm once on the metal hood, staring at my brother. "OK, fucker, let's go," he said. And then he bolted into the yard. I got out of the car and froze with my hand still on the handle.

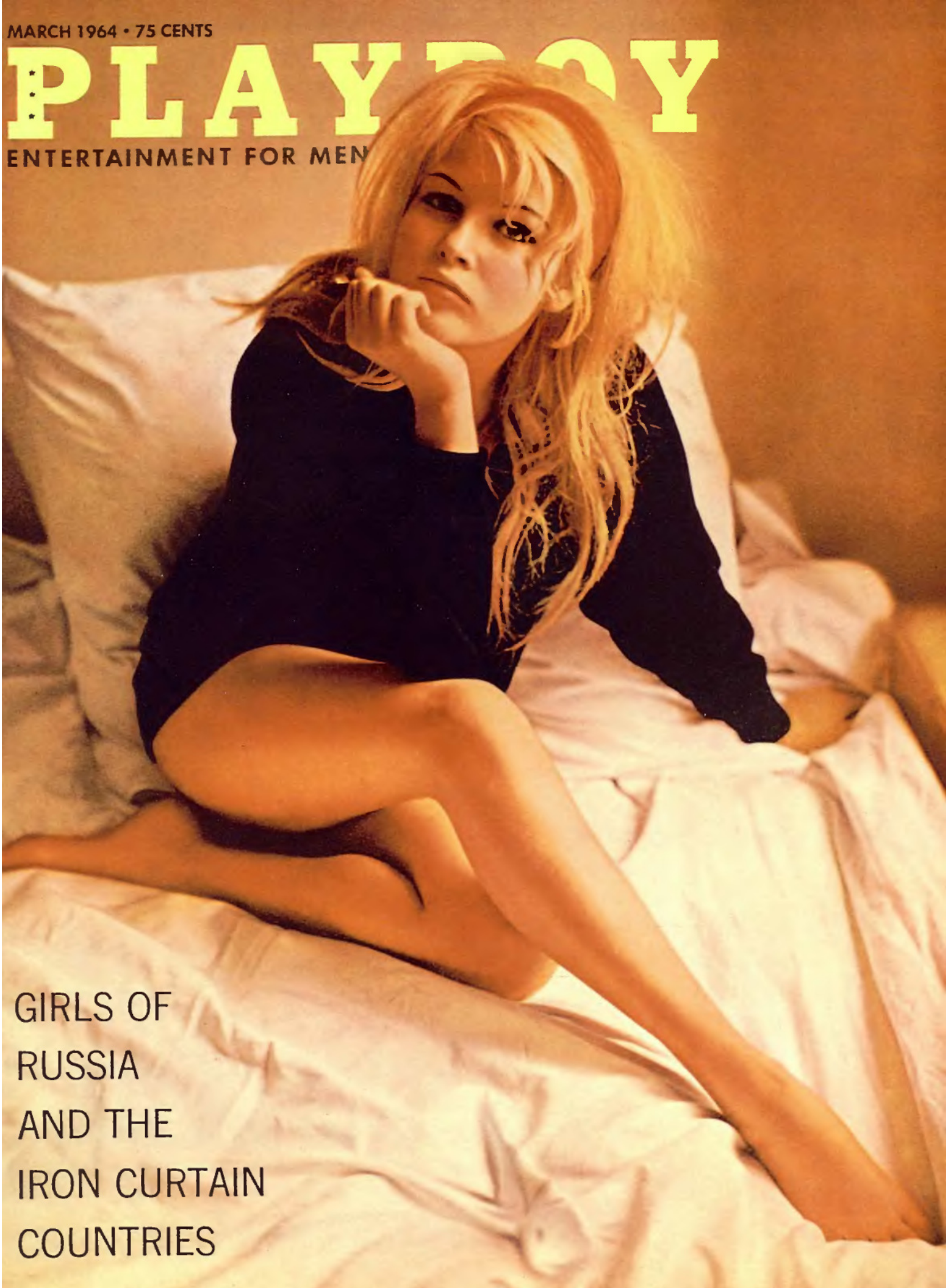
My brother was not quite standing when Rob hit him the first time, on the temple. He ducked away and lifted his hands to his head like horse blinders, and Rob popped him again. Victor, still hunched over, tried to swing his back around, but Rob was moving quickly, staying in front. He shuffled with his legs spread, rotating his chest to swing with both hands, and I heard the sound of the punches—dull thuds at the back of my brother's neck and shoulders. I was about ten yards away.

*(continued on page 122)*

MARCH 1964 • 75 CENTS

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



GIRLS OF
RUSSIA
AND THE
IRON CURTAIN
COUNTRIES

**MISS MARCH 1964.** At the height of the Cold War, we parted the Iron Curtain for a historic pictorial on *The Girls of Russia*. The issue included an interview with libertarian novelist Ayn Rand, who said that happiness is man's highest purpose. With that in mind, we brought you Playmate Nancy Scott, a medical technician and an aspiring interior decorator. She first decorated our pages, and then spruced up the interior of the Los Angeles Playboy Club as a Bunny.

*"It's the royal librarian, sire. You wished to discuss with her that which is called the Dewey decimal system."*

## WHAT CAN I TELL YOU? *(continued from page 118)*

*Rob tried to lift my brother, his fingers going into Victor's face. "Fight me, you lame fucker!"*

My brother was bigger than Rob and had been in a lot of fights, but he wasn't even trying. He slumped around, and his head jerked down each time Rob connected.

"Fight me!" Rob said. He tried to lift my brother, his fingers going into Victor's face. "Fight me, you lame fucker!"

Victor pulled away and stood up straight, taking a step backward. He sucked in air, his hands held up as if surrendering. Then he shot me a nervous glance and turned back to Rob. "Fuck it," he said, "hit me." A line of blood came down from his eyebrow and his eyes shifted quickly. With his hair shaved off, he looked ridiculous somehow. His head was too small and his nose too long. And then he started coughing and couldn't stop. He bent over with his fist at his mouth. It was depressing.

Rob stared at him for a moment, then backed away, panting. He leaned over, hands on his knees. "You're an asshole," he said. "Everyone's told me that, even your brother here."

I turned my head as Victor looked at me. A few houses down a lady in a yellow sundress peered at us, holding a hose over her dead lawn.

"You're pathetic," Rob said. He looked at Victor closely, as if to make sure he'd heard what he said. "Do you have anything to say for yourself? Huh?"

"I don't," my brother said.

"Is something just the matter with you?" Rob said. "Are you completely fucked-up?"

My brother closed his eyes and opened them again.

Rob made a noise then—"Hah!"—just a small laugh that got out of him. He looked at me, shaking his head. Then he turned and walked across the lawn. He got into his Jeep, which was still running, and drove off looking straight ahead. I watched him disappear around the corner.

"Jesus, Tommy," Victor said, almost whining. "I really needed that." I was afraid he might start to cry.

"I didn't think you'd be here," I said.

"You brought him home," he said. "You brought him right to our house." And, letting himself fall onto the towel, he buried his face in his hands. He coughed again, just once. We were both quiet for a while. I looked up and saw a jet pulling a line of white across the sky.

Then, holding his arms out and attempting to smile, Victor said, "Check out this tan." His arms, face and neck were brown, while the rest of him was bone white. Blood was drying on his collarbone. "It's embarrassing."

I didn't say anything.

Victor said, "Tiny O'Smallessey here."

This was an inside joke between us, from when we were kids. To be Tiny O'Smallessey was to be as low as you could be. Victor looked at me and the weak smile dropped from his face. "You probably think I'm crazy," he said.

"I think you're stupid."

"Fair enough," he said, nodding. "I'll catch shit for it, though. More shit."

"He didn't call the cops," I said. When Victor looked at me I said, "He told me that."

He nodded again, looking unrelieved. "He should have." Then he narrowed his eyes and said, "Do you think it's something I don't feel bad about?"

"You probably do," I said.

"Would you believe it was like something I couldn't control?"

"I don't know what I'd believe."

"That's how I'd describe it," he said, "something I couldn't control. Though it seems like bullshit, even to me."

It seemed it to me, but I didn't say so. I sat down beside him.

In the west the clouds had come together and stood there like a dark gray mountain. The air was wet and getting colder. My brother told me what had happened, that he had gone to Rob's house with a screwdriver and a bucket of sand to sabotage the pool pump. But when he got there the idea suddenly seemed pointless. The houses on the hill were so big, the people in them had so much money, that they could just have the pump fixed and be swimming the next day if they wanted. You would have to do something serious to get to them, is what he thought. In boot camp he'd heard about North Vietnamese soldiers leaving the bodies of babies outside fortified U.S. camps, to break our soldiers down mentally. "I don't know," he said. "I saw the dog, you know? He was barking and making a lot of noise. Something clicked in me. At some point I realized what I was doing, but by then he was already dead. I was just crazy. I was crazy, Tommy, the whole time, I swear. When I put the dog in the pool I felt almost like me, but I still wasn't quite me." He looked up. "Do you have any idea what I'm talking about?"

"I wish I did," I said. "But then again I'm glad I don't."

"Yeah, right," he said. "Bingo."

•

At practice on Thursday coach Harding worked me in with the first-string offense in scrimmage, but I was nervous and bobbled passes. Everyone had a reason to be mad at me. If it wasn't because I was a sophomore taking playing time from a senior, it was because of what my brother had done. The defense knew which plays we would run before we ran them, and was supposed to compensate by not going full-out. But on four straight slants I got my clock cleaned. After knocking the wind out of me, Tim Zucher pointed at Rob and said, "That one was for you, buddy."

Rob pretended not to hear him.

In the locker room Rob avoided me, but he caught up to me in the parking lot. "Don't worry about today," he said. "You'll be fine tomorrow night."

"I got killed," I said.

"Don't worry about that," Rob said. "You can take it."

I touched a rib that felt broken. "Oh, fuck you, man," I said.

•

Victor wasn't around when I got home that night. My father was watching a hockey game in his bedroom, and I sat on the couch in the living room, going over my playbook. My father and I never talked much anymore, which was the way both of us sort of wanted things. We had fallen into that routine after his heart attack.

As I studied I worried about Victor—thinking of him out somewhere with his stupid haircut, schizo, doing God knows what. It made it hard to concentrate. After a while a pizza man came to the door and my father went out and paid him, then took the pizza into his bedroom. Twenty minutes later he came back and dropped half of it on the coffee table.

"Where's Victor?" I asked.

"How the hell do I know? Isn't he gone back already?"

"Not till tomorrow."

He shrugged. Then he looked down at me, arching his eyebrows. "Listen," he said, "is he in some kind of trouble now? There was a kid came by the other night looking for him, looked like he meant to give Victor a hard time."

"I'm not sure," I said.

"This kid was nuts," my father said, shaking his head. "I told him to get the hell out or I'd bust him a new hole."

"I don't know," I said. "I haven't

*(continued on page 158)*

# playboy's 1995 pigskin preview

## SPORTS
## BY GARY COLE

Texas A&M's Leeland McElroy leads an Aggie stampede toward a national title.

### IS COLLEGE FOOTBALL READY FOR AN A&M WAKE-UP CALL?

COACHING COLLEGE football ain't what it used to be. Lou Holtz, who once amused himself by making lists of all the things he wanted to do in life, now chronicles reasons why Notre Dame is overrated. Bill Walsh, who threatened to win more Super Bowl rings than he had fingers to put them on, quietly retired after leading Stanford to three wins last year. Bill McCartney decided he would rather fill stadiums with men searching to reestablish themselves with the almighty than continue coaching at Colorado. Dennis Erickson bolted from Miami, where he won a pair of national championships, to coach the god-awful Seattle Seahawks. And Michigan's Gary Moeller committed career hara-kiri in an uncharacteristic display of public drunkenness.

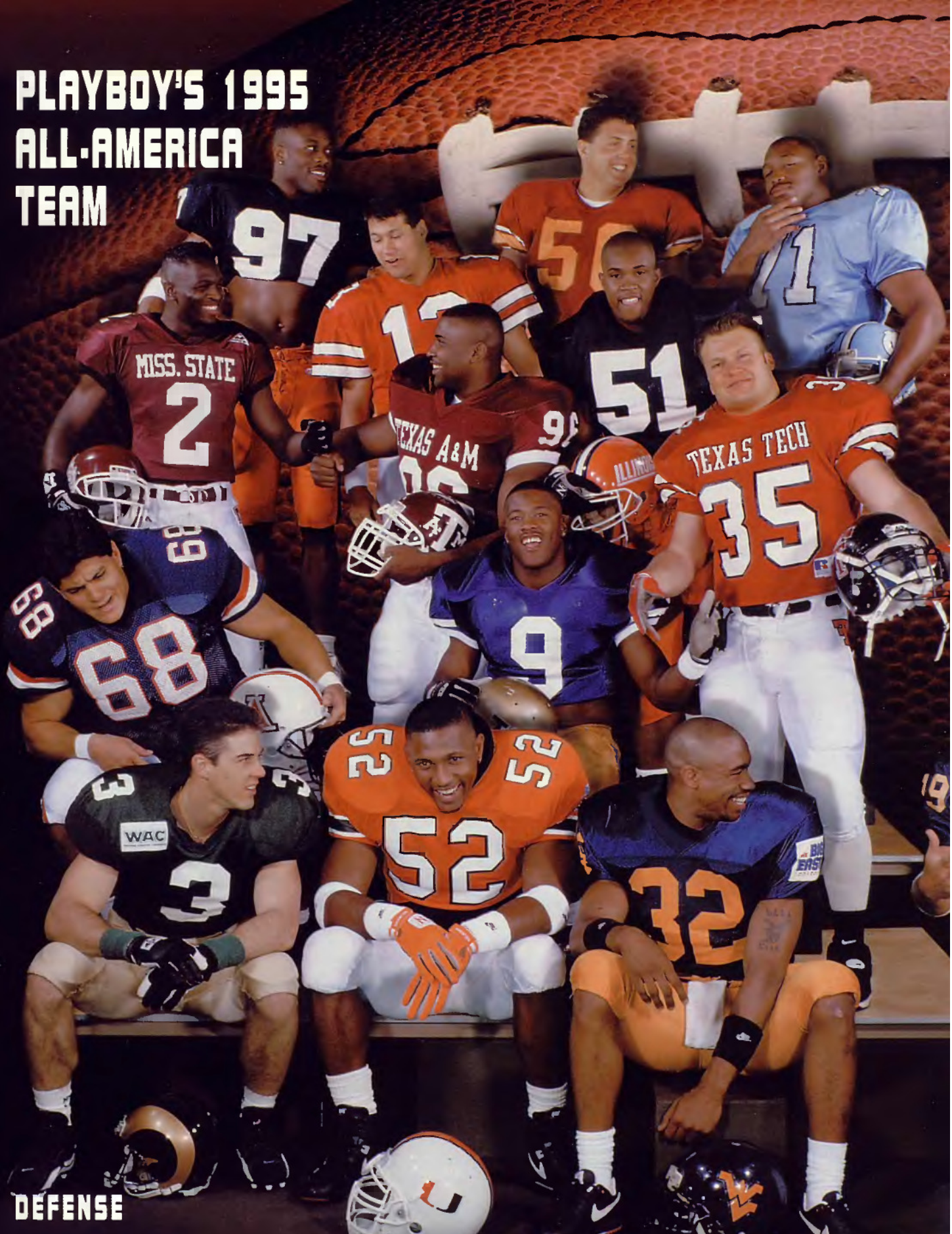
But as bad as it got for those guys, eager

## TOP 20 TEAMS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Texas A&M | 11–0 |
| 2. | Nebraska | 11–0 |
| 3. | Florida State | 10–1 |
| 4. | Auburn | 10–1 |
| 5. | Florida | 10–1 |
| 6. | Penn State | 10–1 |
| 7. | USC | 9–2 |
| 8. | Tennessee | 9–2 |
| 9. | Virginia | 9–3 |
| 10. | Michigan | 9–3 |
| 11. | Notre Dame | 8–3 |
| 12. | West Virginia | 8–3 |
| 13. | Oklahoma | 8–3 |
| 14. | Miami | 8–3 |
| 15. | Alabama | 8–3 |
| 16. | Colorado | 8–3 |
| 17. | North Carolina | 8–3 |
| 18. | UCLA | 8–3 |
| 19. | Kansas State | 8–3 |
| 20. | Ohio State | 8–4 |

The next ten: North Carolina State (8–3), Texas Tech (8–3), Texas (8–4), Boston College (7–5), Mississippi State (7–4), Arizona (7–4), Washington (7–4), Illinois (7–4), South Carolina (7–4), Oregon (7–4)

# PLAYBOY'S 1995 ALL-AMERICA TEAM

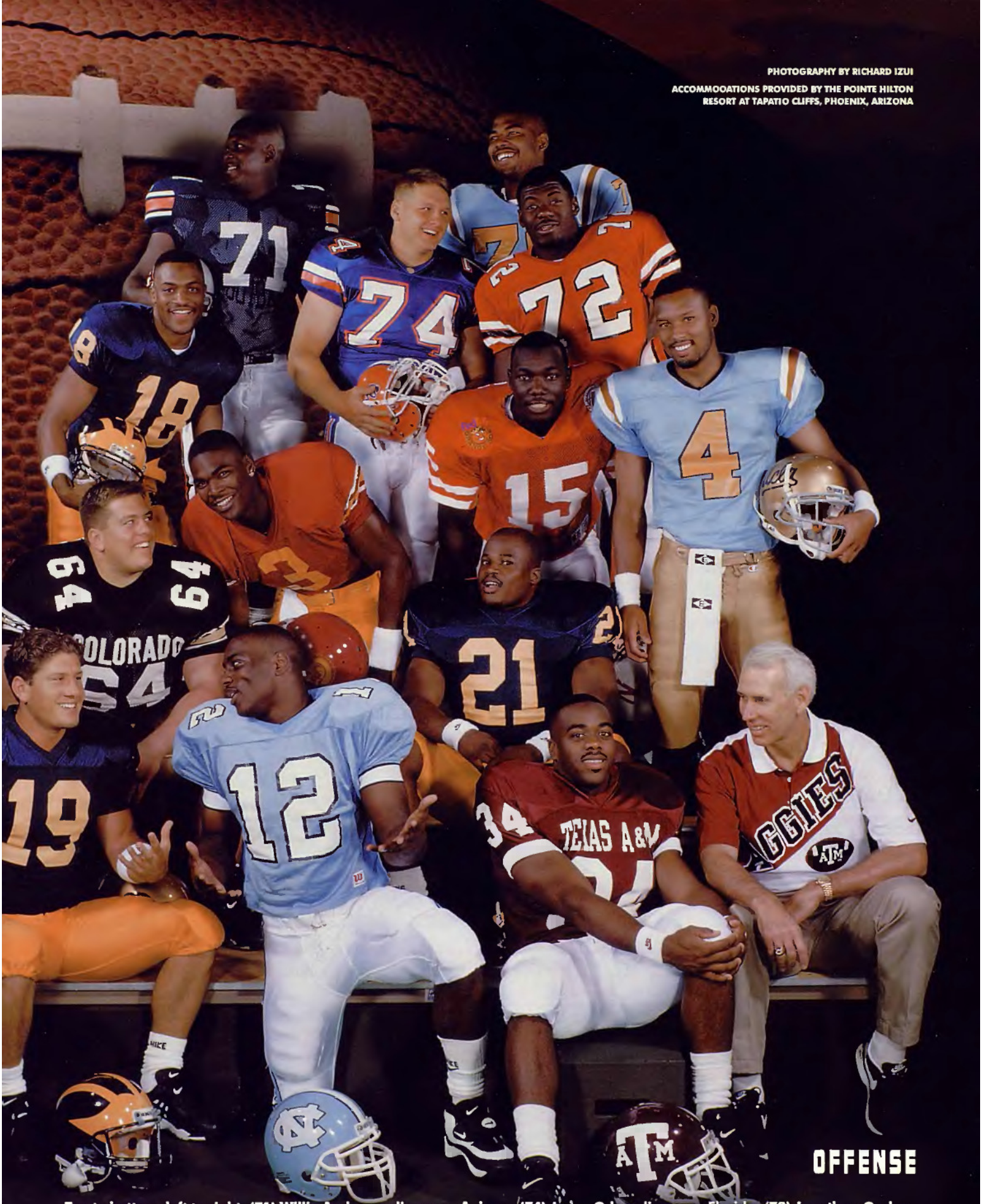



## DEFENSE

Top to bottom, left to right: (97) Simeon Rice, linebacker, Illinois; (13) Scott Milanovich, punter, Maryland; (56) Jeremy Hogue, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, USC; (71) Marcus Jones, lineman, North Carolina; (2) Walt Harris, back, Mississippi State; (96) Brandon Mitchell, lineman, Texas A&M; (51) Kevin Hardy, linebacker, Illinois; (35) Zach Thomas, linebacker, Texas Tech; (68) Tedy Bruschi, lineman, Arizona; (9) Lawyer Milloy, back, Washington, (3) Greg Myers, back, Colorado State; (52) Ray Lewis, linebacker, Miami; (32) Aaron Beasley, back, West Virginia.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED BY THE POINTE HILTON RESORT AT TAPATIO CLIFFS, PHOENIX, ARIZONA




# OFFENSE

Top to bottom, left to right: (71) Willie Anderson, lineman, Auburn; (74) Jason Odom, lineman, Florida; (79) Jonathan Ogden, lineman, UCLA; (72) Roman Oben, lineman, Louisville; (18) Amani Toomer, receiver, Michigan; (3) Keyshawn Johnson, receiver, USC; (15) Tommie Frazier, quarterback, Nebraska; (4) Kevin Jordan, receiver, UCLA; (64) Bryan Stoltenberg, center, Colorado; (21) Tshimanga Biakabutuka, running back, Michigan; (19) Remy Hamilton, placekicker, Michigan; (12) Leon Johnson, running back, North Carolina; (34) Leeland McElroy, kick returner, Texas A&M; R.C. Slocum, Coach of the Year, Texas A&M.

# the playboy all-americas

**PLAYBOY's College Football Coach of the Year for 1995 is R.C. SLOCUM of Texas A&M University. Last season, Slocum led the Aggies to a 10-0-1 record, a fourth consecutive Southwest Conference championship and a third consecutive finish in the nation's top ten. Slocum's six-year career coaching record is 59-12-2, making him number one among NCAA Division I-A coaches in winning percentage (.822).**

## OFFENSE

**TOMMIE FRAZIER—Quarterback, 6'2", 205 pounds, senior, Nebraska. Has 2159 career passing yards, including 26 TD passes, and 1351 rushing yards. Led his team to an Orange Bowl victory over Miami and a national championship.**

**TSHIMANGA BIAKABUTUKA—Running back, 6'1", 205, junior, Michigan. Averaged 6.2 yards per carry, including four 100-plus-yard games while subbing for Tyrone Wheatley.**

**LEON JOHNSON—Running back, 6'1", 208, junior, North Carolina. Rushed for 805 yards and caught 29 passes last season. Has scored 26 TDs in two years.**

**KEYSHAWN JOHNSON—Receiver, 6'4", 205, senior, USC. Caught 66 passes for 1362 yards and nine TDs last season.**

**KEVIN JORDAN—Receiver, 6'2", 188, senior, UCLA. Already has 136 career receptions, only 18 behind school-record holder J.J. Stokes.**

**AMANI TOOMER—Receiver, 6'4", 194, senior, Michigan. Had 54 receptions for 1096 yards and six TDs last season.**

**BRYAN STOLTENBERG—Center, 6'2", 280, senior, Colorado. Started 36 consecutive games for Buffaloes. Has not allowed a sack in two seasons.**

**JONATHAN OGDEN—Lineman, 6'8", 315, senior, UCLA. First-team All-Pac Ten. Placed fifth in shot put in 1994 NCAA Indoor Championship.**

**JASON ODOM—Lineman, 6'5", 291, senior, Florida. Three-year starter for Gators. Received Jacobs Trophy for best blocker in SEC.**

**ROMAN OBEN—Lineman, 6'5", 290, senior, Louisville. Tenacious blocker. Did not allow a sack in 1994.**

**WILLIE ANDERSON—Lineman, 6'6", 306, junior, Auburn. Started 11 games at tackle on a superior Tiger offensive line.**

**LEELAND MCELROY—Kick returner, 5'11", 196, junior, Texas A&M. Averaged 50.2 yards per return last year. Also gained 707 yards on 130 carries as a rusher last season. Two-time Playboy All-America.**

**REMY HAMILTON—Placekicker, 6', 196, junior, Michigan. Named Walter Camp All-America. Successful on 25 of 30 field-goal attempts lost season.**

## DEFENSE

**TEDY BRUSCHI—Lineman, 6'1", 253, senior, Arizona. Ten sacks and 15 tackles for losses last season. Has 33.5 career sacks for Wildcats.**

**MARCUS JONES—Lineman, 6'6", 270, senior, North Carolina. Seventeen sacks and 27 tackles for losses in his Tarheel career. Two-time Playboy All-America.**

**BRANDON MITCHELL—Lineman, 6'4", 271, junior, Texas A&M. Leader of Aggie Wrecking Crew defense with nine QB sacks and 22 tackles for losses.**

**SIMEON RICE—Linebacker, 6'5", 243, senior, Illinois. Butkus Award semifinalist last season. Has 33 career sacks.**

**KEVIN HARDY—Linebacker, 6'4", 239, senior, Illinois. Earned first-team All-Big Ten honors last season in Illini linebacker group that included Rice, Dana Howard and John Holecek.**

**ZACH THOMAS—Linebacker, 6', 233, senior, Texas Tech. Consensus SWC defensive player of the year last season. Had 116 tackles and four interceptions.**

**RAY LEWIS—Linebacker, 6'1", 221, junior, Miami. Starter since freshman season. Had Miami-record 92 tackles last year.**

**AARON BEASLEY—Defensive back, 6', 190, senior, West Virginia. Led NCAA with ten interceptions last season.**

**WALT HARRIS—Defensive back, 6'1", 187, senior, Mississippi State. School's all-time interception leader with 12.**

**GREG MYERS—Defensive back, 6'2", 193, senior, Colorado State. One of two juniors selected as finalists for Jim Thorpe Award. Has 212 tackles, 11 interceptions in career.**

**LAWYER MILLOY—Defensive back, 6'2", 200, junior, Washington. Only sophomore first-team All-Pac Ten last season. Led Huskies in tackles.**

**SCOTT MILANOVICH—Punter, 6'4", 220, senior, Maryland. Averaged 42.8 yards per punt for career, with five punts of more than 60 yards. Also a pinpoint passing threat at QB. Will miss first four games because of an NCAA suspension for sports betting.**

candidates were ready to assume the headsets and the heartaches. Twenty-one new head coaches are taking over teams in Division I-A. It's their job to win now and add up the costs later. It's ours to tell you how they'll do.

### 1. TEXAS A&M

Looking at the strength of its talent, the weakness of its schedule and the motivational power of finishing a one-year prohibition against postseason play, you have to ask yourself: Who is going to beat these Aggies? The answer: Nobody. A&M's solid senior quarterback Corey Pullig has benefited from the help of new offensive coordinator Steve Ensminger. The Aggies have one of the most elusive runners in the nation, Playboy All-America Leeland McElroy. He'll roll up Heisman-type numbers after sharing time in the backfield the past two seasons. And the team will have its usual attack defense, spearheaded by Playboy All-America end Brandon Mitchell. Orchestrating the entourage is College Station's version of Cool Hand Luke, PLAYBOY's 1995 Coach of the Year R.C. Slocum, who has engineered the Aggies to three consecutive top ten finishes. 11–0

### 2. NEBRASKA

Quick review of last season: Nebraska, to use the popular term, is disrespected in preseason polls despite terrific talent. The rap is that coach Tom Osborne's Huskers can't win a bowl game, particularly an Orange Bowl game. Perhaps inspired by that lack of respect, the Huskers bolt to a 4–0 start behind quarterback Tommie Frazier. When he goes down with blood clots behind his right knee, Brook Berringer steps in and plays so well that some football analysts say the team is better with Frazier on the sidelines. Then Berringer suffers a partially collapsed lung and yields to walk-on QB Matt Turman. He leads the Huskers to yet another win, lending to speculation that Macaulay Culkin could play quarterback behind Nebraska's awesome offensive line. And yet, despite a 12–0 record and number one ranking, Miami is favored over Nebraska in the Orange Bowl. Warren Sapp, the Hurricanes' spiritual leader and best player, has his way with Frazier and then Berringer for three quarters, as Miami threatens to win both the game and the national taunting championship. Finally, in a coaching move so brilliant it could only be appreciated in hindsight, Osborne sends Frazier back into the game, and the Huskers wipe the exhausted Hurricanes off the field. The always gracious Osborne finally lays

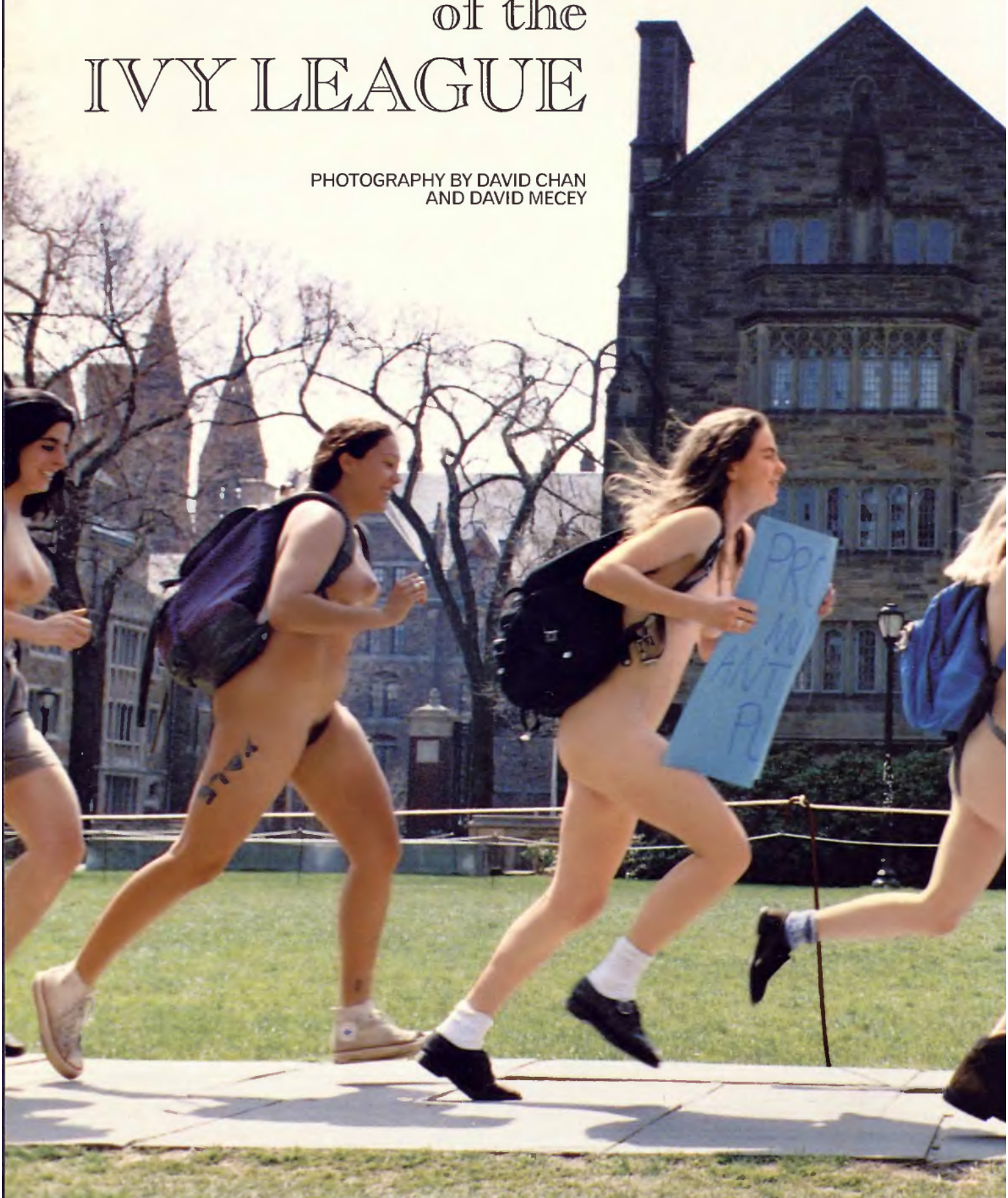
*(continued on page 142)*

*"You know, you don't exactly bring literature to life, Darren!"*

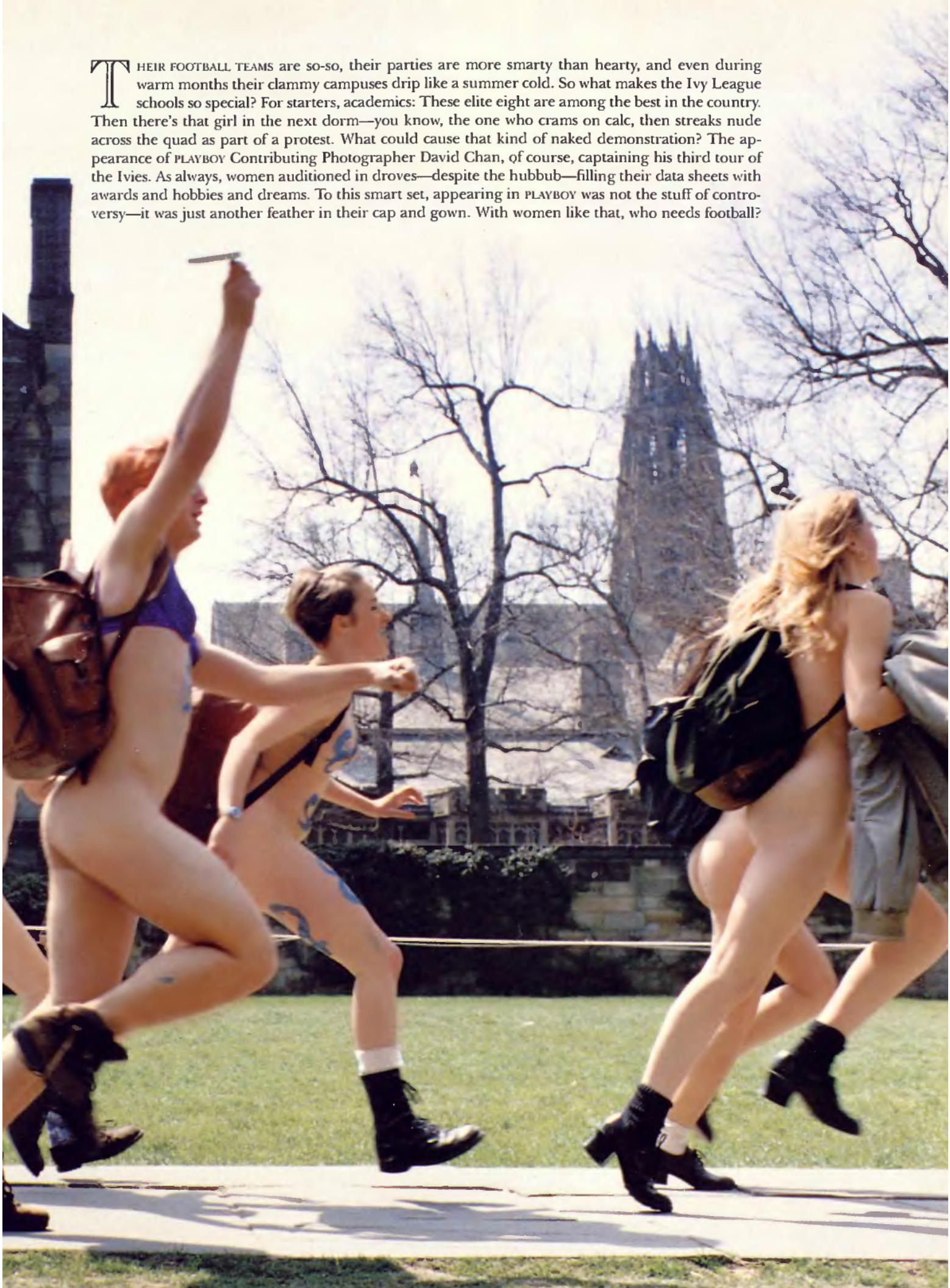
# WOMEN of the IVY LEAGUE

we scored again with another classload of smart, sexy coeds

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY



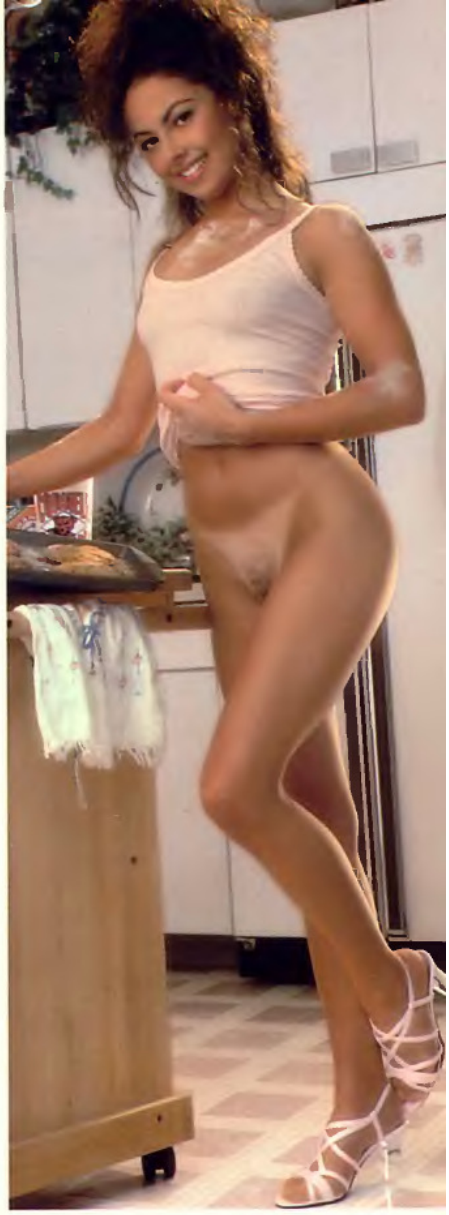
THEIR FOOTBALL TEAMS are so-so, their parties are more smarty than hearty, and even during warm months their clammy campuses drip like a summer cold. So what makes the Ivy League schools so special? For starters, academics: These elite eight are among the best in the country. Then there's that girl in the next dorm—you know, the one who crams on calc, then streaks nude across the quad as part of a protest. What could cause that kind of naked demonstration? The appearance of PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer David Chan, of course, captaining his third tour of the Ivies. As always, women auditioned in droves—despite the hubbub—filling their data sheets with awards and hobbies and dreams. To this smart set, appearing in PLAYBOY was not the stuff of controversy—it was just another feather in their cap and gown. With women like that, who needs football?



At left, Yalies run wild in pratest of PLAYBOY's Ivy League search. (Had we knawn that college in the Nineties would be this much fun, we would have re-upped.) Meanwhile, catching her breath—and stealing aurs—is Princeton's Danielle Helm (below left), a double major in English and theater, and an in-line-skating whiz.

Kirsten Kappenberg (right) of Columbia's Barnard College is a psychology major who laves Haward Stern, her leather jacket and Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails. Her hobby: "braading."

Brawn University's Elizabeth Curtis (above) is a Texan who likes "goad poetry, good food and intelligent people." She's studying modern culture and media, but currently her ambition is to go for the big picture: She wants to direct films and music videos.



A self-described feminist, Yale's Amy Nabors (opposite, bottom) soys: "I wanted to pose for PLAYBOY to show that we're not osexual man-haters." After finishing her course work here, the anthropology major soys she wants to study sex in other cultures. Hiking, rappelling, trekking through the desert and cowboys satisfy Yole sophomore Teresa Dahl-Bredine's (above) more primal urges. Her ambition, though, lies indoors: The small-town girl—one of seven children—wants to become a stage actress. The kitchen is the last place one might expect to find Cornell's Rachel Freedman (top right), who candidly admits, "Cooking is definitely not one of my better skills." Instead, this Ivy soap girl just completed on internship as a production assistant for *As the World Turns*. A writer, musician ond neural science major at Brown, Amy Wu (right) has come o long way since leaving Taiwan in 1978. Her postgrad plans could carry her even further. How for? Try future U.S. surgeon general.

At left, our compus tour turned up a harvest of Horvard sun goddesses: (top row, left to right) Leslie Yahia, Bethony Leeman, Suzonne Brown; (sitting, left to right) Anne Binghom ond Nodio Boulos. "I wos raised in o family where the body wos respected os on art form," says University of Pennsylvania astrophysics mojor Susane Colasanti (below left, exhibiting a family masterpiece). Step aerobics, oil pointing and cuddling (with her teddy bear, Chez) keep Susone busy—that is, when she's not stargozing. After londing roles on *All My Children* ond *One Life to Live*, Pamela Shaw (below) studies screenwriting ot Columbio. "Wishy-woshiness" is o sure way to lose Pam's offections. How to win them? "Surprise gifts ond expensive chocolates."

Horvard's Kelly Johnson-Arbor (left) hod no trouble telling her mother about her oppearonce on these pages. See, Mom is a former Ployboy Bunny. And talk about pedigree: Dod is the chairmon of the Chicogo Boord of Trode. M.D.-to-be Alison Dietrich (right) from Penn soys thot she plons to "proctice medicine among the polm trees." The imoge of Doc Alison in a tropical porodise is enough to drive us coconuts.

In the third grade, Harvard's Kelli Keller (below left) told a friend that she wanted to be in PLAYBOY. With that now under her 24-inch belt, the animal rights activist intends to become a psychiatrist and a poet. Shannan Smith (below right) of Dartmouth is an animal lover, too—but no tame stuff for her: She's interested in primate and tiger care. Also from Dartmouth is Xantha Bruso (bottom left), an Asian studies and geography major who has her own motorcycle, sings with a gospel choir and last June planned an all-girl trip to the Himalayas. Brown's Anna Calleja (bottom right) says power-tripping men are big turnoffs. So what pleases the 21-year-old anthropology student? Cool cats and warm drinks.

At left, a different kind af track-and-field. Is it a phata finish far the streak queens? Nape—laoks like the gal an the left wan by a hair. Below left, meet Princetan chemical engineering major Ashley Cardell, for wham no hurdle is taa high. Already the captain af the school's cross-cauntry team, Ashley's headed far med schaal. Cornell's Zoe Sherman (battom left) alsa likes to get physical: She's a part-time employee at a lacal fitness center (and it shaws). An art histary majar, Zoe is what they call fashian-farward. Her aim: ta be a designing waman. Princeton's Caitlin Petersan (belaw) is a ten in our baaks and a 4.1 in her teachers'—she has an A-plus GPA. Wait, there's mare: She gat her first pany when she was nine and has wan many shawjumping championships. "I have a strang interest in the third warld," says the ecanamics majar, "and I hape ta work with foreign governments ta implement pragrams for sustainable develapment." Whaa, Nellie.

Below, meet Amy and Jennifer Maggard (left and right), Columbia's two-woman dream team. True bicoastal twins, they've imported their native California cool to Manhattan's shores. "It's unfortunate that some of us aren't as pleasant as we could be," says premed student Jennifer, presumably of New Yorkers. As for Amy, she's happy—as long as she's at the beach. And what would a college pictorial be without a proctor? Amanda Proctor (below right) of Harvard is majoring in government. Then, hopefully, it's on to the ACLU, where she'd like to monitor civil rights. Says Columbia's Holly Roma (bottom right): "I admire my mom and Sophia Loren, Jodie Foster and Diane Sawyer for having beauty, brains and balls." Holly ain't no slouch herself. She intends to be a screenwriter, producer and actress.

Beautiful Bulldogs: On study break outside one of Yale's hallowed halls are (from left to right) Angela Danielson, Monisha Poudyal, Julie Constantinides, Dung Nguyen and (sitting) Elana Zeide. Hitting the books in a more intimate fashion is Lisa Bauer (below), an Engineering School graduate and former captain of Cornell's 1995 women's gymnastics team. After leaving school, the beautiful brainiac landed a job with an engineering firm. (By the way: love the jewelry, Lisa.) You can just call Lynnette Taylor (bottom left) a psychological thriller. "I like hanging out at clubs and dancing," confesses the Yale psych major. "I enjoy being the center of attention with all the guys." Mission accomplished.

Jesselyn Brawn (below right) is 100 percent pure Ivy: She went to Brown as an undergrad, then finished up at Yale Law. A figure skater whose passions include chocolate, feminist legal theory and Katharine Hepburn, Jesselyn wants to work as an attorney in the public sector. Finally, say hello to 19-year-old Amanda Panagakos (opposite), a hotel administration major attending Cornell, where she hopes to learn the secrets of opening her own resort. Until then, the dancer-lifeguard wouldn't mind being a Playmate. We'll see what we can do.

20 QUESTIONS

# BILL MAHER

*"Politically Incorrect" has been characterized by its host, Bill Maher, as "'The McLaughlin Group' on acid." Based in New York and airing five nights a week at 11:00 on "Comedy Central," the show is one of the few you actually wish went on longer than its allotted time. The format is simple. Maher and staff come up with a topic that induces heated discussion and then gather four panelists to debate the issue.*

*Topics have included "Men are pigs and we're tired of apologizing for it," "Does showbiz make you an asshole or do assholes go into showbiz?" and more serious discussions about the death penalty ("Why is life precious?") and the role of the media today. Among those who have shared their opinions with Maher are Jerry Seinfeld, Roseanne, former Los Angeles District Attorney Ira Reiner, Tim Allen, Quentin Tarantino, Grant Tinker, Tom Hayden, Roger Clinton, Ed Rollins, Dr. Dre, Congresswoman Susan Molinari, Vladimir Posner, Joe Walsh, Harvey Fierstein, Timothy Leary, Queen Latifah, Sandra Bernhard, Shelley Winters, Sam Donaldson and the doubtable Kato Kaelin. And that's just a week's worth. Maher started as a stand-up comedian and emcee at New York's Catch-a-Rising-Star comedy club in the early Eighties. He then tried sitcoms, movies such as "Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death" and appearances on "The Tonight Show" and with David Letterman. He also wrote "True Story: A Comedy Novel." This year his current show earned a Cable Ace Award for best talk show series.*

*Contributing Editor David Rensin met with the New York–based Maher (pronounced Mar) during one of the host's rare visits to his Los Angeles home. Says Rensin: "One of the first things Bill said was how glad he was to be interviewed for* PLAYBOY. *He led me to the guest bedroom and pointed to a wall nearly covered by shelves of* PLAYBOY *binders. 'So,' I said, 'I guess you are familiar with "20 Questions," huh?'"*

**our sharpest satirist explains what's over the line and what's not, his ideas for the elvis tax and what he sees in kato**

**1.**

PLAYBOY: In terms of this country's political education, how good is it that a satiric remark uttered on *Politically Incorrect* is more persuasive than a reasoned argument?

MAHER: People are always going to be swayed by or riveted to something that's funny, sexy, juicy. But getting a message across is not my agenda. I'm not preaching. I have a forum but no political cause—and it's helpful to make it entertaining. When I spoke in Washington earlier this year at a broadcasters' dinner, I remarked that Senator Phil Gramm was so tough on immigration that he was going to deport his wife. She's Asian American. It wasn't an ethnic slur but a satiric and concise way to get the message across about a policy that's wrong. People understood me in very few words. If I had gone into a dry dissertation on the downside of Proposition 187, eyes would have glazed over, mine included.

**2.**

PLAYBOY: You took a lot of heat for the Gramm joke and others you told at that dinner—such as the one in which you said that Washington, D.C. mayor Marion Barry had promised to get drugs off the street, one gram at a time. Which jokes didn't you tell?

MAHER: That's hard to recall. But I do remember I was offended when the press questioned me about going over the line. My response was: Wait a second, please. I spent a lot of time on this. I was walking on the line, as I always do. It took me a long time to learn how to do it, but this is my business, and I think I did it right. I could, as others who have worked in front of Clinton have done, made jokes about Paula Jones and Gennifer Flowers—stuff I'm sure really pissed him off and is embarrassing for everybody. I didn't get into anybody's personal life. I made jokes about politics or problems that are out in the open, such as Marion Barry's. I was doing special material for a special crowd, jokes that I couldn't do anywhere else. Yet that's the appreciation I got. By the way, I hear Gramm loved the other joke I made about him. I said his campaign slogan is "Gramm: For people who think Dole isn't mean enough." He likes that image.

**3.**

PLAYBOY: Politicians rarely fulfill the promises that even they want to keep. Why does the country seem to have amnesia at election time? Why do we get taken in over and over by the same bullshit?

MAHER: It's always been the position of our show that the people aren't blamed enough, and it would help them if they were. People need to be called on their own bullshit. I used to do this joke about somebody who runs for office every year telling the truth, and he never gets anywhere. His slogan is: "I'm not Santa Claus." And he's not president, either. The people want to be lied to. They want the guy who can lie to them in the smoothest way.

**4.**

PLAYBOY: After Kato Kaelin testified at the O.J. Simpson trial, he appeared on your show and you've since become friends. Besides just wanting to get next to a major celebrity, what's the appeal for you?

MAHER: I have to be perfectly honest: I like him because he made it clear that he was a fan of my show and wanted to do it. It was the first thing he did after he got off the stand. He could have done anything. It's a terrible thing to say about oneself, but performers are emotionally bribable. It doesn't matter what else a person has done if he likes your work. And I thought he was a good guest. After the show we were inundated with media and we did interviews together. The questions he was asked were mean, snarling things such as, "OK, so when do you think your 15 minutes of fame are up?" I felt protective in the sense that he was still in my house, he was still at my party. I looked into his face and saw a nice guy who was caught in something horrendous.

**5.**

PLAYBOY: How protective did you feel when Garry Shandling, also a guest that night, cut Kato down to size?

MAHER: Garry was brilliant, not mean. The host's job is to throw a party. I've always thought of *Politically Incorrect* as a cocktail party. When I throw a party everyone must have a good time. I have to be like Caesar's wife—not, as Gorbachev once said, like Caesars Palace—and be the most gracious, the most courteous host. When I'm not, I disappoint myself. I thought we did our job well because I didn't trap Kato into anything. *(continued on page 174)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN SIGOLOFF

## RAZOR (continued from page 68)

*"We're alone, comrade. One little slip of the razor, and right away there will be a good deal of blood."*

white mask of soap covered the man's face up to his eyes, minuscule eyes that glittered like the tiny wheels of a watch movement. Ivanov had opened his razor and begun to sharpen it on a strop when he recovered from his amazement and realized that this man was in his power.

Bending over the waxy bald spot, he brought the blue blade close to the soapy mask and said very softly, "My respect to you, comrade. How long has it been since you left our part of the world? No, don't move, please, or I might cut you prematurely."

The glittering little wheels started moving faster, glanced at Ivanov's sharp profile and stopped. Ivanov removed some excess flakes of lather with the blunt side of the razor and continued, "I remember you very well, comrade. Sorry if I find it distasteful to pronounce your name. I remember how you interrogated me some six years ago in Kharkov. I remember your signature, dear friend. But, as you see, I am still alive."

Then the following happened. The little eyes darted about, then suddenly shut tight, eyelids compressed like those of the savage who thinks closing his eyes makes him invisible.

Ivanov tenderly moved his blade along the cold cheek.

"We're absolutely alone, comrade. Understand? One little slip of the razor, and right away there will be a good deal of blood. Here is where the carotid throbs. So there will be a good deal of blood, even a great deal of blood. But first I want your face decently shaved, and, besides, I have something I'd like to recount to you."

Cautiously, with two fingers, Ivanov lifted the fleshy tip of the man's nose and, with the same tenderness, began shaving above the upper lip.

"The point, comrade, is that I remember everything. I remember perfectly, and I want you to remember too." And, in a soft voice, Ivanov began his account, as he unhurriedly shaved the recumbent, motionless face. The tale he told must have been terrifying indeed, because from time to time his hand would stop, and he would stoop quite close to the gentleman sitting like a corpse under the shroudlike sheet, his convex eyelids lowered.

"That is all," Ivanov said with a sigh, "that's the whole story. Tell me, what do you think would be a suitable atonement for all that? What is considered an equivalent of a sharp sword? And again, keep in mind that we are utterly, totally alone.

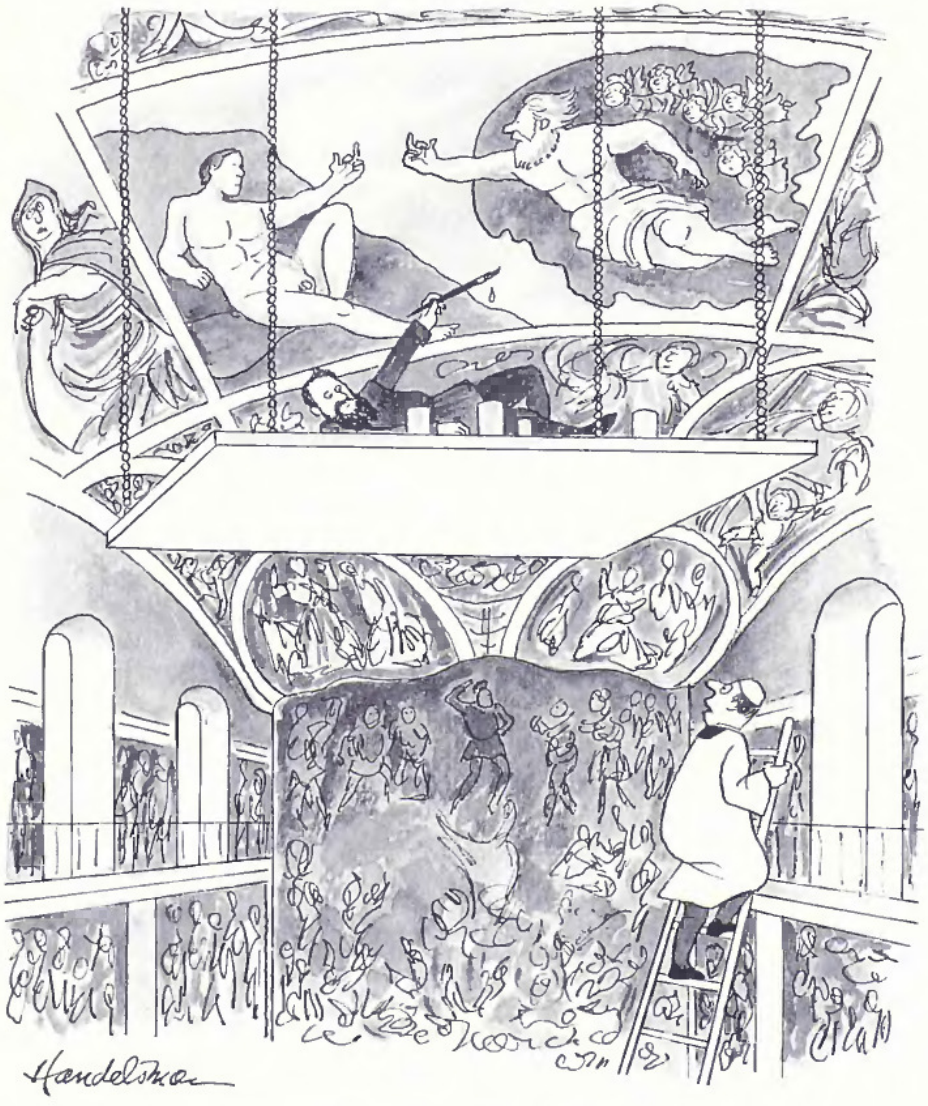
"Corpses are always shaved," Ivanov went on, running the blade upward along the stretched skin of the man's neck. "Those sentenced to death are shaved too. And now I am shaving you. Do you realize what is going to happen next?"

The man sat without stirring or opening his eyes. Now the lathery mask was gone from his face. Traces of foam remained only on his cheekbones and near his ears. His tensed, eyeless, fat face was so pallid that Ivanov wondered if he had not suffered a fit of paralysis. But when he pressed the razor to the man's neck, his entire body gave a twitch. He did not, however, open his eyes.

Ivanov gave the man's face a quick wipe and spat some talcum on him from a pneumatic dispenser. "That will do for you," he said. "I'm satisfied. You may leave." With squeamish haste he yanked the sheet off the man's shoulders. The other remained seated.

"Get up, you ninny," shouted Ivanov, pulling him up by the sleeve. The man froze, with firmly shut eyes, in the middle of the shop. Ivanov clapped the bowler on his head, thrust the briefcase under his arm and swiveled him toward the door. Only then did the man jerk into motion. His shut-eyed face flashed in all the mirrors. He stepped like an automaton through the door that Ivanov was holding open, and with the same mechanical gait, clutching his briefcase with an outstretched, petrified hand, gazing into the sunny blur of the street with the glazed eyes of a Greek statue, he was gone.

*—Translated from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov.*




*"Generally very nice, Michelangelo, but his holiness may use his line-item veto on some of this stuff."*

**Obedience School Graduate.**

**Valedictorian.**

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 (continued from page 126)

*Florida coach Steve Spurrier would stack trophies like firewood if his defense matched his offense.*

claim to the national championship (with apologies to Penn State) that eluded him for 22 years.

What to do for an encore? Says Osborne, "Playing for anything other than the whole ball of wax would be anticlimactic." He has lost 14 starters from last season, including most of that offensive line, but all of his key skill-position players are back: Tommie Frazier, now a Playboy All-America, will get the nod over Berringer, who will still see plenty of action; Lawrence Phillips returns at running back, along with several talented understudies. The defense lost some impact players, but talented replacements are at hand. 11–0

3. FLORIDA STATE

Few things in life are as predictable as Florida State's annual trip to the top of the college football rankings. The Seminoles, under coach Bobby Bowden, have finished in the Associated Press' top five an unprecedented eight consecutive times. Don't expect any changes this year. Senior quarterback Danny Kanell is big, strong, smart and bursting with confidence since Bowden shifted him into the shotgun against Florida last year. FSU's offensive line is solid, and there's plenty of talent in the backfield in Warrick Dunn, Rock Preston and a bruising blocking back affectionately known as Pooh Bear Williams. The defense lost three Playboy All-Americas (Derrick Brooks, Derrick Alexander and Clifton Abraham) but remains formidable. The Seminoles are three deep in linebacker talent and have a couple of monsters up front in Orpheus Roye and sack specialist Reinard Wilson. Only one starter returns in the secondary, but Bowden has always been able to produce good coverage at the hot corners. 10–1

*"I'm having a midlife crisis, Cindy. I'm afraid if you don't sleep with me, I'll go out and buy a sports car and have a dreadful accident."*

4. AUBURN

Terry Bowden has proved he can motivate his players under adverse conditions, coaching the Tigers to 20 wins in two seasons when they were prohibited from postseason play. Now the NCAA is off Auburn's back, and Bowden's team is once again running for the bowls. Auburn is stacked on offense. Patrick Nix, who passed for more than 2000 yards last season, returns for his senior year. Playboy All-America lineman Willie Anderson and center Shannon Roubique anchor a huge, quick offensive line. And Bowden thinks that Stephen Davis is "potentially the best running back in America." The Tigers are less experienced on the defensive front than they were last season, but Bowden isn't worried: "I see no reason why linebacker depth and experience cannot overcome defensive line inexperience." With seven home games on the schedule and Bowden on the sidelines, the Tigers have a shot at going all the way. 10–1

5. FLORIDA

With a talent-laden roster, Florida should win its third consecutive SEC championship this season. Junior quarterback Danny Wuerffel, who has thrown 40 touchdowns the past two seasons as a part-time starter, will put up even bigger numbers now that Terry Dean has graduated. The Gators' offense, second in the nation in scoring last season, will continue its rampage in the red zone. Coach Steve Spurrier would be stacking national championship trophies like firewood if his defense could measure up to his offense. The loss of defensive linemen Kevin Carter and Ellis Johnson to the NFL probably hurts more in terms of leadership and experience than in talent, for Florida appears to be stocked with promising underclassmen. Five SEC away games make the road to another conference crown just a little bumpy. 10–1

6. PENN STATE

How did coach Joe Paterno keep his cool after Penn State was denied a piece of last season's national championship despite a 12–0 record? It was easy: He's had practice. Penn State suffered the

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# the anson mount scholar/athlete award

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as on the playing field. Nominated by their universities, candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend, receives a commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, PLAYBOY awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's university.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Jeremy Hogue from the University of Southern California. A center and long snapper, Hogue started every game last season for the Trojans. He was named to the 1994 GTE Academic All-America Second Team, received USC's John Wayne Memorial Scholarship and has been named to the dean's list every semester. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, Mortar Board, Golden Key, Blue Key and Blacksonians and is a candidate for a Rhodes scholarship. Jeremy received his B.A. in political science and his four-year collegiate grade point average was 3.9. He is currently enrolled in USC's M.B.A. program.

Honorable mention: Justin Dragoo (Arizona State), Matt Hawkins (Auburn), Greg Myers (Colorado State), Justin Conzemius (Minnesota), John Hammerstein (Indiana), Jimmy Herndon (Houston), Bryan Jurewicz (Wisconsin), Darrin Simmons (Kansas), Reggie Lee (NE Louisiana), Brett Larsen (Illinois), Cliff Jackson (Miami), Scott Galyon (Tennessee), Jeff Caldwell (Arkansas State), Carlton Oswalt (Hawaii), Adam Kennedy (Southern Mississippi), Cal Bowers (Bowling Green State).

# rest of the best

**QUARTERBACKS:** Peyton Manning (Tennessee), Danny Kanell (Florida State), Danny Wuerffel (Florida), Ron Powlus (Notre Dame)

**RUNNING BACKS:** Stephen Davis (Auburn), Warrick Dunn (Florida State), Lawrence Phillips (Nebraska), Chris Darkins (Minnesota), Mike Alstott (Purdue), Billy West (Pittsburgh), Karim Abdul-Jabar (UCLA), Terrell Willis (Rutgers), Andre Davis (TCU)

**RECEIVERS:** Bobby Engram (Penn State), Derrick Mayes (Notre Dame), Stepfret Williams (NE Louisiana), Marcus Harris (Wyoming), Charlie Jones (California State–Fresno), Dietrich Jells (Pittsburgh), Kevin Lockett (Kansas State), Brice Hunter (Georgia), Marvin Harrison (Syracuse)

**OFFENSIVE LINEMEN:** Clay Shiver (Florida State), K.C. Jones (Miami), Shannon Roubique (Auburn), Aaron Graham (Nebraska), Jeff Smith and Bubba Miller (Tennessee), Juan Roque (Arizona State), Orlando Pace (Ohio State), Grant Williams (Louisiana Tech), Fred Miller (Baylor), Jimmy Herndon (Houston), Pete Kendall (Boston College)

**DEFENSIVE LINEMEN:** Gabe Northern (Louisiana State), Cedric Jones (Oklahoma), Mark Campbell (Florida), George Noga (Hawaii), Tony Brackens (Texas), Jason Horn and Trent Zenkewicz (Michigan), Jevon Langford (Oklahoma State)

**LINEBACKERS:** Jarrett Irons (Michigan), Randall Godfrey (Georgia), Donnie Edwards (UCLA), Anthony Harris (Auburn), Dwayne Curry (Mississippi State), Reggie Garnett (Michigan State), Ben Hanks (Florida)

**DEFENSIVE BACKS:** Carlos Jones (Miami), Alex Molden (Oregon), Ronde Barber (Virginia), Demetrice Martin (Michigan State), Mike Minter (Nebraska), Ray Mickens (Texas A&M), Darrius Johnson (Oklahoma), Joe Gordon (Kansas State), Ricky Bell (North Carolina State), Torrian Gray (Virginia Tech)

**PLACEKICKERS:** Phil Dawson (Texas), Michael Proctor (Alabama)

**PUNTERS:** Paul Burton (Northwestern), John Stonehouse (USC), Greg Ivy (Oklahoma State)

same fate in 1968, 1969 and 1973. Besides, Joe has more records and trophies than he has wall space—269-69-3 after 29 years at the same school, number one in victories among active coaches and number four all-time, and more bowl victories than any other coach, including wins in all four major bowls. And he is wearing two national championship rings (1982 and 1986). But he's not finished yet. Despite placing three players (Ki-Jana Carter, Kerry Collins and Kyle Brady) in the top ten NFL draft picks, Penn State could be just good enough to foul up the entire bowl coalition by again taking a perfect record to Pasadena. The question is, can Wally Richardson, who got some game experience as a true freshman in 1992, get the job done at quarterback? He'll start behind an experienced offensive line that allowed only three sacks last season. Bobby Engram and Freddie Scott are a lethal pair of wide receivers. 10–1

### 7. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

It hasn't taken coach John Robinson long to put Southern Cal back among the nation's elite football teams. He returned to USC from the pros at the beginning of the 1993 season and keeps stacking blue-chip players in the Trojan program. And he isn't reluctant to adjust his offensive and defensive schemes to match the talent. Robinson has switched his offense to a two-back system to accommodate two of the nation's best running backs, Shawn Walters and Terry Barnum. Brad Otton, who subbed spectacularly for quarterback Rob Johnson, steps in behind center. Despite the loss of three-time Playboy All-America lineman Tony Boselli, an abundance of size and talent appears up front. The jewel of the offense is Keyshawn Johnson, likely to be the best of a vintage year for wide receivers. Johnson, who grew up within a hail mary's distance of the USC campus, was once a ball boy for the Trojans. Robinson's defense may not have many familiar names, but it's loaded with talent. 9–2

### 8. TENNESSEE

If you follow college football, you may as well get accustomed to this name: Peyton Manning. Vols coach Phil Fulmer had planned to patiently groom the highly touted Manning, son of Mississippi QB legend Archie, to start this season or next. But after senior starting quarterback Jerry Colquitt suffered a season-ending injury in Tennessee's opener against UCLA, Manning stepped up. By season's end he had won SEC freshman of the year honors and the hearts of the Tennessee faithful. With Manning firmly entrenched, one backup transferred and another turned his concentration to professional baseball, leaving Fulmer with Manning in place and no depth at the quarterback spot. And Fulmer must find

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replacements for running backs James Stewart and Aaron Hayden, both lost to graduation. 9–2

9. VIRGINIA

It's difficult for anybody else in the ACC to receive recognition as long as Florida State keeps trouncing its conference rivals. The Cavaliers were tomahawked 41–17 by the Seminoles in their season opener. The fact that Virginia won nine games (including a 20–10 Independence Bowl win over TCU) and suffered only two defeats by a grand total of six points during the remainder of the season failed to generate much hype. Virginia got a chance to make an early positive impression this year when it opened on August 26 against Michigan in the Pigskin Classic. The Wolverines had to be prepared because Virginia, with football seer George Welsh in charge, is loaded. Eight starters return on offense, including quarterback Mike Groh and gifted wide receiver Patrick Jeffers. 9–3

10. MICHIGAN

Lloyd Carr, a former Bo and Mo assistant, has been given one year to pick up the pieces in Ann Arbor after Gary Moeller's career fell apart. Fortunately for Carr, there are lots of good pieces to pick up. Rumor has it that NFL scouts list 17 current Michigan players as having pro potential. Running back Tshimanga Biakabutuka, who stepped in so effectively for injured Ty Wheatley, and wide receiver Amani Toomer are both Playboy All-Americas, and they represent only the tip of the talent on both sides of the line. Wide receiver Mercury Hayes, defensive tackles Jason Horn and Trent Zenkewicz, inside linebacker Jarrett Irons and Playboy All-America kicker Remy Hamilton are all standouts. Scott Dreisbach appears to have beaten out both Jason Carr, the coach's son, and Brian Griese, son of NFL Hall of Famer Bob Griese, for the starting QB spot vacated by Todd Collins. 9–3

11. NOTRE DAME

Turns out that Lou Holtz wasn't simply psyching opponents when he fretted that the Irish weren't a top ten team. In fact, Notre Dame was worse (6-5-1) than even Holtz imagined. Notre Dame failed to defeat a ranked opponent for the first time in Holtz' nine-year reign. The Irish offensive line couldn't open holes for running backs Lee Becton and Ray Zellars, and it couldn't protect Ron Powlus, who turned out to be a talented but inexperienced quarterback instead of the Second Coming. Nor could the defense make the big play. Notre Dame will be a lot better this year. Powlus still has a rifle arm and will benefit greatly from the difficult lessons learned last year. The running back positions are solid with Randy Kinder and Marc Edwards returning, and Derrick Mayes is one of the best wide receivers in the nation. One big plus: The Irish aren't playing any teams from Florida. 8–3

12. WEST VIRGINIA

The Mountaineers never should have accepted the invitation to play Nebraska in the Kickoff Classic last year. They lost badly (31–0), sputtered through the early season 1–4, got on a roll at midseason, then ran out of gas in the Carquest Bowl, their 13th game of the season. Coach Don Nehlen, who pulls together great teams every few years, is convinced he'll have a solid winner this year. Junior quarterback Chad Johnston, described by Nehlen as "tough as nails," has a strong arm and is deceptively mobile. Senior tailback Robert Walker hopes to regain his all-conference form of two seasons ago. The Mountaineer defense, led by Playboy All-America defensive back Aaron Beasley, is aggressive and experienced. West Virginia has a chance to go through the first half of its schedule undefeated. 8–3

13. OKLAHOMA

Coach Howard Schnellenberger took a national crown at Miami, and he even managed to win in Louisville, a place better known for hoops and horses than gridiron exploits. Now he has arrived in Norman, where football tradition and talent run deep. Schnellenberger will produce quick results with the Sooners—any notions he may have about a second national championship are more than just pipe dreams. He has 19 of last year's starters returning, including quarterback Garrick McGee and running backs Jerald Moore and James Allen. Also returning is defensive standout Cedric Jones, who will likely become the Sooners' all-time sack leader this year. For the first time since Bud Wilkinson was coach, the defense will shift to a 4–3 alignment. 8–3

*"Six beers a night, Jimmy. That's my contract with America."*

14. MIAMI

As the new coach of the Hurricanes, Butch Davis may have the toughest job in college football. Miami has won four national championships (and has had a couple of near misses) since 1983. Anything less than a run at the national title is considered a letdown; fewer than ten wins is a disaster. Davis' problems will be compounded if the NCAA sanctions the Hurricanes for numerous rumored violations. Finally, Davis inherits a team with merely good talent, not the great talent that awaited predecessor Dennis Erickson. Still, Davis is undaunted. A six-year defensive assistant with the Cowboys, Davis will build the 'Canes defense around Playboy All-America linebacker Ray Lewis, cornerback Carlos Jones and tackles Kenny Holmes and Kenard Lang, who will replace Warren Sapp and Pat Riley. Senior Ryan Collins has a slight edge over sophomore Ryan Clement at quarterback. 8–3

15. ALABAMA

Given the talent of the Crimson Tide, you can't exactly say the team is rebuilding. Just say it's "in transition"—out with the upperclassmen, in with the gifted

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The Captain was here

but unproven replacements. The most important position to fill is the quarterback spot vacated by Jay Barker, a rather unspectacular fellow whose career mark as a starter was 35-2-1. Patient sub Brian Burgdorf, now a senior, will likely step in. A replacement must also be found for Sherman Williams, the school's number five all-time rusher. Coach Gene Stallings may be even more concerned about replacing three starters from the team's usually stellar defensive secondary. Good receivers, depth on the offensive and defensive lines, and All-SEC placekicker Michael Proctor should keep Alabama in the SEC championship hunt. 8–3

### 16. COLORADO

Calling a surprise audible at the end of last season, Bill McCartney bootlegged out of his position as coach at Colorado to devote more time to his wife and to Promise Keepers, a Christian-oriented men's group. Rick Neuheisel, former quarterback coach at UCLA and McCartney's assistant for one season, takes over. A herd of Buffaloes graduated—several of them to the NFL—and defensive lineman Shannon Clavelle and Heisman-winning running back Rashaan Salaam opted for the pros before graduation. Colorado returns a veteran offensive line that includes Playboy All-America center Bryan Stoltenberg. The coaches are hoping that Koy Detmer has the same quarterbacking genes as brother Ty. Colorado hung on to a very good recruiting class despite the head-coaching change. Neuheisel promises the Buffaloes will be more "cerebral" this year, a questionable attribute when facing brutish opponents Texas A&M and Nebraska. 8–3

### 17. NORTH CAROLINA

The North Carolina Tarheels' football fortunes have turned around since Mack Brown took over seven years ago. They have five straight winning seasons behind them, with the promise of more to come. Jason Stanicek, a four-year starter at quarterback, has graduated, and tailback Curtis Johnson left a year early to try the NFL. That means more opportunities for two talented underclassmen—Playboy All-America Leon Johnson, a 1000-yard rusher two seasons ago, and senior Mike Thomas, an excellent passer. The Tarheels also have outstanding receivers in Marcus Wall and Octavus Barnes. On defense, two-time Playboy All-America Marcus Jones has been moved from end to tackle. 8–3

### 18. UCLA

How much can one player mean to a team? The Bruins lost six straight while wide receiver J.J. Stokes was sidelined with an injury. When Stokes returned, UCLA won its last three games, including a victory over crosstown rival USC. Now that Stokes is in the NFL, coach Terry Donahue thinks Playboy All-America Kevin Jordan can have a similar impact. The Bruins retain Sharmon Shah (who, after 1227 yards rushing last year, changed his name to Karim Abdul-Jabar) and five offensive-line starters, including Playboy All-America tackle Jonathan Ogden. The defense returns nine starters, including standout outside linebacker Donnie Edwards. The Bruins' biggest challenge is replacing graduated quarterback Wayne Cook. Junior Ryan Fien appears to have the edge over Rob Walker and Steve Buck. 8–3

### 19. KANSAS STATE

When you think of the powers of the Big Eight, the teams that typically come to mind are Nebraska, Colorado and Oklahoma. Better add Kansas State to the mix. The Wildcats have won nine games two years in a row. Last season their only conference losses were to Nebraska (which beat everybody) and Colorado (which beat everybody but Nebraska). Coach Bill Snyder returns lots of talent from last year's team, but the big question is whether he can replace graduated quarterback Chad May. The two leading candidates are Matt Miller, a senior who transferred from Texas A&M, and rocket launcher Cody Lee Smith, in from the junior college circuit. 8–3

### 20. OHIO STATE

The early defection of offensive lineman Korey Stringer and linebacker Lorenzo Styles weakens Ohio State's shot at top national honors. Not that the Buckeyes are without horses. Offensive tackle Orlando Pace (6'6", 320) may already be Stringer's equal. Quarterback Bob Hoying returns for his senior year after tying the school single-season record for TD passes (19). Running back Eddie George is also back after rushing for 1442 yards last year. The Buckeye defense is talented but young; the squad will look to experienced ends Matt Finkes and Mike Vrabel for leadership. 8–4

## TEN MORE TO WATCH

### 21. NORTH CAROLINA STATE

It's no fun being in a conference with Florida State. North Carolina State has appeared in seven straight bowl games and regularly finishes in the top 20. Yet it's Preacher Bowden and the Seminoles who get the ink and prime-time postseason games. Third-year coach Mike O'Cain continues the winning tradition with a balanced offense and quick, pesky defense. Senior quarterback Terry Harvey has already led the Wolfpack to eight come-from-behind victories. The defense, led by cornerback Ricky Bell, is talented but green at linebacker. 8–3

### 22. TEXAS TECH

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season and came away bloodied, 55–14. It could be déjà vu for Coach Spike Dykes and his charges when they open on September 9 against Penn State. However, if Tech can survive its opener, it is likely to beat every team on its schedule except Texas A&M. Dykes really likes his sophomore quarterback Zebbie Lethridge, who runs and throws with equal skill. Lethridge was the SWC newcomer of the year last season. On defense, the man in the middle is Playboy All-America linebacker Zach Thomas, a ferocious hitter who sets the tone for Tech's blitzing defense. 8–3

### 23. TEXAS

When John Mackovic made the move from Illinois to Texas four years ago, folks in Austin began pointing their horns toward an SWC title, if not a national championship. Neither has happened yet, and Longhorn followers are restless despite last year's 8–4 record and a Sun Bowl win over North Carolina. There are promising signs for this season. Quarterback James Brown has yet to lose as a starter. The defense, led by pass-rushing end Tony Brackens, had a great spring and appears ready to assert itself. The Longhorns may have to win big this season or see their coach move along. 8–4

### 24. BOSTON COLLEGE

After some rough years as head coach of Atlanta and San Diego in the NFL, Dan Henning made a successful debut at Boston College last season. He finished 7-4-1, knocked off traditional rival Notre Dame, beat Kansas State in the Aloha Bowl and landed in the top 25. Henning returns four of five starters along the offensive line, including tackle Pete Kendall, quarterback Mark Hartsell (61.9 percent completion rate), running back Justice Smith and wide receiver Kenyatta Watson. The defense, rated sixth overall in the nation last year, will struggle to replace the 13 sacks of defensive end Mike Mamula and the 130 tackles of linebacker Stephen Boyd. 7–5

### 25. MISSISSIPPI STATE

Question coach Jackie Sherrill's public relations sensibilities (remember his motivational seminar on bull castration?), but never question his ability to field squads of overachievers. Not that the Bulldogs don't have some outstanding players. Playboy All-America defensive back Walt Harris is spectacular against the pass and run, and Dwayne Curry is one of the best linebackers in the conference. On offense, Eric Moulds is awesome at wide receiver and kick returner, and quarterback Derrick Taite continues to improve. Add solid but unspectacular players at the other positions, mix with Sherrill's coaching acumen and—voilà—you have another winning season and a chance to crack the top 20. 7–4

### 26. ARIZONA

The Wildcats will attempt to regain their equilibrium after a frustrating 16–13 Freedom Bowl loss to Utah. In the fourth quarter, two Arizona receivers dropped easy end-zone passes from quarterback Dan White, who returns as a fifth-year senior with two years' starting experience. White is big (6'5") and has a strong arm, but because he'll be playing behind an entirely new offensive line, his lack of mobility could present problems. The offense also lacks a running threat. Then again, the Wildcats usually don't need to score a lot of points, for every season they field one of the nation's stingiest defenses. The heart of the line is Playboy All-America defensive end Tedy Bruschi (that's pronounced "brewski," dudes). Brandon Sanders excels at strong safety. 7–4

### 27. WASHINGTON

Since taking over the Huskies in 1993, coach Jim Lambright has continued to win and recruit during two years of Pac Ten sanctions. Quarterback Damon Huard will return for his third season and scramble past Warren Moon on the school's all-time passing list. Lambright recruited Huard's brother Brock, also a quarterback, who was Gatorade's high school player of the year last season. The team's running backs will struggle to fill the void left by Napoleon Kaufman, now in the NFL. On defense, Washington has one of the best cover men in Playboy All-America Lawyer Milloy and a future NFL star in linebacker Ink Aleaga. 7–4

### 28. ILLINOIS

Illini coach Lou Tepper had a 1–1 record in the off-season. Playboy All-America linebacker Simeon Rice surprised almost everyone, including Tepper, by staying in school instead of making himself eligible for the NFL draft. But then Chris Redman, Tepper's prize quarterback recruit, changed his mind about going to Champaign when Tepper replaced offensive coordinator Greg Landry. Kentucky-born Redman decided to stay in Louisville and play for his home team. For the moment, the Illini are well stocked at quarterback: Senior Johnny Johnson, MVP in last season's Liberty Bowl, and junior Scott Weaver return. The team has quality backs in Ty Douthard and Robert Holcombe, but they'll be running behind a young offensive line. Illinois is threatening Penn State's title of Linebacker U. Dana Howard and John Holecek graduated, but Rice and Playboy All-America Kevin Hardy return. 7–4

### 29. SOUTH CAROLINA

If you're looking for a top 20 sleeper, South Carolina may be a good bet. First-year coach Brad Scott coaxed the Gamecocks to their first bowl game last season,

and his team responded with a 24–21 victory over West Virginia. Quarterback Steve Taneyhill returns for his senior season, his third as starter. Stanley Pritchett should ably fill the tailback spot vacated by graduated Brandon Bennett. Linebacking is strong, with all three starters returning from last season. 7–4

30. OREGON

Success also has thorns. Last season Oregon won nine games, the Pac Ten title and its first trip to the Rose Bowl in 37 years, only to suffer a 38–20 thumping at the hands of Penn State. Then Rich Brooks, who someone realized was actually a pretty good coach after 18 seasons at Eugene, departed to take over the St. Louis Rams. Former offensive coordinator Mike Bellotti should make a comfortable transition to head coach, but he must overcome the loss of four-year starting quarterback Danny O'Neil. Left-hander Tony Graziani will get the nod. Last year's offensive line is back, as is all-conference running back Ricky Whittle. The defense, now coached by former Dallas Cowboy great Charlie Waters, could be better than last year's Gang Green. 7–4

•

**Virginia, North Carolina** and **North Carolina State** will again chase, but not catch, **Florida State. Duke** will have difficulty repeating last year's spectacular 8–4 success despite the return of 14 starters and the stellar coaching of Fred Goldsmith. Quarterback Spence Fischer is a standout, but there's no ready replacement for running back Robert Baldwin. With ten starters returning on offense, second-year **Clemson** coach Tommy West expects the Tigers to put more points on the board. Nealon Greene, who started the second half of last season as a true freshman, gets the nod at quarterback. West must find some linebacking talent to bolster the Clemson defense. **Wake Forest's** best player is 6'3", 289-pound offensive tackle Elton Ndoma-Ogar. The Demon Deacons appear weak defensively. **Maryland,** which lost key players because of eligibility problems last year, will evidently suffer a worse fate this season. Playboy All-America Scott Milanovich was suspended for four games for sports betting. Three other players, including receiver Jermaine Lewis, will sit out one game. The NCAA reduced its original eight-game suspension after the university appealed it. George O'Leary takes over at **Georgia Tech** after the Yellow Jackets' disastrous 1–10 finish a year ago.

**ATLANTIC COAST**

| | |
|---|---|
| Florida State | 10–1 |
| Virginia | 9–3 |
| North Carolina | 8–3 |
| North Carolina State | 8–3 |
| Duke | 6–5 |
| Clemson | 6–5 |
| Wake Forest | 5–6 |
| Maryland | 4–7 |
| Georgia Tech | 3–8 |

**BIG EAST**

| | |
|---|---|
| West Virginia | 8–3 |
| Miami | 8–3 |
| Boston College | 7–5 |
| Syracuse | 7–4 |
| Virginia Tech | 6–5 |
| Pittsburgh | 5–6 |
| Rutgers | 4–7 |
| Temple | 3–8 |

**West Virginia** has a chance to sneak past **Miami** while the Hurricanes break in a new coach and worry about NCAA probation. **Boston College** has another strong team but a horrendous schedule. **Syracuse** has outstanding receiver Marvin Harrison, but coach Paul Pasqualoni has three quarterback candidates with only two college-level pass attempts among them. With the graduation of Maurice DeShazo, **Virginia Tech** has questions at quarterback as well. Junior Jim Druckenmiller will likely get the call. With ten starters returning and better depth, the Hokies defense should be solid. **Pittsburgh** coach John Majors says his team "is improved in virtually every


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area except our win-loss record, which is our next goal." With talent on the rise, the Panthers could win five games this year and have a winning season next. Defense was the emphasis for Doug Graber and his **Rutgers** team this spring. Junior running back Terrell Willis will likely own most of Rutgers' rushing records before he's finished. **Temple** is much improved, especially at quarterback, where Henry Burris returns after a productive season last year. If the defensive line holds up, the Owls could get out of the Big East cellar.

**BIG EIGHT**

| | |
|---|---|
| Nebraska | 11–0 |
| Oklahoma | 8–3 |
| Colorado | 8–3 |
| Kansas State | 8–3 |
| Kansas | 7–4 |
| Oklahoma State | 5–7 |
| Missouri | 4–7 |
| Iowa State | 2–9 |

**Oklahoma, Colorado** and **Kansas State** have the unenviable task of trying to overtake another powerful **Nebraska** team in the Big Eight's final year before expansion. **Kansas** can join the chase if coach Glen Mason can successfully rebuild his defensive line after losing four starters to graduation. Junior college transfer Ben Rutz will challenge senior Mark Williams for the quarterback spot. New **Oklahoma State** coach Bob Simmons thinks that the Cowboys defensive front may be as good as any in the league. Junior defensive end Jevon Langford is the best of the good. Toné Jones directs OSU's run-oriented offense from behind center. **Missouri's** offense is also run-oriented, though coach Larry Smith does not have the luxury of a returning starting quarterback. Brandon Corso, who backed Jeff Handy last season, gets the nod. Missouri thinks its recruiting class is the best it has had in nearly 20 years. **Iowa State** dumped coach Jim Walden, winless last season, in favor of former Wisconsin defensive coordinator Dan McCarney, only to discover that he has a charge of spousal abuse in his past. With McCarney vowing that his personal problems are behind him, ISU decided to honor instead of eat his three-year deal. The Cyclones can use McCarney's defensive expertise. They were 107th out of 107 Division I-A teams in rushing defense last season.

•

**Penn State** again has the best coach and players in the conference, **Michigan** and **Ohio State** are loaded with bluechippers and **Illinois** will put another stubborn defense on the field. The rest of the conference has improved over the past couple of years, promising lots of tight games and upsets. The surprise team could be **Iowa.** The Hawkeyes have been flat the past three years, but coach Hayden Fry is optimistic that this team will contend for a bowl. Offense will be its strength, with capable quarterbacks Matt Sherman and Ryan Driscoll, running back Sedrick Shaw (the second sophomore in Hawkeye history to gain 1000 yards) and an experienced offensive line. **Wisconsin** will have to take one step back before it can take two steps forward. The Badgers lost numbers two and three career rushers Brent Moss and Terrell Fletcher, three all-conference offensive linemen and number two career receiver Lee DeRamus. However, 25-year-old senior Darrell Bevell returns at quarterback, the Badger defensive front is strong and coach Barry Alvarez landed another stellar recruiting class. **Purdue** and **Minnesota** will put potent offenses and questionable defenses on the field. Purdue coach Jim Colletto thinks senior Mike Alstott is the best fullback in the nation. Running back Chris Darkins will put up big numbers again this year for the Gophers. Nick Saban, former defensive coordinator for the Cleveland Browns, takes over for the controversial George Perles as coach at **Michigan State.**

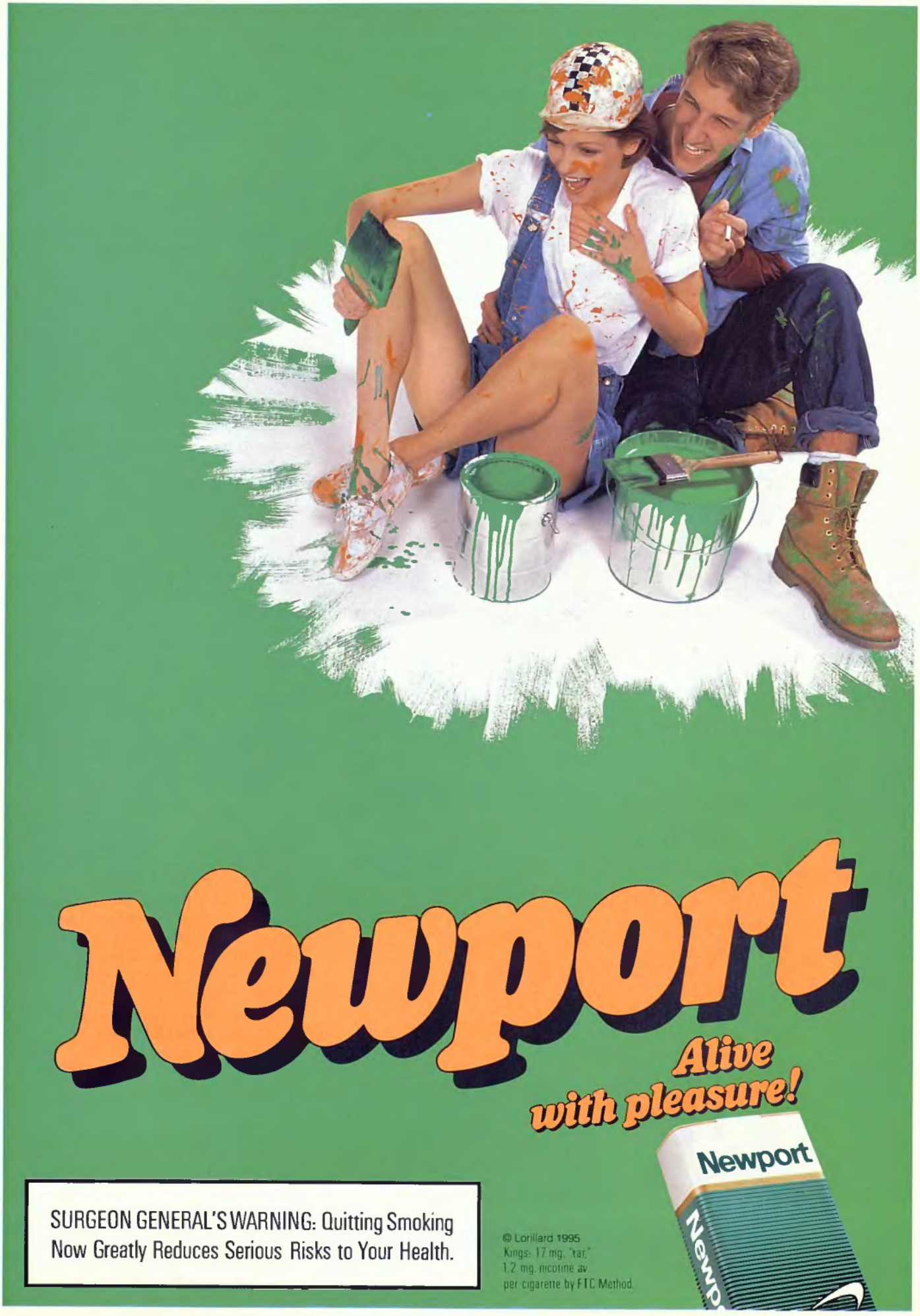
**BIG TEN**

| | |
|---|---|
| Penn State | 10–1 |
| Michigan | 9–3 |
| Ohio State | 8–4 |
| Illinois | 7–4 |
| Iowa | 7–4 |
| Wisconsin | 5–6 |
| Purdue | 4–7 |
| Minnesota | 4–7 |
| Indiana | 4–7 |
| Michigan State | 4–7 |
| Northwestern | 3–8 |

**BIG WEST**

| | |
|---|---|
| Nevada | 8–3 |
| UNLV | 7–4 |
| Southwestern Louisiana | 7–4 |
| Northern Illinois | 5–6 |
| Utah State | 5–6 |
| San Jose State | 4–7 |
| Pacific | 4–7 |
| Louisiana Tech | 4–7 |
| New Mexico State | 3–8 |
| Arkansas State | 2–9 |

Obviously, the guys who constructed the Big West Conference were not geography buffs. Louisiana Tech in the West? Arkansas State? And the last time we looked at a map, Northern Illinois wasn't even on the west side of the Mississippi. The same three teams that tied for the conference title are likely to be in the thick of the action again this year. To give you a sense of **Nevada's** offensive prowess, its untested Mike Maxwell replaced Chris Vargas, the nation's total-offense leader, at quarterback. Guess what? Maxwell was last year's Big West total-offense king. He's back, along with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most of the offensive unit, which averaged 507.4 yards per game. **UNLV**, last season's Las Vegas Bowl winner (52–24 over Central Michigan) is hoping that receiver Demond Thompkins will regain his eligibility. If he does, second-year coach Jeff Horton predicts he will be the leading pass catcher in the nation. And the teams in this league don't score points only through the air. **Northern Illinois** averaged 455 yards and 33.5 points over its last eight games, largely by running out of its multiple-I option offense. Tailback Charles Talley should lead the league in rushing (through holes punched by center Mike Sutherland and tackle Derek Sholdice). **Utah State** made a good move by hiring John L. Smith as its new coach. Smith had a 53–21 record at Division I-AA Idaho. **San Jose State** will be improved under third-year coach John Ralston, but the Spartans play a murderous nonconference schedule.

•

The Pirates of **East Carolina** can make some noise if they survive a first-half schedule that includes games at Tennessee, Syracuse and Illinois. Coach Steve Logan will rely on a stubborn defense that has depth and experience. The key to the offense is keeping junior quarterback Marcus Crandell healthy. **Southern Mississippi** and **Memphis** will both feature strong defenses. The Golden Eagles of Southern Miss led the nation in take-aways last season (40) and were second in interceptions (25). Chris Windsor, junior college player of the year in 1994, will push Heath Graham for time at quarterback. Rip Scherer takes over for Chuck Stobart as head coach for the Memphis Tigers. Defensive tackle Tony Williams is cat-quick, and pro scouts love secondary standout Jerome Woods. **Louisville's** Ron Cooper, at 33 the youngest Division I-A head coach, inherits a strong offensive line, led by Playboy All-America Roman Oben. **Northeast Louisiana's** Stepfret Williams is one of the best wide receivers in the nation. **Cincinnati** returns 17 starters to a team that won only twice last season. **Army** will probably make it four straight over Navy if junior quarterback Ronnie McAda stays healthy. The Cadets have no backups other than halfback Steve Carpenter and defensive back Abdullah Muhammad. The Midshipmen welcome new coach Charlie Weatherbie. **North Texas** makes its debut in Division I-A, and it'll be a rocky road: The Eagles play seven games away from home this season.

**INDEPENDENTS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Notre Dame | 8–3 |
| East Carolina | 6–5 |
| Southern Mississippi | 6–5 |
| Memphis | 6–5 |
| Louisville | 6–5 |
| Tulsa | 5–6 |
| Northeast Louisiana | 4–7 |
| Cincinnati | 4–7 |
| Army | 4–7 |
| North Texas | 3–8 |
| Navy | 3–8 |
| Tulane | 2–9 |

**MID-AMERICAN**

| | |
|---|---|
| Bowling Green State | 8–3 |
| Central Michigan | 7–4 |
| Ball State | 7–4 |
| Toledo | 6–5 |
| Eastern Michigan | 5–6 |
| Miami | 5–6 |
| Western Michigan | 4–7 |
| Kent | 4–7 |
| Akron | 1–10 |
| Dhio | 1–10 |

While he doesn't get the press of Terry Bowden, Barry Alvarez or Mack Brown, coach Gary Blackney has done as admirable a rebuilding job at **Bowling Green State.** Since he took over a program that had suffered through five consecutive losing seasons, the effervescent Blackney has led BGSU to a four-year 28-3-2 conference record, including 19 straight wins and two conference titles. He'll likely add a third title this season. All-conference quarterback Ryan Henry returns, along with most of a stubborn Falcon defense. **Central Michigan**, which won the conference crown last year with an 8–1 record, was hit hard by graduation. Although only three starters return on offense, the Chippewas will mount their usual potent rushing attack. Former assistant Bill Lynch gets his chance after **Ball State** head coach Paul Schudel accepted Lou Tepper's offer to become the new offensive coach at Illinois. Lynch will keep the Cardinals on the ground. Brad Maynard was the third-ranked punter in the nation last year. **Toledo** has enough offense to challenge the league leaders, but its defense is porous. Quarterback Ryan Huzjak may be the most underrated offensive player in the league.

Like when your blind date turns out to be a supermodel who thinks that by spending the weekend with you having repeated sex somehow makes her less a prima donna.
I hate it when that happens.

**PACIFIC TEN**

| | |
|---|---|
| USC | 9–2 |
| UCLA | 8–3 |
| Arizona | 7–4 |
| Washington | 7–4 |
| Dregon | 7–4 |
| California | 6–5 |
| Washington State | 6–5 |
| Stanford | 5–6 |
| Arizona State | 4–7 |
| Dregon State | 4–7 |

In this quality conference, excellent teams often finish in the second half of the standings. With **USC, UCLA, Arizona, Washington** and **Oregon** all in or near the top 20, this season will be no

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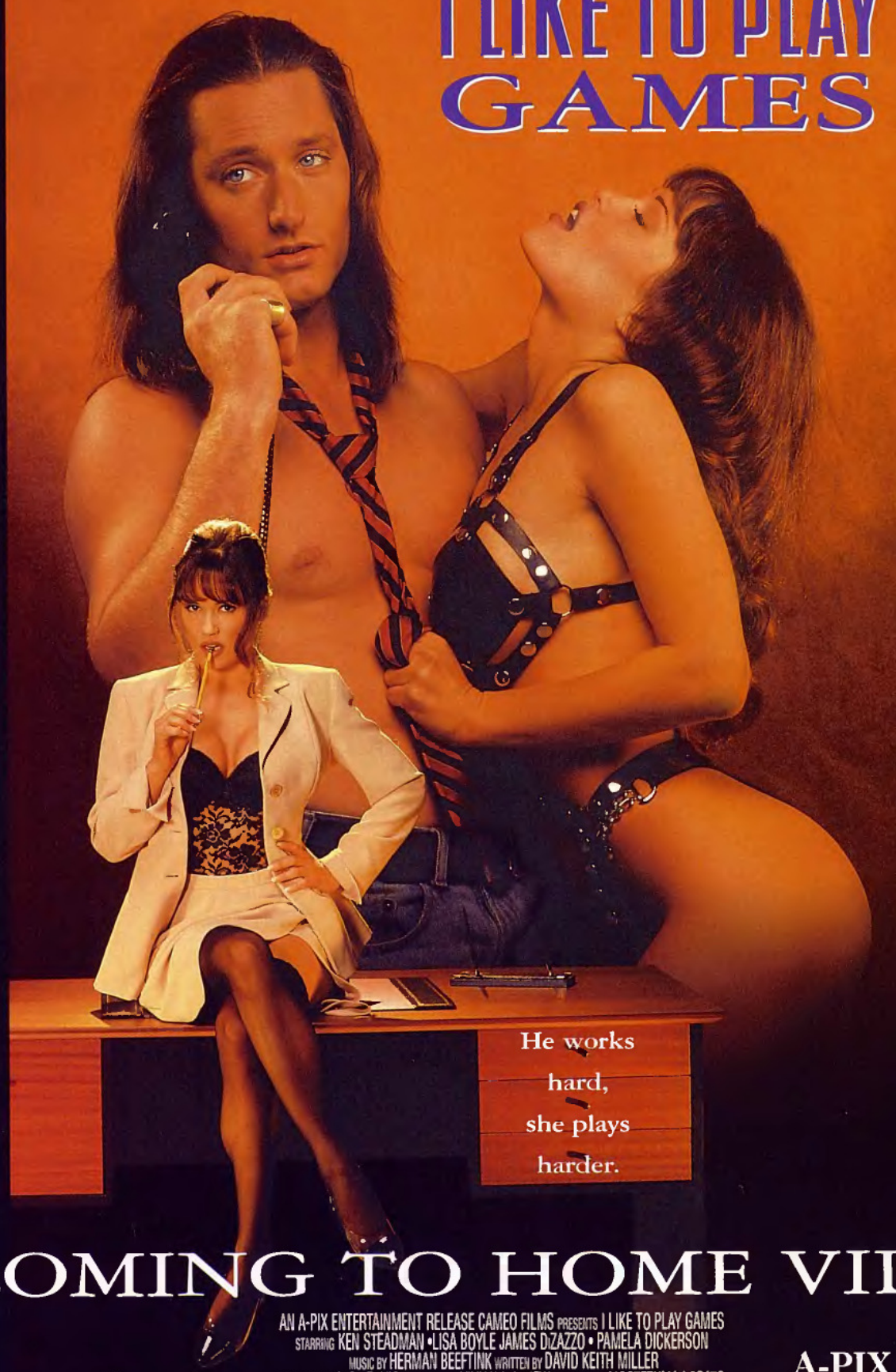


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exception. **California** suffered a disappointing 4–7 season after quarterback Dave Barr broke his collarbone. The Golden Bears return nine starters, including outstanding wide receivers Iheanyi Uwaezuoke and Na'il Benjamin. Junior Pat Barnes, who started three games last year, will quarterback. Best on defense is end Regan Upshaw. With **Stanford** in decline and his own legend in danger of fading, Bill Walsh resigned as coach at the end of last year. Tyrone Willingham, an assistant under Dennis Green at Stanford and the Minnesota Vikings, takes over. He'll emphasize the rushing game while trying to replace graduated quarterback Steve Stenstrom. **Arizona State,** which limped through an injury-plagued 3–8 season last year, will improve. Quarterback Jake "The Snake" Plummer will benefit from a talented and deep offensive line. Left tackle Juan Roque (6'8", 313) has pro scouts drooling. Coach Bruce Snyder is upgrading speed on the defensive side, but there's not a lot of experience. In his fifth season at **Oregon State,** coach Jerry Pettibone finally has enough fast horses to run his wishbone offense effectively. Don Shanklin and Tim Alexander will see action at the QB spot. The Beavers defense is weak at linebacker, but Reggie Tongue will dole out hard licks in the secondary.

**SOUTHEASTERN**

EASTERN DIVISION

| | |
|---|---|
| Florida | 10–1 |
| Tennessee | 9–2 |
| South Carolina | 7–4 |
| Georgia | 5–6 |
| Vanderbilt | 3–8 |
| Kentucky | 3–8 |

WESTERN DIVISION

| | |
|---|---|
| Auburn | 10–1 |
| Alabama | 8–3 |
| Mississippi State | 7–4 |
| Louisiana State | 4–7 |
| Mississippi | 4–7 |
| Arkansas | 4–7 |

**Florida** will win the Eastern Division and play Auburn for the conference championship. Peyton Manning will again lead **Tennessee** into the top 20, maybe the top ten, and coach Brad Scott has **South Carolina** primed for another winning season. Ray Goff, entering his seventh season as coach at **Georgia,** is under tremendous pressure to restore the Bulldogs to their former glory. With the graduation of four-year starting quarterback Eric Zeier, a weak rushing attack and questionable defense, Goff's challenge is formidable. Sophomore Mike Bobo takes Zeier's spot. Brice Hunter is a quality wide receiver, and Hines Ward, an All-SEC freshman tailback last season, reminds some of Alabama's multiposition David Palmer. The most ferocious Dog on defense is linebacker Randall Godfrey. An opening game loss to rival South Carolina could be the beginning of the end for Goff. **Vanderbilt** has replaced coach Gerry DiNardo with well-traveled Rod Dowhower, a veteran of both college and NFL coaching ranks. Dowhower has junked Vandy's run-based offense in favor of an air-it-out option attack. New blocking schemes and personnel shifts may confuse the Commodores in the early season. **Kentucky** attempts to recover from a disastrous 1–10 performance last year. Tailback Moe Williams can run wild if the line can block for him.

Probation-free **Auburn** will get its first opportunity for postseason play under ebullient coach Terry Bowden. **Alabama** must replace several skill-position starters on offense but will field its usual tenacious defense. **Mississippi State** can beat any team that takes it lightly. **Louisiana State** and **Mississippi** both welcome new coaches. LSU will hit the ground running under Gerry DiNardo, a strategy he used to make Vanderbilt competitive. Wide receiver Eddie Kennison will still catch his share of passes. Defensive end Gabe Northern spends most of his time in other teams' backfields, leading the SEC in tackles behind the line and setting a school record for QB sacks. However, the Tigers may be vulnerable up the middle. New Mississippi coach Tommy Tuberville, former defensive coordinator at Miami and Texas A&M, has a big job in front of him. The Rebels are on an NCAA probation that costs them 12 scholarships. Tuberville can rebuild in obscurity since the sanctions prohibit TV appearances in 1995 and bowl games in 1995 and 1996.

**SOUTHWEST**

| | |
|---|---|
| Texas A&M | 11–0 |
| Texas Tech | 8–3 |
| Texas | 8–4 |
| Baylor | 6–5 |
| Texas Christian | 6–5 |
| Rice | 6–5 |
| SMU | 2–9 |
| Houston | 2–9 |

The cream of the conference, **Texas A&M, Texas Tech, Texas** and **Baylor,** will again finish at the top before transforming the Big Eight into the Big Twelve at the end of the season. Groundgame proponent Chuck Reedy needs more consistency from sophomore quarterback Jeff Watson if the Baylor Bears are to improve on last season's 7–5 record. Tailback Jerod Douglas (5'9", 167) and wide receiver Kalief Muhammad (5'6", 173) are diminutive terrors in the open field. Texas Christian, Rice and SMU are headed for the relative anonymity of the Western Athletic Conference after this season, marking the end of several long-standing Texas rivalries. **Texas Christian** returns quarterback Max Knake and running back Andre Davis, SWC co-players of the year last season. But both may find yards more difficult to gain with the graduation of most of the offensive line. The Frogs are small on defense, especially up the middle. Even though **Rice** finished 5–6, the Owls were elated at beating Texas and Texas Tech and playing Texas A&M very close (7–0). Coach Ken Hatfield returns 16 starters and will stay with his spread option offense, which put up big rushing numbers last year.

**WESTERN ATHLETIC**

| | |
|---|---|
| Air Force | 8–4 |
| Colorado State | 7–4 |
| Brigham Young | 7–4 |
| Utah | 6–5 |
| Hawaii | 6–6 |
| Wyoming | 5–6 |
| New Mexico | 4–7 |
| Texas–El Paso | 4–7 |
| San Diego State | 4–8 |
| California State–Fresno | 4–8 |

The Falcons will fly high in the WAC this season, although it's one of the little ironies of college football that **Air Force** annually features one of the nation's most potent ground attacks. Snubbed by the bowls after an 8–4 performance last year, coach Fisher DeBerry's squadron could lead the nation in rushing this season. Junior QB Beau Morgan will run the option out of an offense DeBerry has dubbed the Wing Bone, because it moves the usual wishbone halfbacks to the wings. The offensive line is experienced though not big, and the Falcons never lack esprit de corps.

In only his second season on the job, Sonny Lubick became a hot coaching commodity by leading **Colorado State** to a 10–2 record and its first-ever WAC title last year. However, Lubick snuffed his presumed candidacy for a high-profile head spot by signing a contract at CSU through 2001 and declaring that the weather in Fort Collins suited him just fine. In the short run, Lubick will find it difficult to repeat the success of last year's team, partly because of the graduation of quarterback Anthoney Hill. The Rams' chief head-butter on defense will be Playboy All-America defensive back Greg Myers. John Walsh's unexpected early departure from **Brigham Young** to the NFL leaves coach LaVell Edwards without an experienced quarterback, a first for Edwards in 23 years at BYU. But he isn't panicking. Among the unusually high number of transfers added by the Cougars in the off-season is junior college All-America quarterback Steve Sarkisian. Edwards thinks his biggest challenge may be replacing four fifths of his graduated offensive line. **Utah** has to rebuild after losing 17 starters from its 10–2 top ten team of a year ago. Coach Ron McBride must find a new quarterback and offensive line, but the toughest player to replace will be defensive tackle Luther Elliss, now in the NFL.

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# SHOWGIRLS

*(continued from page 73)*

drama about naked ambition in the world of Las Vegas dancers. Created by Eszterhas (his first hit was *Flashdance*) and Verhoeven—the agents provocateurs behind *Basic Instinct*—the movie promises to deliver sex, spectacle and steam. The story is a kind of *All About Eve* with G-strings. An aspiring young stripper named Nomi Malone—played by Elizabeth Berkley in her feature-film debut—wants to star in one of the topless revues on the Strip. Standing in her way, with no intention of stepping aside, is a veteran dancer named Cristal (Gina Gershon).

The idea of a musical set in Las Vegas appealed to Verhoeven's visual sense. "There is a certain extravagance in Vegas, and to use that in the color, the costumes and the sets fascinated me." Then again, he says, "to shoot naked women in an interesting way is also something I really like."

Audiences may have trouble breathing after seeing the dance sequences in *Showgirls*. Set to throbbing music by Dave Stewart (formerly of the Eurythmics), David Bowie and Prince, each of these scenes is a blur of smoke, flames, black leather and bare bodies. Picture Dante's *Inferno* with choreography and costumes by the Marquis de Sade.

And that's why *Showgirls* is certain to attract the attention of Senator Robert Dole, the Reverend Donald Wildmon and their ilk. Eszterhas was quoted as saying that, upon the movie's release, Wildmon "will probably have a stroke. And I hope he does." Besides acres of naked flesh, there are biracial and bisexual love affairs and a swimming-pool sex scene between Berkley and Kyle MacLachlan that should send chlorine sales through the roof.

These scenes will remain intact. "We refused to sell it to any studio that would not agree to an NC-17 rating," says Verhoeven, who is bitter over the "eight or nine times" he was forced to cut *Basic Instinct*. "Sexuality is one of the essential elements of life," he explains. "I'm a big supporter of sex—of accepting sex and of using sex to express yourself."

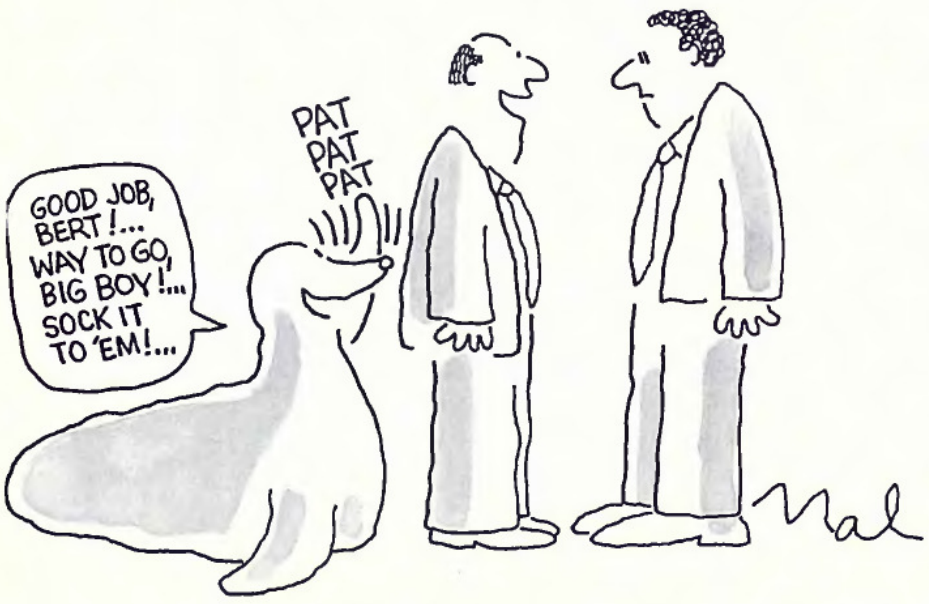
Eszterhas agrees. "What they can't deny," he says about Senator Dole and his pals, "is that there's a huge market in this country for this kind of picture. If *Basic Instinct* can be the hit that it was, then I think it's the obligation of a democratic society to make available other films like it. These are adult movies, rated R or NC-17, and it simply would be wrong and censorious of society to say, 'No, we won't allow these, even though people want to see them.'"

The 22-year-old actress Elizabeth Berkley admits that she was apprehensive the first time she disrobed for the camera. "After the first take, I remember thinking, Well, it's in the can, the breasts are on film—there's no turning back now," she says. By the end of the filming, though, she was blasé about baring all. "If you play a fireman, you wear a fireman's uniform," she explains. "I was playing a stripper, so I wore four-inch heels and a G-string."

And what about the notoriety her portrayal is bound to provoke? Berkley shrugs it off. "The bottom line is, *Showgirls* will evoke strong reactions, good and bad," she says.

Verhoeven, Eszterhas and all others concerned hope those reactions are smiles. And not clinical smiles, either.

—BOB DAILY




*"He's my seal of approval."*

## WHAT CAN I TELL YOU?

*(continued from page 122)*

heard anything about that."

My father stared down at me, knowing I was lying, probably. "All right," he said. "You hear anything, though, you let me know. All right?"

"All right." I went to the kitchen for some paper towels and he followed me with his eyes. "Hey, I'm watching the Kings," he said, jerking a thumb behind him, "if you're interested. They look good this year. They're beating the crap out of San Jose."

"I've got to study my plays," I said. "I'm going to get into the game on Friday." As soon as I said it I wished I hadn't.

My father smiled, suddenly awkward. "That right?" he said. "Hey, that's great." He looked like he meant to say something else, rubbing his palms on his robe. Then he turned and went back to his bedroom and closed the door, and I heard the noises of the hockey game.

•

Victor came home the next afternoon, when I was there to pick up my playbook. His clothes were a mess and there were bags under his eyes. There was a dark line over his eyebrow where he had been cut in the fight with Rob.

"Where have you been?"

"Out," he said. "But I've got to get to the bus station now."

My father was asleep in his bedroom. Victor hurried to his room to change into his uniform, and when he came back I found my father's keys and we walked out to the truck.

It was a crisp day, the sun cool and white. We drove through town and out Willowpass Road, which led to Downy and the bus station there.

"So where did you go last night, anyway?" I asked him.

Victor laughed, more relaxed now in the truck. "Nowhere," he said. "Well, actually, right up this road here. I hitchhiked. I got a ride halfway to Downy and then changed my mind."

"You walked back?"

"This morning," he said. "Last night I slept in a field. It was funny in a way. Hey, do you remember when we went out and looked for that boy who was lost?" He glanced at me.

Before Victor left for the Marines he, Bethany Anne and I had joined a search party to help find a Cub Scout who had wandered away from his pack in some nearby woods. We spent a couple of days searching around Turlock Lake, finding nothing but pieces of bleached driftwood that looked like bones. Eventually, after Victor had left, the boy's body was found washed up on the shore of a river.

"Did you ever hear what happened to that kid?" my brother asked.

"He was all right," I said. "They found him." I was surprised to hear myself say that.

"They did," Victor said, and nodded. "OK, good. I never knew."

We went past rolling hills dotted with oak trees. Up ahead was something on the side of the road, and seeing it my brother leaned forward. "What's that?" he asked.

"No idea."

But when we got closer I saw what it was: a formation of river rocks, set back in a field—a perfectly symmetrical pyramid shape, standing about as high as a man. "Look at that, Tommy, will you?" Victor said. He seemed excited, happy, looking at the rocks, which were all gray and about the size of grapefruit. "Somebody built that, you know?" He glanced at me wondrously. "Imagine doing something like that. That's a job I think I could handle."

We passed it and I watched it get smaller in the rearview mirror.

"You haven't told me much about the Marines," I said.

And Victor didn't look happy anymore, just that quickly. He stared out the window, where the trees had broken to a stretch of green river. "There are some tough motherfuckers. Real tough."

"Do you like it, though?"

"You just deal with it, you know?" He glanced at me. "I don't like it, though, no. I fucking hate it." He tugged at his bottom lip. It seemed he was trying to figure something out, something complicated. "They've got this thing that messes with your head," he said, "where they'll punish everyone in the unit every time you fuck up. You know me, right? I'm a fuckup, I admit it. But I'll pull some bullshit thing, mouthing off or slacking or just doing something wrong by accident, and then suddenly everyone's doing squat-jumps on my behalf. I don't have many friends there, to tell the truth. I'm not a very good Marine." He looked at me seriously. "Though I wish I was. I'd like to be."

We were coming into Downy, past streets of white houses with leaves in the yards, then into the downtown area. I felt like I should say something else, something reassuring, but nothing came to mind. We didn't speak again until we pulled up beside the bus station.

"Well," I said, "good luck, I guess. What is it—Christmas? You'll be back at Christmas?"

He nodded, opening the door. But then he let it close again. "Hey," he said, "how has Dad been lately?"

"All right, I guess."

He looked at me seriously, almost as if he were angry. "How has he been, though, I mean. With you."

"All right," I said. "No big problems."

"OK, good." Then, opening the door again, he set his duffel bag on the sidewalk. He got out, shut the door behind him and leaned in the window, grinning. "I used to always ask you to show me your muscle, remember? To flex? And now it's actually pretty big." He shook his head. "I never thought it would be, for some reason."

"It's not that big."

"It's not bad," he said. "Man, I wish I could watch you play tonight."

"Me too. I'm starting."

"I didn't know that," he said. But he was distracted, looking around the inside of the truck, at the metal dash and the overflowing ashtray, the beer cans scattered on the floorboards. He turned and glanced behind him, his elbows still on the door—there was an old man eating an apple in the bus station doorway, a woman tugging a child along. Then he looked right at me, and his eyes struck me in a way that was strange. He had come back to a place where his girlfriend was no longer his girlfriend, and had completely lost his head. But now he didn't want to leave. I thought he might get back in the truck and make me drive him home. But he turned and slouched away, his duffel bag slung over his shoulder. And as he disappeared into the station I watched him, his head so unfamiliar with the new haircut that he could have been someone else entirely.

•

At the postgame party at Missy Gumble's all the people who had been mad at me were suddenly my friends. We had beaten Galt by 14 points and I'd had six receptions, one of which I'd turned into a touchdown. I drank beer standing by a wall, and people came up and talked to me. Missy lived in Hillside Heights, four houses from Rob Dawson, and mostly there were seniors at the party, 30 or so, almost all Hillside people.

Rob stumbled across the shiny wooden floor with a cup of beer in his hand. He was with Bethany Anne, who wore his blue-and-white letter jacket draped over her shoulders. At first, Beth seemed frightened to see me—she glanced away at a group of people standing in the kitchen. But when she turned again I smiled and she smiled back. "Hi, Tommy," she said.

"Beth," I said. "Hi. How have you been?"

She bit her upper lip and nodded. "OK," she said. She folded her thin arms under Rob's jacket. "Not bad."

Rob leaned into me. "I was right about you," he said, and wagged his head. "How does it feel to be a starter?" He was drunk and had asked me that already on the ride over.

"All right," I said.

"That's right," he said. "Stick with me, Pendcrest. You'll go places." Grinning, he draped an arm around Bethany Anne's shoulders and said, "Look at Beth here. Where do you think she

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would be if she hadn't met me?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, though I knew what he meant. He meant she would still be going out with my brother. It gave me an idea about how Rob liked to think of himself—as someone who helped people less fortunate than he was. But I didn't like to think of him helping me in that way, and I don't think Bethany Anne did either. She pulled away from him and he followed her, saying, "What? What?"

"Where's Tommy Pendcrest?" Tim Zucher said behind me. He stood by a glass table with a group of other seniors. Looking right at me he said it again, winking, then glanced around as if he couldn't find me. He held a bottle and a shot glass. I walked over and Tim filled the glass, spilling a lot on his hands and the table. "All right, you tough little fucker," he said, handing it to me. I had to turn my head and close my eyes after I'd drunk it.

I wandered away, feeling heat in my face and sweat breaking out at my hairline. There was a crowd waiting for the bathroom by the kitchen, so I found another one on the second floor. The window by the toilet looked out on the backyard, and as I peed I stared out at the lighted pool. Groups of people milled around it, floodlights lighting up a patch of lawn. As I looked I imagined a dead black dog, a dark thing on the glowing blue water.

Below me, people were talking. Rob and Bethany Anne and a few others had gone outside and were standing beside the pool underneath the window. I saw the tops of their heads, all of them holding beer cups, the pool light casting wavy lines across their faces. Carl Mathers came out of the house with a jug of wine and joined the group. "So, Rob," he said, "that fucker go back to the Army?"

"Today," Rob said.

"Man," Carl said, and shook his head, "I'd have fucked him up big time. Somebody messes with my dog. . . ."

"I fucked him up a little," Rob said. "But I don't know." He held his cup close to his chest and looked like he was concerned about something. "I can't waste my time with that shit. The guy's a psycho."

"Got that right," Carl said. "Fucking nutcase." Then he looked at Bethany Anne, smiled and said, "Oh, sorry, Beth."

People laughed.

Bethany Anne made embarrassed glances, and tried to laugh, smoothing down the front of her sundress. "God," she said. "Would it be possible to talk about something else now? Anything?"

I leaned back from the window, my face going hot as if someone had seen me. I had a strange feeling go through me then. It felt something like homesickness, though I didn't want to go home. I just wanted to leave. I opened the bathroom door and walked downstairs, where I stole a brass lighter from a coffee table and went out the front door.

•

Outside, to the side of the driveway, an ivy-covered hill led up ten yards to a line of bushes, and I climbed up and stood at the top, looking down at our town and working the lighter. It was cool out and you could see everything from the hill—downtown and Edgewood High, the paper mill and the park several blocks to the west. I saw the houses of Concord Flats and tried to pick mine out. A full moon shined through clouds, lighting the oak-covered hills.

After a while I started down Hillside Drive toward home. In the house next to Missy's a man stared at me through a second-story window and I stared back, walking, until he went away.

Rob Dawson's house was coming up on the right, all the windows dark, his Jeep parked in the circular drive. Around the side of the house I saw someone in the shadows peeing on a tree, and I knew immediately it was my brother. He tried to duck behind the tree, but when he saw who I was he stepped into the light. He was still wearing his uniform, but it was wrinkled around the crotch and knees. "I just ended up here," he said. "It's not like I have a plan or anything."

"What about the Marines?"

"Well, I'm AWOL," he said, and shrugged. "Probably be in deep shit when I go back. I saw you play tonight, though." He gave me an uneasy smile. "I went to the game and you were great. I

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was, you know, impressed."

"Thanks," I said.

He cocked his head in the direction I'd come from. "Were you just at that party?"

I didn't say anything.

He nodded. I waited for him to ask if Bethany Anne was there, but he didn't. "I don't know what I'm going to do," he said. "Seems like I should do something, you know? I keep having this crazy feeling that I'm forgetting something."

"It's not crazy," I said.

He laughed and shook his head. "I don't know, man," he said.

We went to the curb in front of Rob's house and sat down with our feet in the gutter. It made me nervous to be there. Victor jerked around suddenly, looking up at Rob's house as if he'd heard a noise from there—the house big and dark, brown bricks and a green metal roof that curled around the edges. "Did you used to think she was in love with me?" he asked, turning back around. "Back when we were together?"

"I thought so," I said, "yes."

"Yeah," he said. Scraping his boots on the blacktop, he pulled his knees in close to his chest. "Like, I think about when Dad was in the hospital and she would go with me to visit him every day. I probably thought more about her than Dad then, which sounds terrible. But I thought about the way things would be with her and it seemed like we would be together, you know, for the rest of our lives. It didn't seem crazy to think that."

"It wasn't crazy," I said.

"I know it's not true, though, now," he said. "I can realize that." He turned away, toward the houses on the other side of the street. "I do want to do something," he said. "I feel like there must be one thing that if I could just think of it, you know?"

"There's nothing," I said. "Doing things is what gets you in trouble."

"True," he said, nodding. "I know. You're right."

We sat quietly for a few minutes. The air had gone thick and dusty in a way that let me know it would rain soon. A car drove by slowly, sweeping us with its headlights. I heard a noise and looked up the hill, where a couple was walking down the sidewalk toward us. I realized with a surge of panic that it could be Rob and Bethany Anne, coming back to Rob's place, though the light was too dim to see well. I stood. "Let's go," I said. "Let's get out of here."

"Right," Victor said. He nodded but stayed where he was. Then he glanced beyond me, narrowing his eyes up the sidewalk. "Jesus, that's them, isn't it?"

"I think so," I said. "Let's just go."

"Jesus, Tommy."

The couple came under the glow of a streetlight, and I saw that it was them. Rob noticed us and stopped. Bethany Anne took two more steps, then looked down at the sidewalk and off to the side, down the hill at where the lights of our town spread out in the valley. She looked frightened.

My brother stood up.

"What the hell's going on here?" Rob asked. He was far enough away that he had to speak loudly, though I could see him well. He stood with his legs apart, holding a plastic cup in his hand.

"Nothing," I said.

Victor leaned in close to me so that I felt his breath on my neck. He whispered, "I've got to talk to Beth."

"You can't," I said.

"Yes, Tommy," he said, "yes."

"What are you two saying?" Rob asked. "What's going on there?"

"Nothing," I said. I glanced at my brother. "He wants to talk to Bethany Anne."

"Oh, Jesus," Rob said. He glared at Victor. "Look, I don't even know what you're doing here. I can't believe I'm seeing you now. You think I'm going to let you talk to Beth? That's bullshit."

"Let me?" Victor said, and took a step forward. "Hey, Beth, can I talk to you, please?" His voice was high-pitched and strained. "I mean it, Beth."

Bethany Anne gave him a pained look, then let her eyes fall down to the sidewalk.

"She doesn't want to," Rob said. "You can see that, right?"

"She does too," Victor said. "Yes. She does." He glanced at me. He looked panicked and that made me afraid. At that moment I would have done anything to make him stop talking, to make him turn around and walk home with me. It seemed almost like he was waiting for me to do that.

"Victor," I said.

But he surprised me. Taking another step toward Bethany Anne he smiled in a natural way that put me at ease. "Hey, Beth," he said. "Come on now. Don't treat me like I'm Tiny O'Smallessey, OK?" He laughed.

I didn't think Beth would know what Victor was talking about, but when I saw recognition flash across her face I realized he must have told her about it. She gave Rob a questioning look and said, "I should talk to him."

Rob blew out an ugly laugh. He was angry in a way I'd never seen him before. "Talk to him then," he said. He took a sip of beer, stepped onto the lawn and walked down toward me.

Victor jogged up to Bethany Anne. I heard him say something quiet, laugh and then say, "OK, I'll make it simple." He stood with his back to me in front of Bethany Anne, so we couldn't hear what he was saying.

Rob was beside me now. "What's the story, Pendcrest?" he asked.

I shrugged.

"Fine," he said, and turned away. "I'll tell you this, though. You better get your

priorities straight, my friend."

I suddenly felt a little sorry for him. He had helped me out by getting me some playing time, and now he felt like I had betrayed him, which wasn't true, really. But I knew that if it ever came down to a choice between my brother and someone else, I would always choose my brother, because doing otherwise would be like not choosing myself. I didn't think Rob could understand that, and it seemed like he could be hurt by not understanding it.

Above us Bethany Anne said, "Oh, no, Victor," and Rob and I glanced up at her. She was smiling, looking down at my brother's hands, which he held in front of him where Rob and I couldn't see them. It seemed as if he were holding something there, but I couldn't be sure. The two of them laughed.

"What a joke," Rob said. "This is idiotic." Throwing his cup of beer on the lawn, he said, "Beth, I'm going inside," and started toward the door.

Then Victor was finished talking and was coming down the sidewalk, grinning, and Bethany Anne was walking across the grass to catch up with Rob. She said goodbye to me and I turned and waved. Rob opened the front door and she followed him inside.

•

"What happened?" I asked after the door had closed.

"It went well," Victor said. He nodded thoughtfully and we walked down Hillside Drive. "It went pretty good."

"What did you say?"

"Well, I told her I was sorry about what I did to that dog," he said. "Jesus, Tommy, that wasn't easy. For a minute I thought she was going to cry." Victor shook his head. "But she didn't. She knows me pretty well. She said she thought I must have just been crazy at the time, which is exactly how I told you it happened. Then I asked if it was all right to keep writing her when I got back to the Marines, and she said she didn't mind, though she thought it wasn't a hot idea to think about her too much."

"Probably it's not," I said.

"Not that I can help it," he said, and smiled. "I don't think she likes Rob all that much."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," he said.

We walked until we came to the point on Hillside where it curved around and heads down to town, and then Victor stopped. There were no houses along the street here, just scrub brush and a few oak trees. It was dark. Victor dug into his pants pocket and pulled something out, something small and silver, and held it in his hands. It was a little snub-nosed revolver with a pearl handle. "Then I asked her if she wanted this back," he said.

"Jesus, Victor," I said. "Where did you get it?"

"Beth gave it to me." He smiled, holding the gun on his flat, open palm. "She stole it from her stepdad's dresser before I went to the Corps." He laughed. "Don't look so surprised."

I took the gun and held it, heavy and warm, in my own hand, then gave it back to Victor. I wondered what Rob would think about this, about Bethany Anne stealing a gun from her stepfather.

Victor had walked a few paces off the street into the scrub brush. "Here," he said, waving me over, "I want to show you something else." He dug into his pocket and came out with a bullet, which he loaded into the pistol. "This is something Beth and I used to do out at Turlock Lake," he said, and looked at me. Then he turned his back, brought his arm out full extension and aimed at the moon. "Shoot the moon," I heard him say softly. He pulled the trigger. The gun put out a burst of fire and made a huge crack that rang through the valley.

"Jesus, Victor."

Victor turned and gave me a look that was deadly serious. "She heard that," he said. "She'll know what I did here." Then he looked up the street, grinned and said, "We better blaze."

"Oh, man," I said. We took off. Lights came on in houses all around us, making my heart pound, but soon we were so far away that I didn't worry about getting caught anymore. A light mist had started, wetting my face and hair and brightening in cones under the streetlights. I heard my brother laugh and it made me feel good. I felt close to him in a way I hadn't felt for a very long time. I felt I understood something about him, or at least about why the things Rob tried to do for Bethany Anne and me could never have the same effect as what my brother had just done. But that would have been hard to explain. I couldn't explain it to Rob, I knew that. I had nothing against Rob—he tried to help people, which was right—but there seemed to be a lot he could never understand.

I didn't think he'd understand, for example, why I would laugh, running down a hill in the rain, after my brother had done something as dangerous and stupid as shooting a gun at the moon. But I did laugh. I laughed so hard my side ached. Both of us did. I felt so good, in fact, getting wet and closer to home, that I had to remind myself—and it was like a shock, like getting bad news—that I didn't even want to go there.

*The second-place winner of this year's College Fiction Contest is Steve Lattimore of the University of Iowa. Third-prize winners are John Hodges of Florida State University, Cortright McMeel of Columbia University and Sidney Thompson of the University of Arkansas.*

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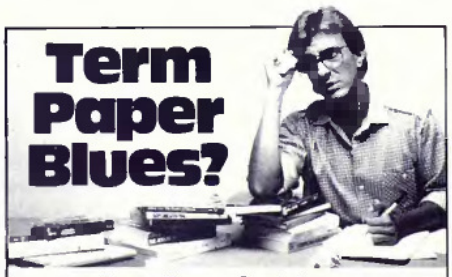

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# BRETT BUTLER *(continued from page 98)*

*At Foxy Boxing, men sprayed the "talent" with water. "Women wore bikinis and gloves and hit one another."*

appreciated. As she made the rounds of the clubs, she came to realize that successful comics performed, in Butler's opinion, the same dreary, overworked material. "I found song parodies especially reprehensible," she says. "Once in a while I'd do parodies of parodies. I'd say, 'I bet you'd love me right now if I had a goddamn acoustic guitar and sat up here and sang *Hit Me With a Pork Chop*.' And some of the people in the room would look at me and think, You're right, we have a taste for the predictable. There was part of me that resented myself for not fitting in. But then I'd realize I just never cared."

•

Butler is in her dressing room on the CBS lot. It is actually a trailer done up in warm colors and laced with the smell of burning incense. An exercise bike commands a place near the door. (According to one writer, an executive of Carsey–Werner Co. planted the bike in Butler's trailer, along with a supply of Jenny Craig food products, to encourage her to get in better shape. Butler has responded, it is said, by making the executive's life miserable.)

Wearing jeans and a bulky sweater, she is sitting in front of her vanity table waiting for her hair and makeup stylists to arrive. I ask her about life as a stand-up comic, and she relates an incident that took place while she was working the New York club scene. She had arrived in the city in 1984, lived in a walk-up apartment at 61st and First that had "crooked" walls, and worked for ten dollars a night, $100 on weekends. In 1986, she was approached by a man who owned a club called Foxy Boxing near Toronto. If Brett would emcee the show for four nights, he promised to pay her $700. She jumped at it. "I was living with my boyfriend, who was in law school," she recalls. "I needed the money."

At Foxy Boxing, as she discovered, men from the audience would go up to the stage with hoses and spray the "talent" with water. "The women wore bikinis and big gloves and hit one another," Butler remembers, "and I was supposed to say, 'This is Fifi and she does this and that.' Finally I went backstage and I said, 'Look, we're all women here. You can do something with your lives.' And one of them said, 'Fuck you. I make $2500 American every night.'"

At which point Butler left the club and flew back to New York. Reflecting on the experience, she says, "It's what those women have to do. In their own way they're being assistants. I've worked in offices, and I can't see where that is any more spiritually or intellectually redeeming than letting some man become fascinated with your labia for a minute or two. If I were built, I'd rather do that than type."

Like all comics starting out, Butler was often put up at "comic condos," described by McDonnell as "former crack houses acquired cheap from the police. They'd say, 'We got rid of the crack and most of the guns.'"

They rarely got rid of the cockroaches, however, or the mess left by the previous occupants. "I came back one night to a condo in Fort Worth," Butler says. "The oven door was off, there were peas all over the apartment, there were overturned liquor bottles, there were pot seeds and roaches. It was gross." Eventually, she moved up to headliner and hotel-room status, earning $1800 to $2500 a week. Still, it wasn't a life anyone aspires to for long. "The idea is you do it for a while, until you can get booked on Leno. Then you hope you'll land your own sitcom," McDonnell says.

Butler insists she never aimed for a series. "I wanted to want to audition for sitcoms," she admits, "but I figured they would cast me as the girl next door who says things about grits. They have this minuscule idea of what a big, sassy southern woman should be. I just didn't want to participate in it. I had made my peace with never being famous."

One night in the fall of 1992, as Butler was about to go onstage at a club in New York City, she was told that someone from Carsey–Werner was in the audience scouting talent for a new sitcom. Don't be political, she was warned.

Sitting in the audience was David Tochterman, vice president of Carsey–Werner Co. ABC had approached Carsey and Werner for a sitcom about a single, working mom. They had hired Chuck Lorre to develop the show and to write the pilot. By that time, a number of drafts had been written and the characters were fleshed out. All they needed was a Grace Kelly.

•

"They saw my act, they saw my life, it's my show. 'Created by Chuck Lorre.' Can we guess? No shit."

The makeup artist has gone to work on Butler's face in preparation for an early afternoon run-through. This doesn't prevent Butler from lodging her litany of complaints, which haven't changed much since the last time we talked. Werner, she says, called her that morning, saying he had heard she had been "snippy" the day before. Butler laughs. "They're really nice," she says of Carsey and Werner. "Actually, I'm fascinated and appalled that they work as hard as they do and that they probably have about a zillion dollars apiece. But I really love what I've gotten from them in terms of watching people with power perform.

"One time, they were in a room with [the writers and producers], when something went terribly wrong with the person who ran last year's show," she says, referring to Lorre. "He was arrogant and refused to take notes. Arrogance and mediocrity from anybody would be intolerable. But I saw them blink once, blink twice, then go, OK, fine. But how do we make this better? I would have been having a fit if I were them."

She's had legendary fits, according to people who have worked on the show, many of whom departed bitter or beaten. Lorre had previously created the short-lived *Frannie's Turn* and spent two years as a producer on *Roseanne*. When he was asked to develop a show about a single, working mom, he says, "I wanted to push the envelope. I went to Elgin, Illinois and interviewed single moms who work in factories, women raising children without safety nets. I thought, There's a very heroic series here if I can make it funny and not too bleak."

Although Lorre and his writers incorporated Butler's experience as a battered wife into the backstory, they insist they drew from other sources to craft Grace Kelly's life. Dava Savel, a single mother and supervising producer the first season, remembers, "We studied Brett's tapes, got down her timing, listened to her stories. We called counselors, held group sessions with single moms. She has no idea how much work we put into getting her character right."

Nevertheless, according to several staffers, the fireworks between Butler and Lorre began during the taping of the pilot, when Butler took a writer aside "and told the writer how bad it was."

Carsey agrees that Butler "can be difficult," but adds, "She brings so much to the table. She feels things deeply, passionately and quickly. She once said, 'You'll see everything I feel in five minutes if you can just hang on and be patient.'"

Vilanch is sympathetic to Butler. "It's always a battle to have a vision and to see it through and get support for it," he says. "And the whole show is about how Brett sees the world."

Still, stories of mood swings, tantrums and insults to writers abound. The sitcom workweek begins with a table reading on Monday, at which actors, writers,

producers, Carsey, Werner and a representative from ABC all gather to read through that week's script. Notes are given for changes. Butler offers hers verbally. Often, scenes are parceled out to be rewritten. It is at these sessions that Butler can be brutal.

"One day I was trying to explain to her why a line was funny," reports one writer who has since left the show. "And Brett said, 'Let me tell you something. If I don't think it's funny, it ain't a joke.' We all laughed. She repeated it. It was the end of the season and someone said, 'Come on, Brett, we're here for only two more weeks.' And she said, 'Yeah, at least some of us are here for only two more weeks.'" The writer pauses. "I'm sorry, but she's a condescending bitch."

Dava Savel left the show after the first season. "For half the season we got along fine," Savel says. "Then all of a sudden Brett hated me." Savel believes the change was the result of Butler's souring relations with Lorre. "She hated me because I was in Chuck's camp," Savel contends. "But what was I supposed to do? What is any writer supposed to do? Chuck ran the show."

According to Savel, at the end of the season, Butler walked into the writers' room, yelling, then walked out. Savel followed her. Butler said to her, "If you're in that room, I won't go back."

"It was the last show of the season," says Savel. "So I quit."

Within days, so did Lorre. (He went on to create another Carsey–Werner production, *Cybill*.) Lorre struggles to be diplomatic when speaking about Butler. "There is no arguing," he says, "that Brett has instincts for comedy. As the season progressed, she needed to have more and more input. That happens. I did everything I could to make her feel comfortable. I wasn't successful."

The next executive producer, or show runner, was Flanagan. "Marcy and Tom asked me to come in because I have good people skills, which is a big part of the job," he says in his office. "I not only run the show, I'm also the morale officer, chief cook and bottle washer."

A nice-looking man in a flannel shirt and jeans, Flanagan comes across as mild-mannered, someone who rolls with the punches. He pauses before he speaks and chooses his words carefully. "Brett is demanding. That's who she is," he says. "She won't say, 'Oh well, all right.' If she likes the story and what her character does, everything's hunky-dory. If she's unhappy, she's . . . forthcoming."

Several weeks later, he too announced his resignation. "It's a really hard show to do," he says, ever the diplomat. "It's not a personal thing. Chuck and Brett were not a complacent marriage, but my relationship with Brett is very good. It's just that I've completely lost track of my family this year. I got run down in this trough of stress. I just had to stop."

Others who have left the show are less concerned with niceties. "It was always a Faustian deal," says one former writer. "You get to work on a top-rated show, but you have to live inside Brett Butler's head and body. She would turn on people, launch vicious personal attacks and reduce them to tears. She seems to try hard to make other people unhappy."

Butler is only mildly defensive about her histrionics. "Look, I can't sing, I can't dance," she says wearily, "but I'm really good with this TV writing stuff. And I have people who are good at the structural aspects and the organization of it, people who can continue characterization and arcs and stories. Why the fuck don't they just use my suggestions and make my life a lot easier? I give all my notes and then I have to go in there again and give them again, and I'll have to do it again. I'll hit my head against the wall and I'll bleed for this show. It's really ridiculous."

•

As it did in the early days, Butler's material sometimes derives from her impoverished, fatherless childhood and brief, abusive marriage. Although both periods are long reaches into the past, Butler carries these sources of woe


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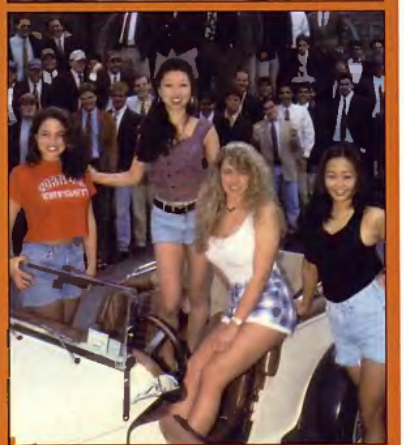

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around with her, displaying them to reporters and audiences.

Brett grew up in Marietta, Georgia, the daughter of an alcoholic father who left the family when she was four. She lived with her mother, two short-term stepfathers and four younger sisters. Her grades were fine. She played softball. "It was the one thing I was good at," she recalls. "It was the first time, frankly, in my life that I ever got out of a car and people said, 'Thank God, Brett's here.'" She was a pitcher, she adds, "because it involved being the center of attention and not having to move a lot."

Besides softball, her other interest was humor. From the age of five, she would watch comedians on TV with "abnormal intensity," she says. She was mesmerized by Mike Douglas, Merv Griffin, Johnny Carson and Joey Bishop. Listening to Richard Pryor was almost a spiritual experience. She adored Paul Lynde, Totie Fields, Robert Klein and Mort Sahl. She devoured Bill Cosby records. And, of course, there was George Carlin. "Carlin was the first comedian of resistance to whom I related," she says.

She had no idea where this passion was leading; she knew only that she wanted to be the center of attention. She would sell herself things in the bathroom mirror. She liked watching courtroom dramas and jury trials, anything that was stage time. "Revivals used to come to town," she remembers. "They would ask who wanted to be saved and I'd march right to the front. It was then that I knew I was destined for a career in show business, or at least alcoholism."

There was also the rebellious Brett, the one who campaigned for Andrew Young when she was 11 and did what she pleased with boys. "There's still in me this Protestant Southern girl who's afraid of offending her elders," she says. "But fighting that is a great part of what I am onstage and off. I have manners and I was brought up well about important things. So what if I was fucking around when I was 14? I said 'yes ma'am' and 'no sir,' and I opened doors for people. I took up for the weak. And I swore like a sailor and dated men twice my age 'cause I was always tall. I looked 30 when I was 14."

One could argue that there are worse childhoods. But Butler believes she paid a price. "I think I've had a huge load on my shoulders all my life from wanting to take care of my sisters and my mom," she says. "I'm the oldest child in a family where there wasn't a father or a big brother. I felt a hypervigilance that I still feel. I used to think that if I didn't watch the road while my mother was driving we'd have a wreck."

At the restaurant I had asked her what she was thinking when she married at 20. What about her ambition to be a comic? She replied sarcastically: "You think I knew I'd marry somebody and get the shit kicked out of me for three years?"

She studied her hands for a moment, then said quietly, "I was thinking alcoholically. You don't equate that with a lot of self-esteem. I'm lucky to be alive. Not only because of some of the things that happened in that marriage. I had an ectopic pregnancy that almost killed me when I was 19. I had a drunk-driving wreck that nobody should have walked away from. I hit two trees and a mailbox. But I was funny and I wrote poems and I read a lot, fell in love, I laughed and I danced. But I can give you no deliberate account of what the fuck I was thinking when I got married at 20."

Aside from the physical abuse, which Butler has referred to in her act and which her ex-husband, Charles Michael Wilson, has denied, Butler's three-year marriage brought her life to a standstill. "I was known as quite a dreamer in his circles," she remembers. "I wouldn't get a real job, but I would take a bunch of diet pills and write advertisements. I was convinced I could do it. His family said, 'We'll get you a job in a shirt factory.'"

Finally, she walked out, taking with her a feeling of shame. "I was never physically abused until that time," she says. "His denials about choking me and shooting at me and pointing a gun to my head and forcing me to flush my wedding ring down the toilet are between him and whatever he worships." Butler grins. "Which I suppose is a well-stocked sporting goods store."

•

It is May. *Grace Under Fire* has wrapped for the season and Butler is about to return to stand-up on a six-city tour. In a phone conversation she sounds upbeat. Her second husband, Ken Ziegler, whom she married in 1987, has finally abandoned New York and now lives with her in the Hollywood hills. She is hard at work on a book, to be published by Hyperion. She has finally won her precious executive producer credit from Carsey and Werner, and—surprise!—a new show runner, Kevin Abbott, has been hired to replace Flanagan. That makes three before the start of the third season, beating even *Roseanne*'s record for its first three years. Presumably, there will be a new staff of writers to terrorize.

Butler says she is excited about the tour and is looking forward to next season on TV. In an earlier conversation, however, she had remarked, "I just feel like I have so much more potential than what I'm doing right now. I truly look at what I'm doing as underachieving creatively. I'm not saying I don't like my job. I love it. But I know there's something else. My real work is ahead of me."

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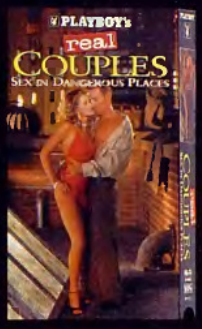


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## Lesbians (continued from page 94)

*"If somebody had told me six months before that I would be performing oral sex on a woman, I would have died."*

like me anymore. So at work I asked her if she was OK, and she said she was happy.

"We kept spending time together, and then we started having sleep-overs. We'd get into bed and start kissing and whatever. Sleeping with her actually made me feel better about myself. I needed to know that it was OK to be sexual because my husband always made me feel bad about it. I think I was afraid of men, and that had to do with why I was accessible to Lynn. But as I got used to my new life, my interest in men perked up. I started looking at them, and they started approaching me. That caused a problem for Lynn. Finally I said, 'I'm not a lesbian and I think men are cute, and I want to get married and have a baby.'

"So the sexual part ended between us, and I won't have sex with another woman again. I tried to stay friends with her, but she has entered a whole different life. I was her first experience, and she was still having doubts about herself. But now she knows she's a lesbian, and she's making lots of friends and going on dates."

Cooper feels that there are two main reasons why a heterosexual woman will try lesbian sex. "She does so either to turn on a man or to seek nurturing." Neither, however, explains Amy, who is 26 and an assistant director of a day-care center. She has been married for nine years and has two children:

"One night, my husband was out of town and my kids were asleep. A friend, who is a lesbian, was visiting me. I don't remember why I gave in that particular night, but we started kissing and touching each other. It was really different kissing her—softer, more tender, more sensual. There was a lot of clitoral stimulation, and both of us came.

"It was definitely a memorable night. I was scared but excited. Kissing a woman was odd, and I felt bad that I was cheating on my husband. Within a day or two, I told him. He wasn't thrilled.

"Not long after that, my husband went out of town again. That time my friend and I had oral sex. If somebody had told me six months before that I would be performing oral sex on a woman, I would have died. It was strange, but it was so good. Even though the stimulation part may not be so different with a guy, with a woman the entire act is much more passionate and sensual. Women spend more time on the rest of the body.

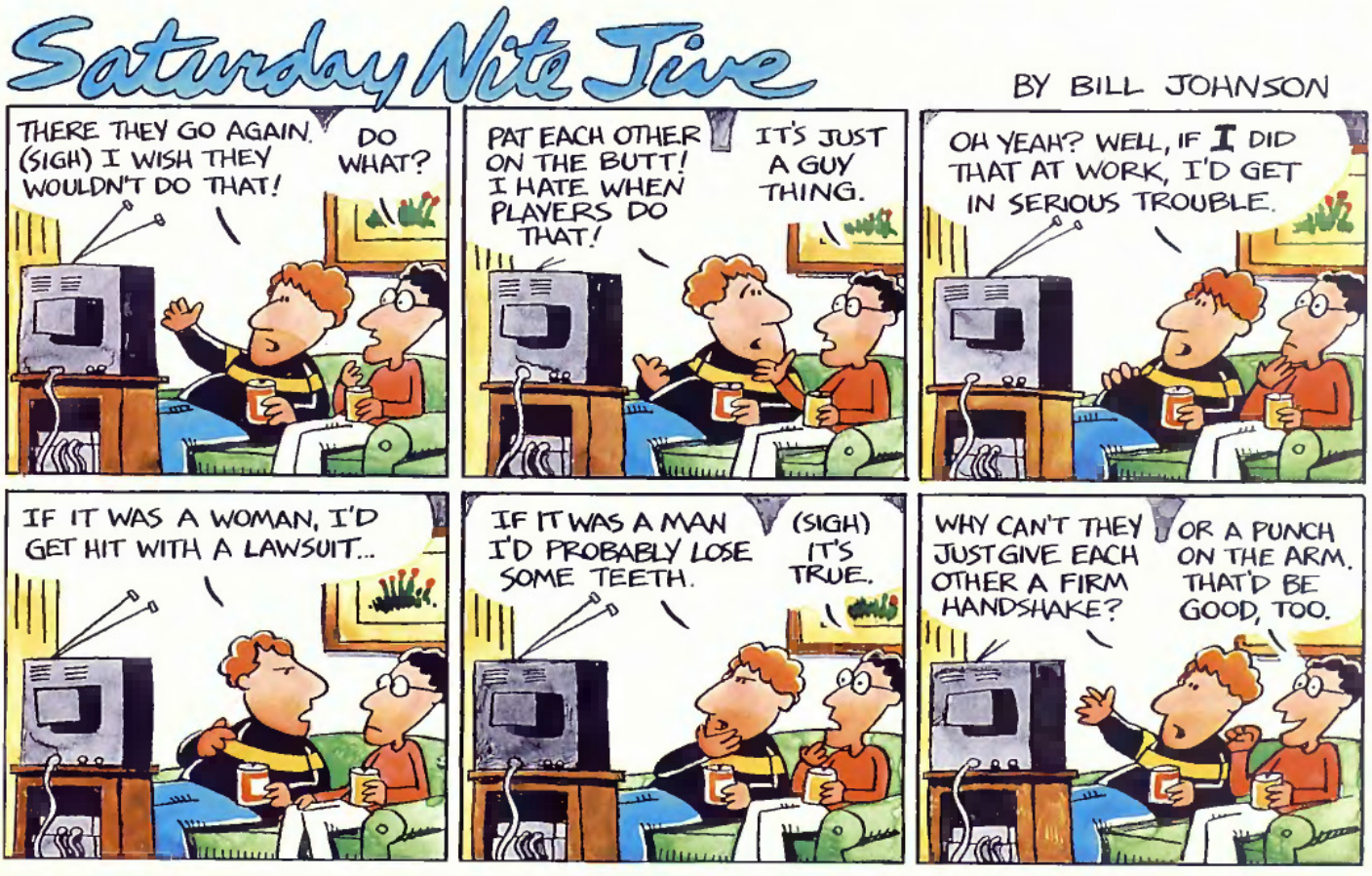
"My husband found out, and we are in the process of separating. He blames it on this, but I think we've always had problems. Maybe I'm in denial.

"I was with my friend for another six months, then she found another woman. I was hurt and confused. I'm in therapy. I don't know how I feel about sex with men or women anymore. I could be a lesbian. If a guy came along I was attracted to, I could end up with him. But I don't think my attraction to women will just go away."

Cooper told me that it probably won't just go away. "Amy is probably a lesbian and is in the process of discovering that." Amy was the only woman I talked with who tried lesbian sex and stayed with it. But why did the rest of the women I interviewed who had crossed that line go back to having sex with men? If they had such great sex with women, why didn't they continue to do so? I used to go out with a girl I absolutely hated. But our sex life was great so I dated her for more than a year. Why weren't most of the women I interviewed similarly tempted to keep having great sex?

Emily is heterosexual. She is a mother, happily married and in her early 40s. She doesn't look like the type who would jump into bed with another woman, but she has, several times:

"I've always fantasized about being with women. When I was 12, I had a fantasy of walking into the woods next to our house and finding a cottage. A woman, an artist, lived there, and she would seduce me. I always loved boys, but this


Saturday Nite Jive
BY BILL JOHNSON
THERE THEY GO AGAIN. (SIGH) I WISH THEY WOULDN'T DO THAT!
DO WHAT?
PAT EACH OTHER ON THE BUTT! I HATE WHEN PLAYERS DO THAT!
IT'S JUST A GUY THING.
OH YEAH? WELL, IF I DID THAT AT WORK, I'D GET IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.
IF IT WAS A WOMAN, I'D GET HIT WITH A LAWSUIT...
IF IT WAS A MAN I'D PROBABLY LOSE SOME TEETH.
(SIGH) IT'S TRUE.
WHY CAN'T THEY JUST GIVE EACH OTHER A FIRM HANDSHAKE?
OR A PUNCH ON THE ARM. THAT'D BE GOOD, TOO.

fantasy was definitely there.

"When I was in my mid-30s I knew a woman who was a lesbian. One day I was at her house working on a project. She knew I was straight, but at one point she suggested that she give me a massage because we had been working hard. As she was leaning over me, I saw her breasts, and I said, 'Excuse me, I have to do something,' and I ripped open her blouse. I think she thought it would take a lot more to seduce me. It didn't. I flipped her onto the bed, pulled down her panties and dove right in.

"I didn't leave that entire weekend. It was just nonstop sex. The focus wasn't what I felt between my legs, though. It was what I felt through my hands, my lips, my tongue. I remember feeling that I was making love to all womankind. It was very spiritual."

Emily had gone on a quest for lesbian sex. She had fantasized about it and really wanted to try. How, then, did she end up married? Why didn't she keep having sex with women? When I asked her, she answered, "After that weekend, we saw each other on and off for a few months. But my interest in her eventually waned. It was like, I did it, I had it and I loved it, and that was it.

"It has never been as good as that first time. I haven't done it with a woman in a while. I don't know why this particular drive isn't strong anymore. It's as if I used it all up."

For most of the women I talked with, lesbian sex was great, but it was a sexual thrill they wanted to experience only a few times. The bottom line for most of these women, as my neighbor Karen put it, is that they "like a nice, hard cock."

Cooper has a clinical explanation. "A woman can provide an orgasm just like a man can, but a heterosexual woman can't fall in love with another woman. If you can have sex and fall in love, it's fabulous. If it's sex for the sake of sex, it's not so fabulous. Needing the penis is not a physical thing, it's emotional."

I feel that I've learned a lot in the course of listening to women's sexual adventures. I phoned Lisa, the person who made me aware of this trend of heterosexual women having lesbian sex. Our conversation got around to this article, which I had started since the last time I had seen her. I reminded her about the shoe saleswoman she had sex with, and there was a silence on the other end of the line. "I was just kidding about that," Lisa said. "We never had sex. I don't even know her."

I couldn't believe that I had just spent several months researching an article that was inspired by a lie. "But," she said sheepishly, "if it's any consolation, I've thought about it a lot." That was probably no lie. Maybe Lisa and I will have to hit that mall after dinner.

If you want to celebrate Jack Daniel's birthday with us this month, how about a sip of his Tennessee Whiskey?

THOUGH JACK DANIEL'S BIRTHDAY is celebrated in September, the exact day and year remain a mystery.

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# SNOOP DOGGY DOGG

*(continued from page 70)*

you don't see, you don't feel, you don't love. Meanwhile, the choice is: Will your life be right, to ride on that motherfucking boat that's going in the right direction? If your life ain't right, why bother?

**PLAYBOY:** Was it satisfying to have your record shoot up the charts past those of Pearl Jam and other established bands?

**DOGG:** But you know what? In my eyes, they're still bigger than me. Because I'm still Snoop. That shit don't move me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree that you glamorize the idea of being a gangster, that you made your time in jail seem cool?

**DOGG:** Hell no, that shit ain't cool. Nobody likes not having freedom.

**PLAYBOY:** But it's part of your image, particularly after the shooting. You've been accused of exploiting it to sell records.

**DOGG:** People think niggers are getting record deals and doing what a record company tells them to do. Motherfuckers don't do that shit. Niggers don't just try to act hard to sell records. The real ones are the real ones. What Snoop raps is the shit that I went through. Then any motherfucker can make his own choice. I hope he avoids the bullshit. If not, he'll be another statistic until America decides to help. That's the reality and that's the message.

**PLAYBOY:** The sister of Woldermariam says your records sold because you were tied to her brother's murder.

**DOGG:** Shit, wait till after the trial and I'll speak about that. See, I don't want brothers shooting. I want them talking.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you acknowledge that rap adds to the atmosphere of violence?

**DOGG:** If you killed every rapper in the world right now, motherfuckers would still get killed, motherfuckers would still get raped, motherfuckers would still get robbed. The same shit is going to go on. I'm just putting it down, writing a story about it. People who don't understand that are the people who don't have it affect their lives—they're so horrified and all. What if they see the real thing? What they say is bullshit. If they truly listen to the art, they understand it.

**PLAYBOY:** But does the message get past the headlines and the image? Don't kids just see you, your success and the guns?

**DOGG:** The message is always going to get through. Me being able to speak is a message in itself. The little black kids are saying, "Well, damn! Snoop Dogg comes from the same neck of the woods we do, and he made it and he's able to say what he wants to say. I want to be like him." That's the dream right there. So don't blame me for the problems. You can't fault me for it. You can't blame me. You want to blame me but I'm just trying to express what is going on, and trying to keep America open to it. We know niggers are killing niggers, and penitentiaries are full of niggers and Mexicans. Why don't y'all give us some money to help us stop this problem? We want to go to college instead of going to the pen. Give us a future.

*"What do I do? Oh, kiss a lot of ass and take a lot of shit. What do you do?"*

# TIMOTHY McVEIGH

*(continued from page 88)*

When the order came to storm forward, the Bradley gunners protecting the tank operation were instructed to "take no prisoners" and to open up on the trenches "as fast and as hard as possible," according to Littleton. But first they bombed the Iraqi positions a final time.

"Even before we attacked the trenches we brought all the artillery up on line and pounded them," remembers Coverdale. "We were watching all this, saying, 'No one can live through that.'"

"The Iraqis fought back until they figured out what was happening," recounts Littleton. "They saw it all coming. The M1s with the plows were burying people alive. They said 'Jesus, fuck this' or 'Muhammad' or whatever and started jumping out of the trenches."

From inside the turret, McVeigh, like the other three gunners in his platoon, spent two full days riveted to the screens, deciphering the squawk of two radios and blasting away. Thick smoke from burning oil wells, incinerated vehicles and grenades posed no problems for the talented gunner. With his integrated sight unit he could fight and fire under the worst conditions. The combat high, the soldiers later said, is like no other.

"It was fucking ridiculous," said Littleton, who listened to the Jerry Garcia *Cats Under the Stars* album during the massacre. "I joined the Army because I was on the wrong road and wanted a little money for college. Not to kill people. You would be riding the trench line and there would be 1500 people running around. You were getting only 300 shots a minute from the 25mm cannon, so you went to the coaxial machine gun and had 1000 rounds a minute."

When McVeigh's platoon spotted an Iraqi vehicle that had miraculously managed to survive the stealth bomber, the artillery and the helicopters, all the gunners were eager to have the first shot. The honor went to McVeigh. With half the platoon watching, he launched a missile and destroyed the vehicle. No one was surprised.

"He was a good shot," said Anderson. "I remember when he reported shooting an Iraqi from 1000 meters. He took off the guy's head with a cannon shell, which you're really not supposed to do. I remember that he was very pleased."

Larry Frame was following behind McVeigh's Bradley when the incident occurred. "I saw him blow up a position that had three or four guys in it," Frame said. "Afterward, he showed no remorse. He screamed and yelled like he had really done something. The guys he shot at were trying to give up."

Regier, who was outside the vehicle at the time, also remembers the incident. "Some were trying to surrender, but

they were all in a bunch, and others were still firing. He probably should have used a smaller-caliber weapon. The Geneva Convention says you're not supposed to use those [antitank] weapons on people."

Right weapon or wrong, everybody agreed it was a great shot.

When the men of Charlie Company finally stopped firing and plowing long enough to take a head count, they were astounded. Not one of them had died. Four or five had been injured, and several seriously burned, but considering the projected 70 percent kill rate, it was nothing short of what one soldier called "a fucking miracle." Their sister unit was not so fortunate. Three soldiers in the 5/16 died and one was blinded when they stepped on cluster bombs fired into Iraqi-held territory by American artillery. As the American forces advanced, they inevitably came upon unexploded ordnance. The 33-ton Bradleys rolled over the bombs with ease, but against "soft targets" such as infantrymen, the American cluster bombs were terrifyingly effective.

The temporary cease-fire ordered by President Bush on February 28 caught the soldiers by surprise. Contingency plans to occupy southern Iraq and invade Baghdad were being drawn up, but apparently the White House was worried about extending the carnage. The mission was over: Kuwait had been returned to the sheikhs and Iraq had lost another generation of young men.

American soldiers in the desert were baffled as the U.S. urged Shiite and Kurdish groups to overthrow Hussein, then watched mutely as the designated revolutionaries were mowed down by Iraqi helicopter gunships. They could watch but not act as Iraqi army trucks loaded tanks and war supplies and drove them north to Baghdad.

Still, most of the troops celebrated the surprise cease-fire. McVeigh did not. He was bemoaning the abrupt orders, which had eliminated the second part of Charlie Company's mission: to occupy Basra, inside Iraq. "McVeigh was upset that we didn't go all the way," said Littleton. "He thought the United Nations had let him down. He believed that our government had stopped short of what it needed to do. We felt empty. It was almost worthless to leave Hussein in power and capable of that much destruction and evil."

Charlie Company was dispatched to an Iraqi airstrip known as Safwan, where the allied command would hold the cease-fire meeting with Iraqi military leaders. For several days they guarded the biggest sitting duck of all, General Norman Schwartzkopf. McVeigh's comrades hastily unloaded 18 Chinook helicopters and set to work: A tent city arose from the desert. A gauntlet of tanks was prepared to provide an intimidating


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*To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 26, 30, 82–87, 112–113 and 177, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

**STYLE**

Page 26: "Sweater Days": **Sweaters:** By *Robert Comstock*, at Rare Essentials, Colony Mill Market Center, Keene, NH, 603-352-2582 and Weekends, 1101 Pearl St., Boulder, CO, 303-444-4231. By *Joe Soto for Boing*, 212-925-5404. By *Pendleton*, 800-760-4844. By *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren nationwide. By *KM by Krizia*, at select Dillard's. By *Gentry Portofino Men*, at Maxfield, 8825 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 310-274-8800, Intoto, 3105 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, 612-822-2414 and Silhouette, 1517 Wisconsin Ave., NW, Washington, DC, 202-338-0120. By *Woolrich*, at fine department and sporting goods stores. "Stop the Press": **Pants:** By *Dockers*, 800-USA-LEVIS. By *Lee*, at Sears. By *Haggar*, at fine department stores. By *Farah*, 800-972-8263. "Hot Shopping": *Grand Ole Opry*, 615-889-6611. *Karma*, 615-726-2015. *Dangerous Threads*, 615-256-1033. *Gruhn Guitars*, 615-256-2033. *Great Escape*, 615-255-5313. "Clothes Line": **Pants** by *Tommy Hilfiger* and **T-shirt** and **jacket** by *Hugo Boss*, at fine department stores. **Loafers** by *Bally*, 800-825-5050, ext. 254. **Tie** by *Nicole Miller*, 800-365-4721. **Knickers** by *Pincus Brothers–Maxwell Company*, at Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's. "Athletes Alert": **Shampoos:** By *Athletes Only*, 800-959-ONLY. By *Pro for Athletes Only*, 800-USE-PRO9. By *Garden Botanika*, 800-968-7842. By *Polo Sport/Ralph Lauren*, at fine department stores. By *Kiehl's*, 800-KIEHLS1.

**WIRED**

Page 30: "Pump Up the Volume": **Multimedia speakers:** By *Sony*, 800-352-7669. By *SC&T²*, 800-408-4084. By *Labtec*, 360-896-2000. By *Bose*, 800-444-BOSE. By *JBL*, 800-336-4525. By *Yamaha*, 800-301-7076. By *Altec Lansing*, 800-648-6663. "Car Tunes": **Car stereos:** By *JVC*, 800-252-5722. By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. By *Pioneer*, 800-PIONEER. By *Kenwood*, 800-536-9663. "Wild Things": **Phone** by *Nokia*, 800-666-5553. **TV stand** by *Sefid Co.*, 619-944-9900.

**FAB FIFTIES**

Pages 82–83: **Shirt, vest** and **fatigues** by *Diesel*, from U.S. Diesel Team, 212-575-8222. **Belt** by *DKNY*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 212-753-4000. **Sneakers** by *Vans*, at Foot Locker, Kinney and Track n' Trail stores. **Sunglasses** by *Guess Eyewear*, 800-39-GUESS. Pages 84–85: **Overshirt** by *BC Ethic*, at Urban Outfitters and select Nordstrom stores. **Tank top** by *Jockey*, at fine department stores. **Jeans** and **shorts** by *Marithe & Francois Girbaud*, in Chicago, 312-755-1079 and Los Angeles, 213-622-0607. **Belt** by *DKNY*, at J. Roaman, 48 Newton Lane, East Hampton, NY, 516-329-0555. **Shoes** by *Guess Footwear*, 800-39-GUESS. **Jacket** and **sunglasses** by *Diesel*, from U.S. Diesel Team, 212-575-8222. **Crewneck** by *Marithe & Francois Girbaud*, at select Dillard's, Carson's and Filene's stores. **Cap** by *BC Ethic*, at select Nordstrom and Urban Outfitters stores. Pages 86–87: **Jacket** by *Tag Rag*, at select Urban Outfitters and Charivari Sport stores. **T-shirt** by *Diesel*, from U.S. Diesel Team, 212-575-8222. **Shirt** by *Mossimo*, at Montage, 412 N. 85th St., Omaha, NE, 402-390-9191 and Off Gear, 1601 17th St., NW, Washington, DC, 202-319-1157. **Jeans** by *Paul Smith Jeans*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-627-9770. **Eyeglasses** by *Paul Smith Spectacles From Oliver Peoples*, at Oliver Peoples Opticians, 8642 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-657-2553. **Golf hat** by *BC Ethic*, at select Urban Outfitters and Nordstrom stores. **Sneakers** by *Vans*, at Kinney, Track n' Trail and Foot Locker stores. **Overshirt** by *MNW*, at select Barneys New York stores. **Shirt** by *Guess Men*, 800-39-GUESS. **Jeans** by *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's stores. **Belt** and **buckle** by *H. Kauffman & Sons*, 419 Park Ave. South, NYC, 212-684-6060.

**DORM ROOM AT THE TOP**

Pages 112–113: **TV-VCR** by *Magnavox*, 800-531-0039. **Portable CD player** by *Sony*, 800-342-5721. **Notebook computer** by *Panasonic*, 800-742-7000. **Printer** by *Canon*, 800-848-4123. **CD-ROM software** from *Playboy*, 800-423-9494, ask for item number 5265. **Cellular phone** and **pager** by *Motorola*, 800-331-6456. **Desk lamp** by *Biovation Marketing*, 800-678-8181. **Microcassette recorder** by *Olympus*, 800-221-3000. **Stereo minisystem** by *Technics*, 201-348-9090. **Pens** by *Willat Writing Instruments*, 800-736-7248. **Personal digital assistant** by *Sharp*, 800-237-4277. **Chair** by *Bodybilt Seating*, 800-364-5673.

**ON THE SCENE**

Page 177: **CD changers:** By *Fisher*, 818-998-7322. By *Aiwa*, 800-289-2492. By *Pioneer*, 800-746-6337.

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welcome for the Iraqis.

While infantrymen Regier and Anderson wandered the peace talks gawking at Iraqi generals, driver Smith and gunner McVeigh were on the ready, scanning the perimeter for an unlikely Iraqi kamikaze attack.

After the details of a permanent ceasefire were agreed upon, Charlie Company was sent farther north to an isolated Iraqi desert town. For several weeks the company holed up in a city park, manning checkpoints and watching a family across the street try to save an emaciated herd of goats.

McVeigh's spirits lifted when he was selected for a coveted tryout with the Special Forces. If he passed the 21-day Special Forces assessment and selection course at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, McVeigh could become a commando.

A standard 12-man Special Forces squad has six pairs of specialists, including those in communications, medicine and weapons. McVeigh's specialty was weapons, and in preparation for the course he had studied special operations manuals in the barracks and marched around the post with extra equipment. As a Green Beret, McVeigh would work with claymore mines, plastic explosives and 1000-round ammunition feeds and use special hand-to-hand combat-survival training. His missions would take him behind enemy lines, or to the School of the Americas, where he would train foreign armies.

McVeigh also dreamed of becoming a prototype for the Army's Digitized Dismounted Battle Lab Soldier—a fusion of man and machine gun. With his laser beams to blind enemy troops, night-vision equipment to target them and shoulder-launched missiles to pulverize them, the digitized soldier was the Army's vision of the 21st century commando. March 28 was the last day that Charlie Company saw Sergeant McVeigh in the Gulf. While his comrades looked on, he threw his rucksack and duffel bag into a command jeep, the first step in his journey to Fort Bragg. Few of the men in Charlie Company had any interest in joining McVeigh in the grueling Green Beret tryout, but almost any excuse to return to the States was worth a shot.

Until now, McVeigh had had nothing but success in his military career. But he met his match in the Special Forces assessment. The tryouts are designed to squeeze a man's head, wear out his body and test his skills as a killer. Fewer than half the recruits finish the three-week course. Of those, only the best are offered an opportunity to join the Green Berets. According to *The New York Times*, McVeigh withdrew from the course when officials saw the results of his psychological tests.

The Army offered its own version, claiming that McVeigh voluntarily

dropped out after failing a rigorous march. A Special Forces officer at Fort Riley refuted that story. "The Special Forces school has a way of dropping you without making you look stupid or incompetent," he said. "A colleague at Special Forces said McVeigh was a nut so they washed him out."

"I think it was the Special Forces rejection that snapped him," said Regier.

Terry Guild, McVeigh's platoon commander, agreed. "That was the first time he had failed at anything in the Army. It might have been enough" to have cracked McVeigh.

When McVeigh returned to Charlie Company his pride was crushed. Few people could recognize the young warrior who had performed so enthusiastically in Desert Storm and been widely decorated after the war. He still had the skills of a top gunner, but his devotion to Army rituals dissolved rapidly. There was no more talk of an Army retirement sometime in the next century. Now, like the men who had mocked his own Army loyalty, McVeigh bitched about the military and planned a return to civilian life. Students who met him noted his criticism of just about everything, and called him "Anti McVeigh."

In the months since the Oklahoma City bombing, McVeigh's former colleagues have scoured their memories for any indications that his combat duty in Operation Desert Storm left him psychologically scarred.

"I don't think combat experience is an issue. There is nothing he did that the rest of us didn't do," said Regier. "If he had been on a police force, the same thing could have happened."

Littleton paints a grimmer picture. "I have spent the past few years trying to forget about that nightmare," he says.

Littleton also questions the Army's failure to follow up with the soldiers after combat. "There we were in combat in February and back on the streets in May. How come the Army never mailed out a postcard to us—say, six months after we got out—saying, 'We are getting the guys together and we'd like to chat about what's on your mind'? That was never done."

•

After his arrest, McVeigh sat calmly in the Noble County Jail in Perry, Oklahoma. Herbert Ferguson, a deputy at the jail, noted that McVeigh never said anything about the explosion that had shocked the nation. "He always acted like he was sleeping," the deputy wrote in a letter that was distributed to reporters. "I told him, 'Damn, dude, you sure sleep a lot.' He laughed and said he was catching up on the sleep he lost in the Army."

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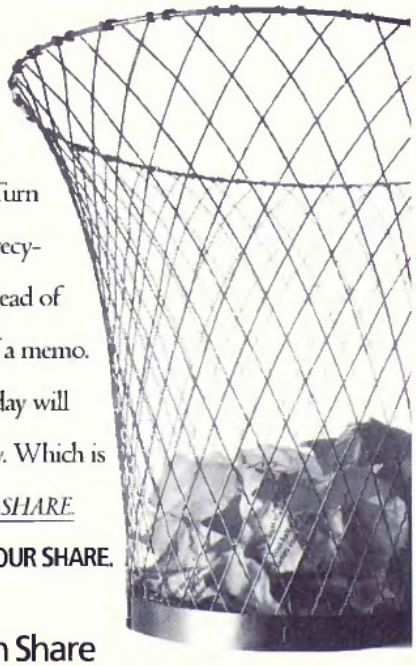

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# BILL MAHER (continued from page 139)

*Comedy is talking about tragic things. It's just how much time you put between the event and talking about it.*

But I can't help it that one of my guests happened to. It was a tough room.

**6.**

PLAYBOY: When you say the show is touchy and controversial, you mean only compared with the rest of TV, right?

MAHER: Absolutely, because most television is a bunch of shit. I was on *The Tonight Show* recently, and backstage the producers asked me, "You're not going to say anything about the Oklahoma City bombing, right?" It was a month later and they still didn't want to talk about it. We talked about it on *Politically Incorrect* the day it happened and have been talking about it ever since. It's tragic, but comedy is talking about tragic things. It's just a matter of how much time you put between the event and talking about it. Carson had this running gag with Ed McMahon. Johnny used to do Lincoln jokes and they would always bomb. He'd say, "Too soon, can't do Lincoln."

**7.**

PLAYBOY: Are *Oprah*, *Donahue* and others talk shows?

MAHER: No! People aren't talking. They're shriving, they're confessing, they're exposing. But these shows are indicative of what's happening out there. A lot of people in the country are jerking themselves off. I've also said that programs like *The Tonight Show* are no longer real talk, just cogs in the publicity mill. And they know that. But those shows started more like my show. My show is retro. In the Steve Allen–Jack Paar era, the qualification that got you on a talk show was your ability to talk. It really was about interesting talk. Now it's a ratings war at 11:30 P.M., and who can talk is not the premium. It's who has the biggest name and the prettiest face.

**8.**

PLAYBOY: How far can you push the language envelope on cable TV?

MAHER: Once I said "blow me" to the audience. And it was left in. But we're under the same language strictures as any show. I definitely can't say "fuck." So I try to say words that have never been said before. If you say a word that's been said before, then the censors can go yea or nay. For a long time you couldn't say "ass" on TV. It was on the list—there actually is a list. So I make up words such as "cockarific." What can they do? It's like, "Wait, do you mean . . . ?" Yes, I do, exactly: Cockarific. Rific for your cock. But it's not an exact word so the FCC can't get on you.

**9.**

PLAYBOY: If you did a show in which you were the topic, what question would get the debate going?

MAHER: "Is Bill Maher a good guy?" People could come down on both sides. The people who don't know me well hate me, and they always have. I used to worry about it, but I can't anymore. I make a rotten first-through-ninth impression. I'm not someone people like right away. And I don't warm up to people quickly. One of my writers is getting married. I'm the best man. For six months his fiancée was so upset: "Bill doesn't like me!" He was like, "Please, that's the way he is."

**10.**

PLAYBOY: Which would you rather have: a great career without love or love with a career that's going nowhere?

MAHER: I have been in the situation where my career was stalled and I was in love. And now my career's going great but I don't have love. I was happier the first way. I was pretty happy when I was living in my old house and I was with her, even though it ate me up a lot that I had reached a sort of plateau in my career. I remember one night I was going onstage at the Improv. This comic was coming off the stage, a guy who had been in the business a long time, and he said, "Is this it for us, Bill?" It's funny. But it wasn't funny at the time because I realized that there comes a point in everybody's career when they think, Geez, is it going to pass me by?

**11.**

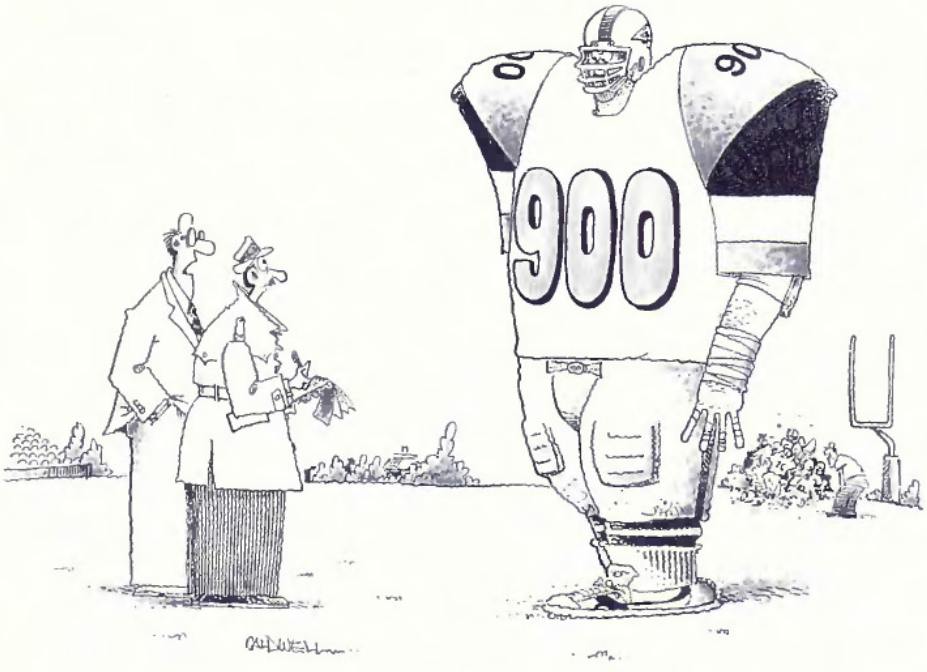
PLAYBOY: Now that you're hot because of your show's success, has the quality of the women who hang out at the stage door changed?

MAHER: I have to find this stage door. That's probably been my big problem. They're waiting there and, like an idiot, I'm going out the wrong door. [*Laughs*] I guess the type and quality of woman I attract has changed. In my old bachelorhood I went out with a lot of Virgos and Libras. Now I notice a lot of Leos and Scorpios. What does that mean—people who think a lot of themselves and people who will fuck your brains out? I might as well date myself.

**12.**

PLAYBOY: You once said in an interview that you had been with beautiful women to whom you weren't sexually attracted. Did you let them down easily? Did you feel used?

MAHER: I can't imagine what that comment was about, except if I was talking about when I was younger. Sometimes a woman is beautiful, but not to you. You can tell that she's not your type. And of course that one always loves you. She can smell on you that you don't want her, which makes her want you. When I was younger and stupider, if everybody was saying, "I can't believe you don't take her out. She likes you and she's gorgeous," I would just say, "Well, OK." I would be peer-pressured into fucking a beautiful




*"He'll speak to the press, but he charges $1.79 a minute."*

girl. I mean, I've had a tough life, OK? But now I wouldn't do that. See how I have grown?

13.

PLAYBOY: One of your more famous topics was, "Does showbiz make you an asshole or do assholes go into showbiz?" Can you shed any light on this dark question? On which side of the twilight zone do you fall?

MAHER: Assholes go into show business if you define "assholes" as people with inordinate needs to have their egos stroked. People recognize that the only place they're going to get their egos stroked enough is in show business. I don't know if they even care if the stroking is real. It feels like it's real. The converse is that show business does turn people into assholes. If you beat a dog every day, it'll lose its sweetness. That's how they train police dogs and guard dogs. And show business does that to people. Sometimes they retain that bitterness years after they have made it. They're doing well now, but they can't forget all those years when they were treated badly. And this business treats you terribly if you're not making it. I'm sure I've been on both sides of the equation, but we all remember when people are nice to us.

14.

PLAYBOY: In what way has television ruined comedy?

MAHER: In the sense that television puts comics on the air way too early. In Alan King's day, those guys were working in the Catskills 15 years before they did TV. They were ready. Then it got to be that if you had five minutes' experience you could go on. And now they actually shoot the shows in the clubs, so why would people go there? Another problem is that all comics today want to be Jerry Seinfeld. Jerry is the only one who can make nothing meaningful. With everybody else it just sounds trivial, even if the act is clean and every joke works. I'm the anti-Seinfeld because I deal with things that are already controversial, that are hot topics to begin with. Hot potatoes. I'm used to getting booed.

15.

PLAYBOY: Why do you support the death penalty?

MAHER: The bigger, more interesting question is "Why is life precious?" We always say life is precious, but I think you have to earn some of the preciousness. I guess I'm a little Eastern in my thinking about reincarnation. I think your soul comes back and you evolve to something better if you get it right in one life. And if you're 42 and have killed 20 people, it's just not going to happen in this life. Better to go back. That way, you let your soul get a fresh start.

16.

PLAYBOY: Can you respect a man who has no interest in sports?

MAHER: Yes. I try to have no interest in sports. It's an active plan. I weaned myself from the sports page because I realized that if I'm reading it for even 20 minutes a day, how many years of my life am I spending on something that has no meaning? It's OK to do things that have no meaning, but I think I'd rather be in the park with a girl. I'd rather be reading a great book. Sports are too big in this country. People care too much about sports, and the players don't care about you. I think they've shown that.

17.

PLAYBOY: What's the best way to tell people how to pronounce your last name?

MAHER: Now most people pronounce it right from the get-go. Of course, to the day I die some people will always get it wrong. They would never think that M-a-h-e-r is "Mar." They say "Mayer." Or "Mah-her." It used to be no one ever went right by the "h." Now, of course, when someone mispronounces my name, it really hurts because I'm thinking, Where you been, man?

18.

PLAYBOY: Define the role of the tabloid in America.

MAHER: Kind of like the royal family. People have a desire for gossip. It's very human. I don't know why there's so much hand-wringing over the O.J. trial. Just give in to it. I'm sick of people saying they're sick of the trial. It's like saying you don't masturbate. OK, but you're really missing something good.

19.

PLAYBOY: You're Planetary Dictator. What are your first three edicts?

MAHER: First is the Elvis tax. That's a tax on any preposterously unnecessary extravagance, like gold faucets in the bathroom. A 100 percent tax. If you want something that stupid, you have to have matching funds. Second is animal rights, my big cause. No more hunting, no more killing animals or mistreating them, period. Get a new sport. And the third one would be, well, let's just say it has something to do with my harem.

20.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to a woman after sex when all you wanted was to sleep with her?

MAHER: Leno used to do a bit 15 years ago about Bo Derek. He said, "Yeah, she's beautiful. But after the orgasm it's like, 'So the Druids were basically a working people, then?'" The other line he had was: "What time is it, Bo?" "I don't know; John has the watch."

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# PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

## RACK 'EM AND STACK 'EM

Compact disc changers that store dozens of CDs are more than just devices that eliminate clutter—they're also the means to a well-organized music collection. Available from top electronics manufacturers, these "megachangers" range from tall and skinny to short and fat. In addition to letting you program an entire week's worth of music, most enable you to classify and play back CDs by musical type (rhythm and blues, classical, country, etc.). With the jazziest units, you can create your own categories, such as His and Hers, and store liner notes in special portfolios. And if your CD collection numbers in the hundreds, Pioneer offers a great controller that will link up to three of its megachangers for direct access to as many as 300 discs.

RICHARD IZUI

**Left to right: Fisher's Studio 60 CD Management System is a component that stores up to 60 compact discs which can be played back randomly or in 48-track blocks, about $500. Aiwa lets you stack 100 discs in its handsome DX-C100M CD changer, a 12-inch vertical tower unit that can be programmed to play up to 99 tracks in a row, about $650. Pioneer's 70-watts-per-channel CCS-590 compact stereo system includes a double auto-reverse cassette deck and a file system that accommodates 50 CDs, plus an additional slot for playing a single CD, about $1200.**

Where & How to Buy on page 172.

LLOYD PRATT

## From Russia With Love

LANA MALINKA's roots are in St. Petersburg, but the rest of her is in California. Featured in Steven Seagal's *Under Siege 2: Dark Territory* and on *Married With Children*, Lana also appears in PLAYBOY's current *Book of Lingerie*.

© JANET GOUGH CELEBRITY PHOTO

## I Am a Camera

So much has happened to STEVEN SPIELBERG that calling this his year isn't enough. Calling it his decade may not do him justice, either. His new studio, Dream Works SKG, is on the drawing board, as is a sequel to *Jurassic Park*. Dino might.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

## The Band Plays On

When the DAVE MATTHEWS BAND got started in Charlottesville, Virginia, none of the members expected to go platinum. But *Under the Table and Dreaming*, the band's major debut, did just that. Matthews calls the album a "word-of-mouth" success. Pass the word.

## High Hat

**JODY WATLEY's latest LP, *Affection*, is sexy and soulful. So is she. The Grammy winner has also come to the attention of the fashion world. We tip our hat to hers.**

MICHAEL WALLS

© SCOTT DOWNIE/CELEBRITY PHOTO

## Back to Basic Black

**LAURA LEIGHTON, who plays the twisted Sydney on *Melrose Place*, isn't anything like her in real life, except that they'd both happily wear this dress. Thank God for that.**

© STEVE PHILBERTNA LTD

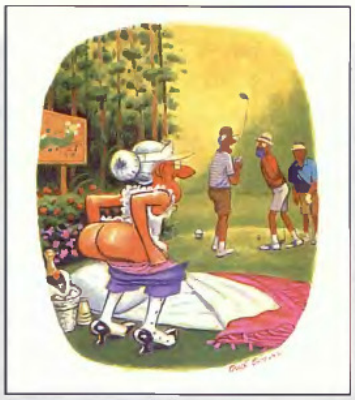
## Slash Burns

**SLASH's album *It's Five O'Clock Somewhere*, with his band Snakepit (he owns 300 snakes), is more a side project than a solo outing. Teamed with Guns n' Roses sidemen and friends, Slash describes the adventure as "fresh energy" and "a lot of fun." We agree.**

## An Early Christmas Carol

**CAROL BOUDREAU was recently on HBO's *Dream On*. For more, head to the video store for a copy of *Hot Bodies*. Not enough? Get the swimsuit issue of *American Rodder* magazine. Or just enjoy *Grapevine*. Carol's in almost all her glory.**

DOUGLAS STEIGLEITER



## PLAYING THROUGH WITH GRANNY

In 1966 Buck Brown sold his first Granny cartoon to PLAYBOY. Since then the world's most famous dirty old lady has appeared in the magazine more than 150 times in situations that range from a Wild West stickup to a forest fire. Granny has also proved a distraction from rough to tee, and now four 8½" x 11" offset lithograph reproductions of the funniest Granny golf cartoons are available in a limited edition (signed by Brown) for $200 a set. Call Brown at 800-247-9004 to order.

## GENTLEMEN DO PREFER BLONDES

You know you're dating a real blonde if she "loves your BMW because it's so easy to spell." This is just one of the hints in TDC, Inc.'s *The Game of Top Ten Lists*, "where nutty jokes become clever clues." Two to four players (or teams) compete to identify the exact title of a top ten list. For example, "Leave the lens cap on your camcorder" and "Commit your crimes at doughnut shops" are from the top ten list of *Nice Things You Can Do for the Police*. The price: $25 from TDC at 800-292-7676. Want to know what's number one on the *Sign That You're Dating a Real Blonde* list? "She firmly believes that you read PLAYBOY only for the articles," of course.

## THE BUMS ARE BACK

The Brooklyn Diner USA, a 90-seat art deco–style eatery that celebrates Flatbush in both food and decor, has opened at 888 Seventh Avenue in Manhattan. Pastrami on rye, blue-plate specials and cheesecake are on the menu, along with egg creams galore. Plus, there's a 15-foot mural of the Dodgers at Ebbets Field and TV monitors that show black-and-white film footage of Brooklyn in the Fifties. Reservations? You kiddin'?

## SCARY PRICES

Who would have thought that this lightning devil decoration dating back to about 1925 would now be worth $40 to $60? It's just one of the hundreds of eerie goodies illustrated in Schiffer Publishing's *Halloween in America*, "A Collector's Guide With Prices." (A circa 1910 pumpkin man mechanical toy is valued at $800—just in case you have one in your attic.) Call Schiffer at 610-593-1777 to order *Halloween* for $33.

## TALE WITH A BITE

"Griffin and Sabine meet Dracula" is how White Wolf Publishing describes *Vampire Diary: The Embrace*, a clever "handwritten" tale of terror by Robert Weinberg and Mark Rein Hagen. In the book, an ancient vampire courts Auston Jacobson, a Los Angeles bartender. Several inserts and a clasp-and-lock cover add to the fun, as do the look of blood-splattered pages and Jacobson's deteriorating scribble. The ending suggests that a sequel is in the works. The price is $20, from 800-454-WOLF.

BROECK STEADMAN

## ALL KEYED UP

Key West has been called the "best-known small town on the planet." To get to know it even better, order a copy of *Key West Color*, the most lavish coffee-table book ever published on the place. More than 200 color photos by Alan S. Maltz are contained within its 192 pages, including Fantasy Fest (pictured here), the annual fall carnival of weirdness. Price: $50. To order, call 800-329-7297. And ask about another Maltz book, *Key West Sunsets*, that glorifies what many consider to be the essence of Key West—except for the nude beach, of course.

## SMOKING HOLMES

For Sherlockians, it's always 1895. And just to make sure they don't forget it, Peterson Pipes of Dublin, Ireland has released the Return of Sherlock Holmes, a collection of seven briars with names inspired by the Holmes stories. Pictured here is the Rathbone in a smooth finish with Holmes' profile on its sterling-silver band. The Hudson and the Mycroft are also in stores. The four other pipes will arrive at six-month intervals. Price: $210 each. Call 800-24-SMOKE for more information on store locations.

ROBERT MYERS

## VIVA TEQUILA

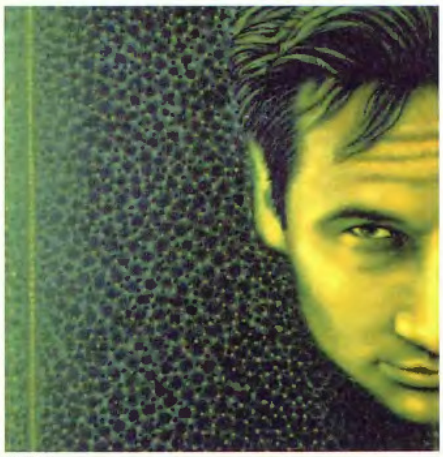
To commemorate the 200th anniversary of Jose Cuervo tequila, the company has just released supersmooth La Reserva de la Familia de Jose Cuervo, a limited edition (4000 bottles) blue agave *añejo* that has been aged for three years in oak. The 1.75-liter bottle pictured here costs $150 and comes in a hand-painted wooden case. A 750-milliliter bottle of La Reserva is about $75. (Both sizes are hand-bottled and numbered.) Don't drink it with salt and lime.

## HALLOWEEN HORRORS

Every day is a ghouling experience at Death Studios, a factory of fear in La Porte, Indiana. This year's crop of night crawlers includes (from bottom left) the Creature, a monster with a face even its mother couldn't love ($100); Nightmare, a vampire bat from hell ($155); and Cutthroat ($70), a one-eyed pirate with looks that kill. (All masks are full-headed. Prices are postpaid.) Call 219-362-4321 to order.

# NEXT MONTH

TAHNEE



X-FILES

KELLER

CINEMA SEX

**TAHNEE WELCH**—IF YOU THINK HER MOM, RAQUEL, IS A KNOCKOUT, YOU'LL LOVE THE HEIR APPARENT. ACTRESS-MODEL TAHNEE DOES A STAR TURN IN THE ARTIER-THAN-THOU COMEDY FILM *I SHOT ANDY WARHOL*—AND IN OUR UNFORGETTABLE EIGHT-PAGE PICTORIAL

**G. GORDON LIDDY**—THE WATERGATE FELON TURNED RADIO TALKMEISTER SAYS ONE NICE THING ABOUT CLINTON AND SEVERAL BAD THINGS ABOUT THE MEDIA AND WAXES POETIC ABOUT ISRAELI GIRLS IN UNIFORM IN A HIGHLY CHARGED 20 QUESTIONS

**HARVEY KEITEL**—THE SOULFUL MAVERICK OF MOVIES TALKS ABOUT EXPOSING HIMSELF BOTH EMOTIONALLY AND PHYSICALLY, AND TELLS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO WORK WITH SCORSESE, COPPOLA AND DE NIRO. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

**BETTER SEX THROUGH VIDEO**—OUR INTREPID REPORTER FOLLOWS JEFF AND TONYA INTO THE BRAVE NEW WORLD OF DO-IT-YOURSELF SEX VIDEOS AND DISCOVERS THAT THE CAMERA IS INDEED AN APHRODISIAC—ARTICLE BY **DEAN KUIPERS**

**KELLER IN SHINING ARMOR**—WHEN A CHILDREN'S BOOK AUTHOR IS BEING STALKED BY A KILLER, SHE HAS TWO OPTIONS: SHE CAN CALL THE POLICE OR SHE CAN HIRE A PROFESSIONAL KILLER. ANOTHER IN THE EXCITING CRIME SERIES BY **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

**CHILL THRILLS**—OUR ULTRACOOL GUIDE TO WINTER SPORTS, WITH THE LOWDOWN ON SNOWMOBILES, SKIS, BOARDS, BOOTS AND THE TOP RESORTS

**THE DUCHOVNY FILES**—**DAVID DUCHOVNY,** STAR OF TV'S CULT HIT *THE X-FILES*, HOLDS FORTH ON CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, ACTING WEIRD AND GETTING WOMEN TO CHECK OUT HIS BUTT. PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **JACK HITT**

**COLD HOMICIDE**—DETECTIVE **MIKE PALLADINO'S** SPECIALTY IS TRACKING DOWN MURDERERS WHO THINK THE POLICE HAVE STOPPED LOOKING. **BOB DRURY** RIDES THE WILD STREETS OF NEW YORK WITH THE COP WHO NEVER QUITS

**SEX IN CINEMA 1995**—STRIPPERS, PHONE SEX, EXOTICA AND EROTICA ABOUND IN THIS YEAR'S FILM FARE—AND WE HAVE THE PIX TO PROVE IT

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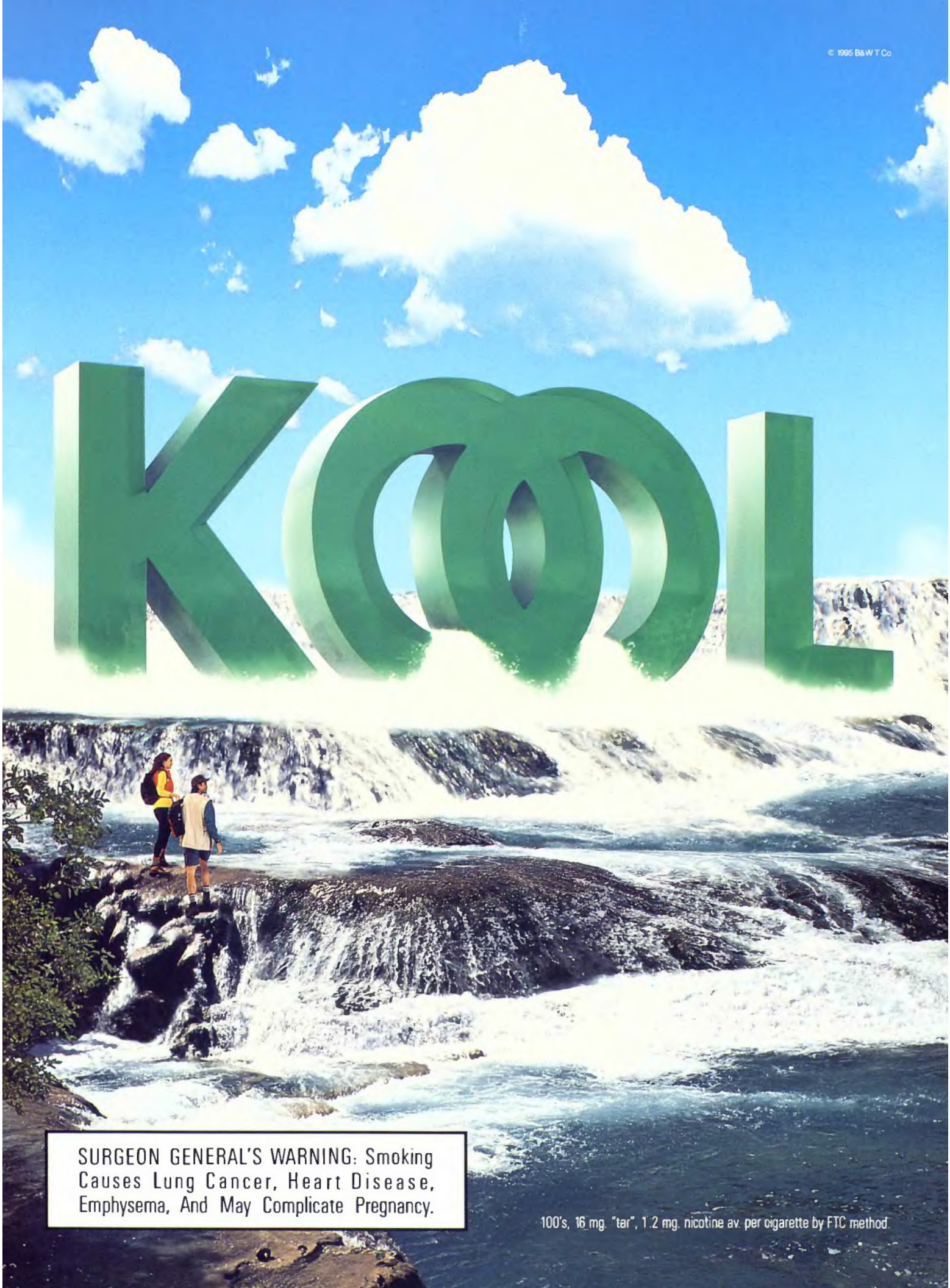
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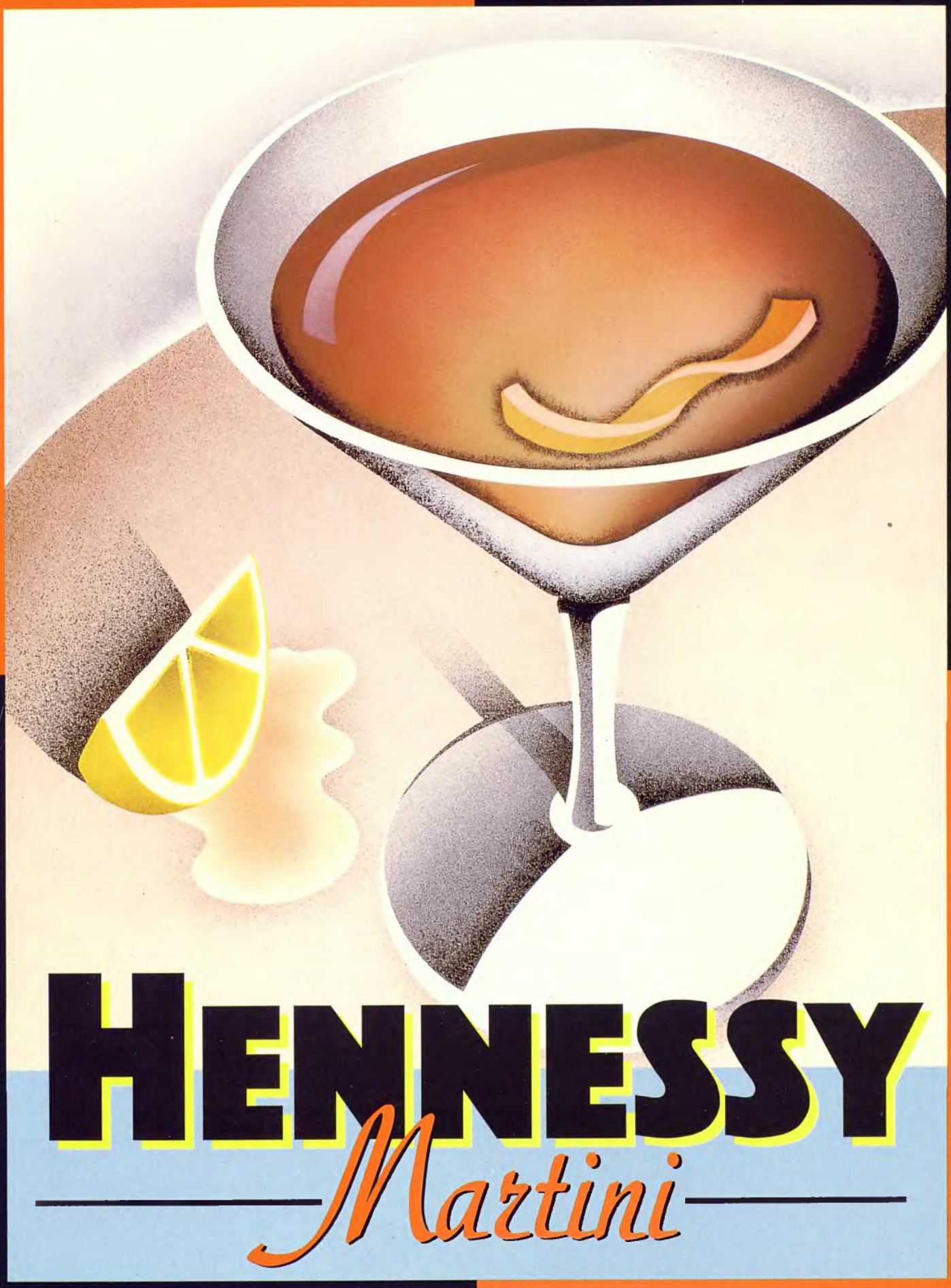


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